The Crisis in Character

August Harpers MAGAZINE

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THE CRISIS IN CHARACTER

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

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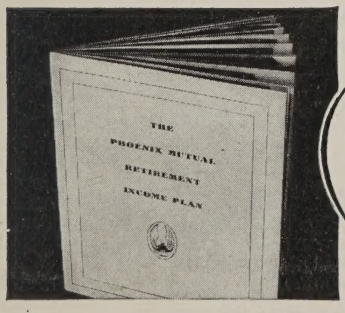

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The country is still blinking with astonishment as it reads daily in its newspapers of the experiments in economic statecraft that our new Administration is conducting. A trained observer in Washington explains how Mr. Roosevelt is able to win wide-spread public approval for proposals that six months ago would have met with bitter opposition.

THE ELITE IN A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY

by Harold J. Laski

A profound statement of the deep need of democracies for the kind of man who can act the prophet to his generation while remaining aloof from power and the pursuit of wealth. Courage and the critical temper are his equipment; and the scorn of successful men and the ignorance of the multitude, his reward.

WHAT A YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW

by Margaret Culkin Banning

A companion piece to Robert Littell's "What a Young Man Should Know" offers sound if unorthodox advice to the parents of daughters.

I HOLD OFFICE

by Holmes M. Alexander

A candid recital of the political cowardice and alcoholic irresponsibility that mark the business of law-making in an American state capitol — and appalling reading it is.

In the same number you will find two short stories of exceptional distinction: BEYOND, by William Faulkner and LIFE BEING THE BEST, by Kay Boyle.

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Among the New Books

By Harry Hansen

Literary Editor of the New York World-Telegram

ALTHOUGH one swallow does not make a summer, three of the new books may well make a whole summer's vacation reading. Indeed, I think any one of them would be enough for the average man who takes two weeks from his desk and reads in the calm between golf and bridge. I'll unmask the books gradually. The first is Hervey Allen's new novel, *Anthony Adverse,* which has been several years in the making. On account of its extraordinary bulk everyone will remark that first. It runs to five hundred thousand words. Originally intended to fill three volumes, the publishers have combined it into one.

From the experiments and vignettes of modern writing Mr. Allen turns abruptly back to the Balzacian novel and pictures the career of a foundling, who was left at an Italian convent near Leghorn in the 1760's. Baptized Anthony, he grows up there, is apprenticed to a Scottish merchant named Bonnyfeather at Leghorn, takes on an overseas commission in Napoleonic weather, and from then on is buffeted about by fortune in the course of a strange, exciting, melodramatic career which closes in the American Southwest in the nineteenth century. In form and manner the story-telling is Balzacian; the time and setting remind one of Stendhal's *Chartreuse of Parma,* but the treatment of the hero's career is modern; for Mr. Allen makes him more or less the creature of conditions that arise as he moves forward in life. Many of the passages are reminiscent of the best days of the romantic novel; Mr. Allen indulges in characters with a single trait, such as Don Luis, who hates Anthony consistently throughout the book; he permits the long arm of coincidence to enter Anthony's affairs, and he uses the recurrent object symbolically, as Balzac did. Passion, love, hatred, loyalty come into the scene, and gradually Anthony's character ripens with the years. Reading this book is like going back to long-forgotten shelves, to a world which modern writers have forsworn. It is like the revival of a famous play, with new music and costumes, a period piece far removed from the controversies of our day. (Farrar & Rinehart.)

The next book for vacationists is W. Somerset Maugham's *Traveller's Library.* This is without exception the best reprint of the year. Mr. Maugham has chosen the novels, essays, poems which he has enjoyed and introduced them with lucid essays which explain not only his preferences but his own manner of writing. Here is Frank Swinnerton's eloquent *Nocturne* —almost a pygmy beside Mr. Hervey Allen's gigantic work, and yet its superior; here are *Youth,* by Joseph Conrad; *The Old Wives' Tale,* by Arnold Bennett, whom Mr. Maugham knew in Paris in his early years; *The Country of the Blind,* by H. G. Wells; *The Second-Class Passenger,* by Perceval Gibbon; *The Prussian Officer,* by D. H. Lawrence; *The Tillotsen Banquet,* by Aldous Huxley. Among the fifteen essays he gives Max Beerbohm's inimitable "No. 2, the Pines" and Virginia Woolf's "Dr. Burney's Evening Party." There are many poems that point to the high achievements of the last twenty years and the poverty of the last five—poems by Sassoon, Masefield, William H. Davies, Robert Bridges, Francis Thompson, Rupert Brooke, William Butler Yeats. He includes short stories which you will relish, and winds up with a detective story which fits his demand that the story be the thing. It is E. C. Bentley's "Trent's Last Case." (Doubleday Doran.)

And the third volume, which ought to keep any number of rocking chairs busy, is *Fifth Avenue Bus* by Christopher Morley. Mr. Morley has hired a bus for his own party, writing a little introductory note. Those who have never become Morleyfied may now begin with *Kathleen, Parnassus on Wheels, Thunder on the Left, The Red and White Girdle,* and other titles, including also his interview with President Hoover in the White House in 1932. Some of these essays have never before appeared in book form. (Doubleday Doran & Co.)

Among the New Books

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NEW BOOKS ABOUT CHICAGO

The Century of Progress exposition at Chicago has prompted the publication of half a dozen books about that city. Practically all of these stress the historical backgrounds of the city. The most ambitious is *As Others See Chicago,* a compilation of the impressions of visitors between 1673 and 1933, edited by Bessie Louise Pierce. The first visitor was Father Marquette in 1673–74, and an extract from his journal is included. Harriet Martineau, Rudyard Kipling, William T. Stead, Paul Bourget, William Archer, and many others recorded their impressions, not always flattering. (University of Chicago Press.) Research into the older chronicles has led Milo M. Quaife to write a most informing book called *Checagou, 1673–1835.* La Salle, Marquette, Joliet, and Trader Kinzie have a place here, but the reader will be especially interested in the narrative dealing with Capt. John Whistler, who built Fort Dearborn for the United States government. Whistler, originally an English soldier taken prisoner at Saratoga, served the United States gallantly after the war and founded a long line of military men, several of whom were active in the Civil War. He was also the grandfather of James A. McNeill Whistler. The reproduction of Fort Dearborn at the Chicago fair was made from the original plans of Captain Whistler. (University of Chicago Press.) A third book of historical data about Chicago, giving much information not included above, is *Chicago's Great Century* by Henry Justin Smith. This is especially noteworthy for its reminiscences of the World's Fair of 1893, which was the wonder of its time and now permits entertaining contrasts with the present exposition. (Consolidated Publishers.) I have already mentioned the four stories by Mary Hastings Bradley called *Old Chicago* which D. Appleton & Co. have published in four volumes, boxed.

A NEW BOOK BY SIR JAMES JEANS

Sir James Jeans has infinite patience with the layman who may be perplexed when scientists talk about the galactic universe, the quantum theory, and relativity. He is also calm before the claims of science, carefully examining the modern theories and trying to discover evidence of a higher intelligence amid the conflicting phenomena which materialists cite as evidence of a blind force. With reservations, Sir James says guardedly, present-day science is favorable to idealism—"In brief, idealism has always maintained that, as the beginning of the road by which we explore nature is mental, the chances are that the end also will be mental. To this present-day science adds that, at the

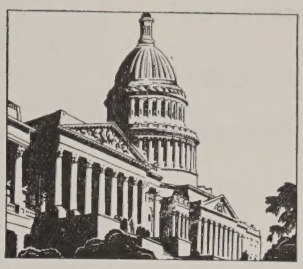
farthest point she has so far reached, much and possibly all that was not mental has disappeared and nothing new has come in that was not mental. Yet who shall say what we shall find awaiting us round the next corner?"

Sir James Jeans does not believe that modern research completely rules out the possibility of a force working behind the great veil of space and time. There is the possibility that remote influences or controls beyond the space-time world of which we are cognizant affect its destiny. He tells us that "The most we can say is that crevices have begun to appear in what used to be considered the impregnable closed cycle of physical science. Whether the volitions of the human mind can pass through these and affect the operation of nature must, in the last resort, depend on whether the two are sufficiently alike to interact. It may still be, as Descartes maintained, that mind is too dissimilar from matter ever to be able to influence it." (Macmillan Co.)

NOVELS OF THE HOUR

Jules Romains has been prominent among French authors in shifting the interest from the individual to the group in fiction; he now embarks on his most ambitious project, a series of connected novels which for size is related to the work of Balzac and Zola. *Men of Good Will* is the first volume; here the characters are typical citizens of Paris, young and old, honorable and dishonorable, commonplace and criminal. The chief interest, however, concentrates not so much on the group as on the fortunes of two men—Wazemmes, an adolescent, whose first adventures with a woman we are asked to witness, and Quinette, a book-dealer, who becomes involved with a murderer and eventually kills him. Whatever inferences M. Romains means to draw from these episodes is not yet apparent. He has been highly praised by the French, who know what he is about. The present book is interesting for its own sake without giving one the impression that it is part of a major work. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

Little Man, What Now? by Hans Fallada is a most appealing novel about the economic misfortunes of a petty clerk in a German town. With keen understanding of the lot of his characters, and sympathy for their distress, Herr Fallada describes the everyday affairs of Pinneberg and Bunny. The two are quite contented with each other, are modest in their wants and eager only to live happily and usefully; but Pinneberg is compelled to hold his job by wheedling and flattery, and each change means a slip down hill. Eventually he is out of work, while his wife bears a child. The pitiful situation of the white-collar class is dramatically presented. The author does not preach



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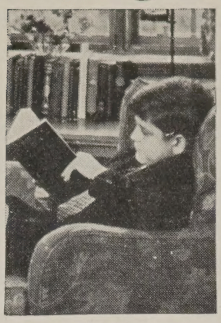

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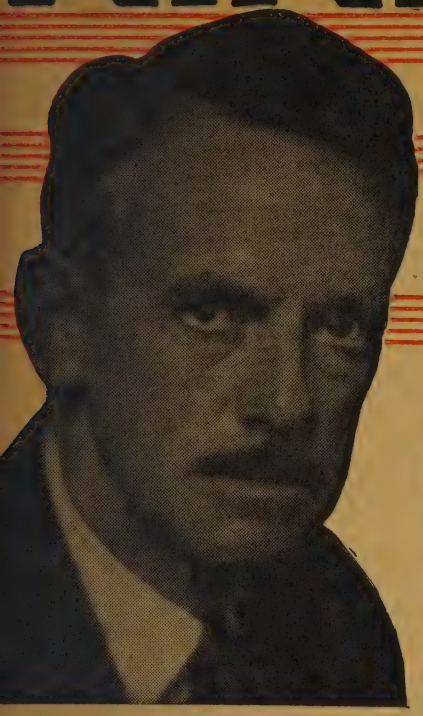
a moral or suggest a political remedy; his comment seems solely in the title, but no one can read his book without beginning to think about social problems. Aside from that it is delightful reading. (Simon & Schuster.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES
By H. C.

Clarence E. Hill, Minneapolis, Minn., is going to be in Paris for ten days and wants to know some of the places where he can enjoy himself. We regret to say that there seems to be a lack of guide books on Paris this year, but doubtless some of the older volumes will be useful. *Where Paris Dines,* by Julian Street, $2.00, Doubleday, Doran, Garden City, N. Y.; *Paris on Parade,* $2.50, and *Where to Wine and Dine in Paris,* $1.75, by Robert Forrest Williams, Bobbs-Merrill Co., 724 N. Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Ind.; *Password to Paris,* by E. Acheson, $2.50, Morrow Publishing Co., New York City, 1932. There is also a small booklet called *Helen and Warren Guidelet to Europe,* revised and enlarged, 1933, which can be had gratis by writing to its author, Mabel Herbert Urner, One Gramercy Park, New York City. . . . One whom we know only by the initial "D" wants to find a book which he read many years ago and which he knows is out of print. Second-hand book dealers have been unable to locate a copy, and so if any of our readers has a copy of *African Nights Entertainment* by A. J. Dawson, a brother of Coningsby Dawson, and is willing to part with it, we should be glad to hear. . . . In answer to several questions of C. R. Lynn, Tampa, Fla., we can say that Anthony Wrynn has no full-length novel listed, and no book at all to his credit. The last mention of his name in connection with a magazine we can find is as the writer of several poems, "With Wings, Not as the Wind" and "Bird Starting," in *Poetry* of 1930. Just as soon as we have further information—and again we appeal to our readers for aid in finding out anything about or by this writer,—we shall let C. R. Lynn know. . . . The dramatized version of "Peter Ibbetsen" used by Rollo Peters in his appearance in this play in Detroit last winter is by Constance Collier. We can find no publication of this version in book form. The novel itself comes in two editions, a new illustrated edition, $2.50, published by Harpers, and a Modern Library edition, No. 207, Modern Library, 20 East 57th Street, New York City, $.95. This information was asked by E. G., Los Angeles, Cal. . . . *The American Scrap Book* and *The European Scrap Book,* edited by William Griffith, were published in only one edition, 1930, by the Forum Press, 441 Lexington Avenue, at $2.50 each and copies are still available. Mrs. R. M. Ryall, Cleveland, Ohio, asked about these books.

NINE PLAYS

BY EUGENE O'NEILL



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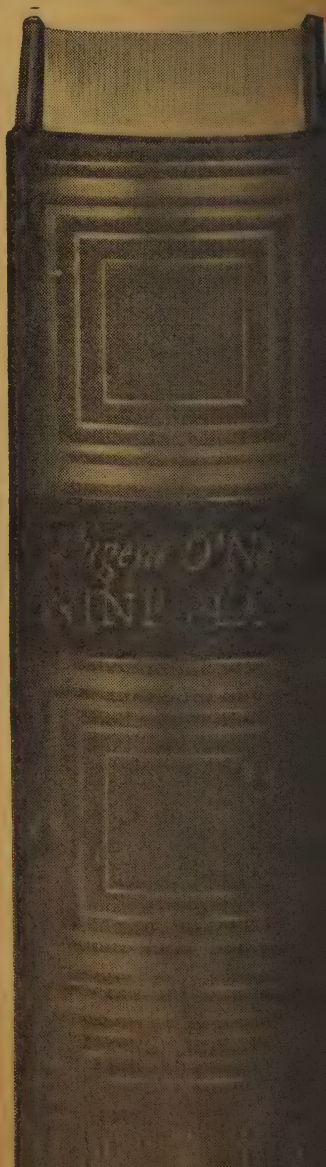

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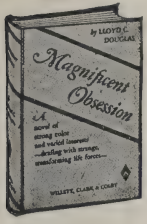

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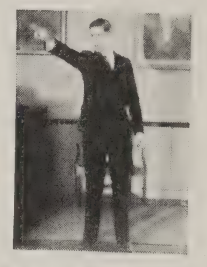

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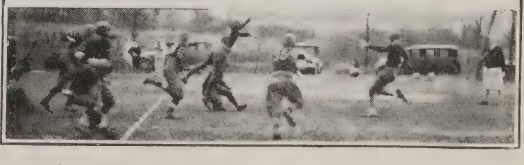

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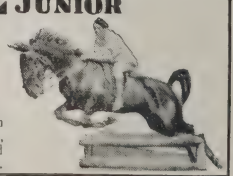

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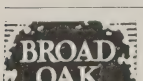

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AUGUST 1933

Harpers Magazine

THE CRISIS IN CHARACTER

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

HERE in America we have talked about "the depression" until most of us are heartily sick of the topic. In spite of all the talk, however, I have not heard much discussion of the third of the three crises through which we are passing simultaneously—the economic and political crises and the crisis in character.

The economic crisis is the easiest to understand and probably the easiest from which to emerge normally. There has, indeed, been nothing abnormal about it. By anyone who did not give himself up to mere wishful thinking but who relied upon economic laws and the many precedents in the past, the crash of 1929 could have been foreseen and guarded against. This was done by not a few, whose warnings, nevertheless, went unheeded by the speculation-mad public. Business cycles and primary and secondary post-war depressions are nothing new. It was the unwarranted assumption that the *era* was "new" that lost so many people not merely their jobs but their accumulated savings.

Coincident with this normal business depression, there has occurred what I call the political crisis, that is, a deepening of the economic crisis brought about by political and not economic factors. Among these may be mentioned the disastrous interference with the business life of a large part of Europe by the redrawing of the map of that part of the world on the basis of nationalism, racialism, and hatreds instead of economics and established methods and channels of trade; the depressing effect on business of revolutions and political uncertainty, including the constant threats of war; the tariffs, debts, reparations, currency controls, and other hindrances to international commerce. This crisis is more difficult of cure than the normal economic one because it has its seat in the unreasoning emotions and passions of the great modern democracies.

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It is, however, the third crisis—that in character—with which I wish to deal in this article, a crisis which has received less attention than the other two but which has complicated our unhappy situation, and which may continue to have far-reaching effects after we have surmounted the other crises and regained a certain degree of material prosperity.

There is nothing new about the demoralizing effects of both wars and boom times. Every war is succeeded by a shoddy decade, and under the strain of speculative orgies there are always weaklings who go under morally. The conditions among our people in the last few years, however, have been somewhat different and more sinister. Symptoms of this may be found in the absence of trusted leaders, in the lack of courage on the part of the people at large, and in the more universal corruption of all classes in either coarse or subtle form.

Until Mr. Roosevelt entered the White House and made a profound impression not only upon us at home but upon the world, the absence of leadership throughout the entire crisis since 1929 had been remarkable. As a young man I was in business in the short but very severe panic of 1907, and well recall the way in which the elder J. P. Morgan and, more quietly, the late George F. Baker took hold of the situation, the saving of which was successfully directed from Mr. Morgan's library. On the other hand, in these last three years and more of financial chaos there has not been a banker whose entire weight has been equal to that of the late Mr. Morgan's little finger. The old man unquestionably had his faults, but there was a driving power about him, a granitelike character, a knowledge and strength, a willingness to assume supreme responsibility, which not only inspired but compelled confidence. Not one of the bankers who might have been expected to lead in the past three years has succeeded in doing so.

One reason, but only one, for this was suggested in the hearings in Washington on the Harriman Bank case. Explaining why the government had not taken action against the bank and its officers, Mr. John W. Pole, Comptroller of the Currency under Hoover, informed the investigating committee under oath that "defalcations are very common in the Comptroller's office. It is a routine matter." "Do you mean to say," exclaimed Senator Robinson of Indiana [I am quoting from the record], "that defalcations by bank presidents are common?" "Yes," Pole replied. "Well," Robinson said, "if defalcations by bank presidents are common in the Comptroller's office it is no wonder, is it, that the people have no confidence in banks?" The former Comptroller merely replied, "No."

But it is not simply that some bank presidents have thus betrayed their trust; that the president of so vast an institution as the National City Bank of New York is being tried for evasion of the income tax when his annual income was a capital fortune beyond the wildest dreams of most depositors; that the greatest power in the financing of our public utilities is now a fugitive from justice in Greece; that a house of the superb reputation of Lee, Higginson & Company should, by their apparent carelessness, to say the least, have half ruined a whole section of the country. We have always had prominent figures who could not stand the pressure of easy money, and the long list of defalcations and misdemeanors following the panic of 1837, almost a century ago, is perhaps no shorter in comparison than the disgraceful list of to-day. Certainly there has been nothing worse than the doings of the Goulds, Drews, Vanderbilts, and others in the post-Civil War period. Individual corrup-

tion is, I repeat, nothing new. What is new is that not a single banker has had the ability or strength of character to become a national leader in our present crisis, and that all too many of them have acted like frightened children or boys caught in some dirty act behind a fence.

But it is not alone in finance that the lack of character shows among those who should be leaders. The supineness of a large number of members of both houses of Congress had become notorious before either ex-Senator Smoot or Senator Owen made his recent remarks about the lack of courage displayed by the legislature in doing its duty by the people. This applies to the State legislatures as well; but the worst blow of all was struck at American character on May 29th, when the House of Representatives by an overwhelming vote did not hesitate to repudiate the plighted word of the nation, given over and over, to pay its debts in gold or its equivalent. In vain did Representative Luce of Massachusetts, one of the oldest, sanest, and most honest members of the House, point to the wording, among other Acts, of the Act of 1869, in which the nation through its representatives announced to those from whom it should borrow that "the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged" to such form of repayment. To his questions "what emergency can justify breaking the solemn pledge of a nation? Do 'solemn' and 'pledge' mean nothing?" the House voted for repudiation by 283 to 57.

When the great Federal Government itself breaks its plighted word and announces that a contract and a pledge mean nothing, is it any wonder that its citizens follow suit, and that we read, for example, that a group of stockholders of the banks in Detroit which failed are undertaking a legal fight to avoid paying the assessments on their stocks which are part of the legal assets of the 800,000 depositors who trusted their money in the institutions? Their attorney is quoted in the *New York Times* as saying, "We cannot guarantee to anyone that we are going to win this case, but even if we did nothing but delay collection for a year or two that would be of some help to the stockholders." Quite so, but how about the depositors? What becomes of American character when both the government and leading citizens hasten to repudiate legal obligations and solemn pledges for the sake of gain, and contracts are considered mere scraps of paper binding only when convenient? As we still insist on the war debts being paid, apparently we do foreigners the honor of believing that they must live up to a moral standard which we have abandoned ourselves because it became too burdensome.

II

If we turn to the press we find the same flabbiness of fiber, when nothing worse. Although in a democracy opinion must be based on news, we have come to expect that a large part of the daily press will deliberately distort that news; but we used, not so long ago, to believe that certain journals would be above such debauchery. Yet recently one of the most distinguished in the country did not hesitate to publish false statements about certain happenings in a foreign capital, statements which had no appeal except sensationalism, and in doing so the paper disregarded the protests of its correspondent on the spot who, like all others who were there, knew the statements to be wholly false. Not long ago the editor of one of the holier-than-thou weeklies, not dependent even on advertising, published a deliberate misrepresentation for which a cub reporter would have lost his job on a reputable paper some years ago.

But if leadership is essential in a democracy, the rank and file cannot

complacently denounce the lack of it unless their own hands are reasonably clean and they will consent to follow a leader of the right sort if he appears. In the past dozen years John Doe and Richard Roe have had no right to throw stones at those higher up. The politics of the country village have been mostly those of Tammany Hall writ small. Our national system, like a tree, sends its minute roots deep into the soil, and anyone familiar with the workings and ideals of politics in rural town and county as well as in cities need look no farther for the sources of our national political infection. The terrific stench of the Harding regime, involving the proved criminality of some of the highest officers of the national government, including even a member of the President's Cabinet, made no impression whatever upon our smug complacency.

Moral issues appear to have ceased to make the slightest appeal to the ordinary citizen. Although I have grown somewhat accustomed to this indifference, I was frankly shocked last year, when Judge Seabury was making his fight against the Mayor of New York and for decent government, to hear a group of club men, far above the average in position and intelligence, sympathize with Walker as against Seabury on the ground that the latter was all right but "too much like George Washington," whereas Jimmy Walker was always amusing and good company. The conversation was not ironical and the vote clearly went for an amusing "wise crack" as contrasted with honesty and character. In both of our greatest cities, New York and Chicago, we have apparently abdicated completely to the forces of evil. We have given up hope of turning Tammany out. We only ask it politely to be not quite so grasping. A recent editorial in one of the leading papers of New York on "City Finances" ends thus: "Without credit there can be no bond issues, without bonds no public improvements, without public improvements no contracts—and without contracts no jobs, and none of those marginal emoluments on which the politician thrives." To such a level of appeal has the greatest city in America fallen. As for Chicago, what leadership has been developed in the literally damnable situation which has now existed there for year after year? An earlier generation could rise from the ashes of an all-consuming fire and build a nobler city, but the present one appears utterly unable to emerge from the political filth in which it wallows; and when the unpaid school teachers appeal to its best known citizen they are met, if the papers report correctly, not with help but with curses.

There is to-day a strong resentment against those leaders in finance who betrayed their trust or are considered as having done so, but I doubt if there would be any such feeling in the average man did he not think that he personally had lost money by the actions of the others. Except for this he would not feel resentment because character has ceased to count, and he himself has the same philosophy of life as those he now blames, namely that it is permissible to squeeze as much money out of any given situation as is possible regardless of the ethical aspects of the case. Commenting on the repudiation of the promise to pay in gold, one of the leading New York newspapers, a journal once noted for its independence and high standards, stated in its financial column that "after all is said and done, few investors ever expected to collect their interest and principal in gold when they bought government or other types of bonds, having regarded the clause calling for payment in the yellow metal as just so much promotion." Of course the writer wholly overlooked the fact

that conservative investors bought "gold bonds" not necessarily with the idea of receiving gold but of receiving, if the contract came to a default, the assets of the company instead of having them go, in case of heavy currency depreciation, to the common stockholders. The interesting point of the above financial comment in one of the chief papers of our greatest financial center is that the paper assumes that when the Federal Government or corporations gave solemn pledges to do a certain thing which it is admitted had an apparent value for investors, such investors took it for granted that the pledges were not to "be taken seriously" but were mere "promotion" dodges to deceive such trustful or naïve persons as widows or orphans or trustees, the said solemn pledges being understood at their worthless, lying value by any real business man.

The huge bonuses in addition to salaries, such as the several millions it has been stated that Mitchell received from the City Bank or Mr. Grace received from the Bethlehem Steel, said to have been $6,000,000 in six years, or those received from the American Tobacco by executives, over $2,500,000 in one year in one case according to the *Times*, have created a great stir, and justly so. It would seem as though in a country in which business men prate about "service," a business president could be found to run a company for less than $2,500,000 a year when the President of the United States gets $75,000. Nevertheless, this immorality, now so roundly denounced in the great, of trying to get everything possible as quickly as possible out of a given situation, goes straight down throughout the whole nation, not only in the big and lesser corporations but down to the "small man" who skimps on his labor for a day's pay or gives short weight or charges for a full load when he hauls a half of one.

Perhaps nothing illustrates better the new morality or immorality than the steady growth in the last few years of pension scandals and the bonus grabs. Almost entirely those interested in them have been men at the opposite end of the economic scale from the Mitchells and Graces and Insulls; but their insistence on getting something for themselves at the expense of others is precisely the same. It is clear that if a citizen has certain rights, nevertheless, no government can exist unless he also performs certain duties, one of the chief and most onerous of which is defense of his country when called upon. The method of selection in the last war was the fairest which could be devised, that of drawing by lot regardless of the wealth or social position of those so drawn. No soldiers have ever received the pay and other benefits, such as low-cost insurance, vocational training, etc., which ours did. Only a little over three per cent of our men were killed and but a small percentage wounded. About half never left America and many served for only a few months or less. Nobody in the country would object to a liberal pension system for those who were incapacitated for civil life or for the dependents of those killed; but it would seem to be pretty close to highway robbery when tens of thousands of sound and husky men demand payment after payment from the government on the mere score of having done their duty when called upon. Of course jobs had to be abandoned and careers interrupted, but in the years of prosperity which followed the War there could have been few sound men who could not have got work. Nor were these men the only ones who suffered from the War. Let us take one village as a sample. All the men there who went to the War were young. Only one was harmed. The rest came out of the experience healthier and bet-

ter equipped than they entered it. In that same village there were not a few old women, living on tiny incomes, whose lives were disrupted permanently by the inroads made on those little incomes from the rise in the cost of living. In that village *they* were the ones who really suffered from the War, but such as they have no organization to bring pressure to bear on Congress. Yet last year, and again this, thousands of young men marched on Washington in the "Bonus Expeditionary Force" to demand money from the government solely for themselves, the very name of their organization signifying that they would be willing to use "force" to get money out of the people's treasury for their private benefit.

We may turn to other aspects of the situation. Take advertising. It is not necessary to point to society people who lend their names to the exploiting of goods, which they may or may not ever use themselves, for the sake of a cheap notoriety or a handsome check. Advertising is directed at the mass of men, and the motives on which the advertiser plays will be those which exert the greatest influence. Some time ago a group of advertising men listed such motives in their order of appeal. They all agreed that the trait in American mentality which should be aimed at to get the largest sales results was snobbishness. Other highly classed traits or motives all showed an equal lack of character in the "prospect," such as vanity, the wish to have some article because others had it, fear of what neighbors might think if the household were without it, the desire to make a show without real basis, and so on. In fact the character of the American citizen as envisaged by the advertiser is a sorry spectacle of spiritual shoddiness; and there is perhaps no other group of business men who know their business so well as do the advertisers.

We like to think of the American as a rugged individual who will meet and conquer every obstacle, try one career after another, rise after every fall, and so on; but I could continue to give examples of the way in which something seems to have happened to the American character in the past few years, whether it is a passing phase or a permanent change. One is the amount of talk, sometimes by the youngsters and sometimes by their elders, about those who have come out of college or have otherwise reached the time for work since the depression began as a "lost generation." I have the deepest sympathy with the boy or girl who has had the will to work and who has found the job missing in these past three years, but I have none with those who talk about the lost generation. The boy or girl—there were not so many of the latter then—who had reached the "job age" in 1837 had very hard sledding until there began to be some jobs again in 1841, and those who came along in 1873 had to wait nearly six years, not to speak of shorter depressions in other generations; but none of these was "lost." It is true that in earlier periods we had the frontier and free land; but it must be remembered that those to whom that sort of life appealed or who were capable of enduring its hardships were but a small proportion of the total who wanted jobs. I have, as I say, very great sympathy for those who wish to get started on a job or a career, and to whom the door seems closed at present; but there must be in this country, I should guess, many tens of thousands of boys who want a paying job and cannot find one and who yet are not destitute, that is, who are living at home. If I were one of them I should try to do precisely what I did when I started many years ago. I should take a job at no pay if I could not get one that would cover lunch and carfare, in order to keep my mind at work, to learn some business, to make

acquaintances, to be in the very front line when jobs come around again, to have a reference. In these days of expense paring and curtailed staffs it would not be very hard to find such a job, and the boy who did so would be a long step ahead of his fellows. The paying job which I eventually got as a result of my non-paying one was with a man who would never have thought or known of me had he not seen me at work. I am not afraid that a sufficient number would do this to undermine the security of those who are receiving wages or salaries; but there is no "lost generation" for those who have the stuff in them.

III

Without adding more examples of the breakdown, if there is such at the moment, in American character, we may pass on to consider some of the possible reasons for it. For one thing, we may return to the point at which we began, the question of leadership. Some time ago the similar question was being discussed, in connection with the mass arts of the movies and broadcast music: as to where we should eventually look for highly trained and competent artists when, instead of the innumerable theatrical companies and orchestras all over the country which are now to be found, there would remain only a few stars at Hollywood and in broadcasting companies. Nature is wasteful perhaps but certainly prodigal. It is her way. She scatters countless seeds, only a few of which develop. Occasionally in the arts we have a genius born, but for the most part the competent artists rise by a slow process of selection from a vast number of obscure ones. In the past our leaders have arisen in the same way. The qualities of leadership, however, cannot be developed without the exercise of responsibility and free scope for initiative. The field has been much narrowed by the transformation of individual enterprises into corporate business, extending, I believe, in the case of manufacturing to ninety per cent of the whole, and, I presume, even farther in the case of banking. A man in business for himself, however small the enterprise may be, has to make all his own decisions. He gets used to making them and to taking the responsibility for them. A man who works up through all the stages of corporation executive work has such an experience only to a minor degree. At each stage there is always somebody higher up to fall back upon and who gives orders. A man at any stage may be an autocrat to those below him, but he tends to become a "yes man" to those higher up, on whose good will and approval his position depends. As his salary increases, and his social position, his real independence tends to become even less rather than greater, however pompously he may face the public, because his fall may be greater if he offends the powers that be in his particular world. With the vast extension of corporate ownership or control by a comparatively small group this has come to apply to the heads of corporations as well as to those lower in the executive scale. Even the presidents of great banks in New York are in many cases dependent on the will of those invisible powers that control the bank. The office boy is far more independent, for if he offends his boss he can get another job as office boy, but a bank president who offends *his* bosses may find it impossible to get another presidency.

It is said that in ninety per cent of the cases the passing through the academic grind to get a Ph.D. degree ruins the scholarship and intellectual initiative of the victim. The corporation grind is equally likely to ruin the qualities of genuine leadership. It is notable that of the two great financial

leaders of the crisis of 1907, one, J. P. Morgan, was a private banker at the head of his firm, and the other, Baker, owned his bank and was his own "boss." In this connection it may well be questioned whether the great change which in the last generation has come over our business life with the almost universal adoption of the corporate form has not exercised, and may continue to do so, a pernicious influence. It is the same problem which faces a socialistic or communistic society in which initiative and qualities of leadership are lost by the individuals who are regimented into merely obeying orders from above and do only what they are told to do. Such a society may carry along for a while under leaders produced by the preceding individualistic society, but after a few generations of deadened initiative where are the new leaders to be bred?

To account for the change in the ordinary American, the herd of followers rather than leaders, we must seek to some extent for other causes. One of these may be the equally vast change which has occurred in our private lives owing to the progress of invention. So far as we have gone, this has been bad for character in two ways. As I have discussed the first of these elsewhere, I need touch upon it only briefly here. Until practically the opening of this century, the range of purchasable goods for the ordinary man was narrow, both for the rich and poor. A man might own a house, clothes, books, pictures, other furnishings, perhaps a horse and carriage, and so on. As he prospered he might increase the size, quality, or costliness of all these, but his range as to *kind* of things was limited. Rising above the poverty line, he was not called upon to make more money to buy different but only better things, if he chose. With the sudden flood of new inventions, however, the demands upon his purse became practically unlimited and impossible of prediction. Every year brought new "goods" of which he and his wife had never thought before. In the pressure to sell these goods not only every appetite but every emotion, good and bad, social and personal, was played upon in the average man; and he found that if he were not even to rise, but merely to remain in the same position relative to his neighbors and friends, he had to provide a larger and larger income. The need for more and ever more money became irresistible to him. It became necessary, or so it seemed to him, to make money at any cost of effort or principle. The effect on character was all too obvious.

But many of the things he bought had their own effect on character, and the old Greek saying that "good things are hard" became transformed for him into "easy things are good." Let us take a simple example or two. To-day if one lives in an apartment in the city the heat comes on in the radiators with no effort on our part, or in a country house one can have a thermostat which will tend the furnace while we sleep, with like result. Twenty years ago thermostats were not in use. I lived in the country, and my father, then an old man, lived with me. On cold mornings I had to get out of my warm bed to go down to the cellar to stoke the furnace, so that the house might be warm when he got up. Now, it is much pleasanter to lie in bed while the thermostat works than it is to stoke the furnace early on a cold day; but forcing one's self to do the latter has an effect on character which waiting for the thermostat has not. In the first place, I had to use my will to get up, which strengthened will. In the second place I was doing something for someone else at the expense of my own comfort, which also had its effect.

Again, take the contrast of the horse and the car. One has nothing to do

with a car but to go out to the garage and step on the self-starter. If one does not want to use it, the car will wait patiently until one does. In the days of the horse one had the responsibility for a living creature. One had to go out and feed it and attend otherwise to it whether one felt like it or not. Like the furnace, it made for daily training of the will and subordinated one's own casual wishes to the needs of another. If we multiply these two simple instances by countless more in our press-the-button age, it seems to me that in the aggregate there has been a very considerable lessening in the number of things in daily life which build up character. We have comfort (at the expense of the incessant money-urge), but we slacken instead of strengthen the muscles of the will and the fibers of character.

What strikes me most, perhaps, as I return home year after year from a stay abroad is the almost inevitable materialization of every *idea* started here. There are exceptions, of course, but on the whole, and to an appalling extent, "conspicuous expenditure" seems to overtake us like fate in everything, in our hotels, clubs, universities, even in informal entertaining among friends. The stories of two organizations with which I happen to be familiar illustrate in part what I mean. One was a group of men who many years ago agreed to meet at intervals for the interchange of thought. It was decided, to keep the thing on a simple and easy scale, that the only refreshments should consist of cheese and beer. The object aimed at was good-fellowship and the exchange of ideas. When the members met at the house of one and another the meeting was not to be a burden on anyone. Little by little, almost imperceptibly, one host and another added something special, until now in the middle of the evening the members adjourn to the dining room for an elaborate and often costly meal. The same almost inevitable fate overtook another organization devoted to science. It has a large membership but meets at private houses in a city. Like the smaller club just mentioned, it too started out with things of the mind and not of the table; but little by little each hostess tried to serve just a bit better and more elaborate supper until it now costs three or four hundred dollars to entertain the members, and it has become difficult to arrange a meeting because even wealthy hostesses fear the expense. Probably many of my readers can match such cases. That is what we seem to do with everything. In other words, we tend to live for show, for the material things, however nobly we start out on an enterprise, and end by living on the surface of life instead of in its deeps.

IV

It might be expected that if we had any sane ideals, and particularly those of education, that the schools and colleges at least might try to inculcate the doctrine that life may be very good even if simple; but they do not. The students at our oldest and most important universities are being taught, by the luxury of the common rooms, which resemble frequently the ostentatious lobbies of expensive hotels, that the proper ideal in life is that of costly display, and that for intellectual conversation and ease one must sit in tapestried period chairs. The false taste for such things is likely to be the chief effect on the minds of many in the four years which they spend at the institutions which are supposed to form their ideals and "educate" them. If one were led in blindfold and then released it would often be difficult to say whether one were in a college faculty "lounge," a banker's private office, a hotel de luxe, a university

graduates' club, or a particularly luxurious house of ill fame. That appears to be the ideal of materialization which our leading institutions of learning are bent on instilling into a generation which never even knew the simplicities of a pre-thermostat age. Nowhere is there evident that individuality which is one of the marked signs of character; everywhere the idea seems to be submerged by the uniformity of the caterer and the interior decorator, symbols, if you will, but sinister ones of what is happening to American character.

That character is opposed, as I have said, by several forces now operating, including a few I have mentioned, such as the corporate form of business, the flood of new inventions forced upon us by high-powered salesmanship, and the resources of mass production bent on making us conform to their ideal (as shown on their balance sheets, which must be kept out of the red whatever happens to the mind and soul of the consumer). From whatever angle we view it, whether that of the hostess who tries to out-do her friend by just a little, the pressure of the advertising man, the opinion of a neighborhood as to what kind of car is "right," the question as to how we shall spend our money in our household regardless of how our friend or customer thinks we ought to spend it, the problem always comes back to the rebuilding of what we used to call our "rugged individualism," not in the sense of seeking an individual profit at the expense perhaps of society, but of saving our own souls and characters from the deadening pressure of conformity and false ideals. In spite of nearly four years of enforced economies and, one would suppose, sufficient leisure from spending to be able to think out a better philosophy, I see little result as yet from the depression. I recently expressed this point of view in an article elsewhere, and my stack of mail from all parts of the country about it endorsed my view in every letter, without a dissident voice. It may be said that the very unanimity of the views and the interest shown in the article are in themselves encouraging signs. Possibly they are, but rather feeble ones. The entire absence of violence, as yet, throughout this depression as contrasted with all previous ones, may also be considered as encouraging, though there are not a few who construe this phenomenon from precisely the opposite point of view. The President's firm stand on the bonus grab was highly encouraging as going far beyond what any preceding President had dared; but he had the country, if not the veterans, behind him in that, and the effect has been somewhat modified by his later demand for repudiation of the national faith.

Unless we can gird up our loins, in spite of all, and each individual assert again his individuality, and unless that individuality is motivated by the willingness, if necessary, to live simply in order that one should live nobly and well, there would seem to be little reason to anticipate an early renaissance of American character. In the present situation there is danger for the State as well as for the citizen. We began after the Civil War with a considerable number of new rich. The rapid development of the country created more, until they had swamped what was called "society," a situation not to be too much lamented. But since the late war the entire nation, poor as well as wealthy, came to have the complex and the ideals of new rich. Looking to the future, we may expect a still greater flood of new inventions, a still greater luxury possible of attainment, an increased "push-the-button" mentality, as we may expect also a greater extension of the corporate form of business.

Is there any prospect in all this of any strengthening of our characters, and if not, what will the result be? Without character in its citizenry, a democracy must inevitably fail. Demands upon the public credit cannot be unlimited if that credit is to survive. The struggle to attain wealth on the part of each against all cannot become steadily fiercer if private morality is not to perish. For a society to exist, however, particularly with the increasing complexity of a modern industrial one, there must be order maintained by someone. A nation composed solely of go-getters bent on individual gain regardless of how obtained, of people trying to get as much for as little as possible, of citizens insisting solely on their rights and refusing to perform duties unless heavily paid, can come to but one end. It is bound to finish in a reign of force instead of consent, whether that force be applied by a dictatorship of one, of an oligarchy, or of a proletariat. The form which our life is taking in some of its aspects does not conduce, it would appear, to the formation of character. The problem would seem to be how the effects of some of these new influences could be neutralized. This is a problem, however, which appears to be shelved by everyone, even by those who make such a pother about having the future in charge through the education of the young and yet who align themselves with the forces undermining instead of building up that character which is as essential for the safety of the nation as it is for a sane and satisfying life for the individual.

Is the problem insoluble and is the future necessarily as dark as the present situation would indicate? I refuse to believe so. A man cannot lose faith in his country any more than in his wife and children without serious spiritual damage to his whole life. Those are things one holds fast to until the last gasp. I have spoken in this article of many groups of all sorts and of the national character, but the national character is only the sum total of the characters of all the individuals in those and other groups. One really knows little of what makes the character of different generations or periods vary.

One of the most striking changes which I know of in history is the change in English political life from the time of the Georges to that of Victoria. In the first, England had one of the most venal public services in the world; in a generation or two she had a civil service which has never been surpassed for honesty, patriotism, and efficiency. What wrought the change? There is no explanation in any history and no Englishman has supplied me with even a plausible reason. The change just came, so far as we know, as a similar change has begun with us in spite of all the depressing factors in our life. There are still the spoils of office, but our national service has vastly improved in this respect within a generation. It is the most promising sign in our life, and possibly the spirit of the best of our public servants in scientific and other departments in Washington may come to animate other classes of citizens. One thing is certain. If there is to be a regeneration of the national character it can come about only by the regeneration of each of us as individuals. It is not a matter of committees and machinery and organization. It can come only from some subtle change in the heart of the individual American man and woman, a change which one cannot predict but of which one need not despair.

FOX HUNT AT CLONRUE

BY LORD DUNSANY

AS A THREAD of the warp in the weaving of cloth runs through all the threads of the woof, helping to bind them together, so runs the fox in Ireland through all our lives; so that any man who is utterly unconcerned with the fox lives a little apart from the rest of us. Who such a man could be I do not know; for, to begin with, no one owning poultry or turkeys can be quite immune from the fear of the footfall of that red visitor, inaudible on the stillest nights however closely you listen for it. And that is, I suppose, the original sin on account of which we hunt him, and it must have been to deal with those prowlings, too subtle for his own wits, that man first sought the help of his friend the dog in this matter. And, having sought it, this organization in defense of his poultry spread ramifications round the very heart of man. There are towns to be found in which the name of a fox stirs no more quickening of pulses than does the mention of guinea pigs; but not in Ireland. For in the little Irish towns no man is so far into the dry waste of streets that the sounds of the hunt, from, say, in the south, cannot reach him, and that some other pack on the northern side, passing the town's edge, will bring him running out to see the red coats go by, and to feed his memory with the things that the pavement can never give. And so we give you the toast from our Irish shores: The Fox (death to him!), may he live forever.

And nearly two hundred of us concerned in this matter were jogging now in the direction of Clonrue, with the hills at first on our left as we rode along at the feet of them, and then almost behind us when we had turned to our right. And who was not concerned in it? First of all, we had the whole of "the gentry" for twelve miles round, and as many of their daughters as a horse could be found for; then we had from a rather smaller area as many of the farmers as had a horse that could carry them; soldiers, squireens, a few strangers, grooms, second horsemen, and men with young horses of which they had hopes that they had not named to anyone, but who, as a young girl sometimes looks to Heaven, far and yet not unattainable, looked to the Grand National.

There were no priests at the meet, because they are forbidden to hunt, though not forbidden to ride; and of course if they meet with hounds while they are riding, it is no sin to go the same way with them. All the priests in that part of the county were out riding that morning along the road under the hills from Gurraghoo to Clonrue.

It was a long jog to Clonrue, over five miles: that is the beauty of Irish coverts, there are usually so few that when a fox leaves one he has a very long way to go to the next one; and there was a wood of wild osiers beyond Clonrue near the bog, an almost certain draw. All the way as we went that fervor leaped up among all who

saw us pass, a fervor for the quest not limited to those that were taking part in it; men, women, children, and dogs were all awakened from other pursuits to let their thoughts soar up from their own fields and then to sail with us over the gray-green plain, now shining in sunlight far away from those hills. And if any say that our quest was not worthy of this awakening, I can only say in argument that perhaps whatever awakens us to any vivid intensities needs no other test of its worth; but in evidence I can say this on oath, that I have seen the emptiness of many things, like a white damp wall of mist closing roads to the spirit utterly, but never yet have I noticed it in a fox hunt. Certainly on that day the hope of seeing a fox killed in the open, even the less presumptuous hope of being there before the tumultuous gathering at that furious feast was over, was as bright a splendor to me as could be the hope of any statesman to see the ruin of his enemy's land with all its fortresses fallen.

And so we moved to Clonrue till the hills were gray behind us, and the voices of dogs warning Gurraghoo that something strange was afoot were faint cries adding a weirdness to the solitude of those fields. And the dogs that guarded the houses of Clonrue took up the cry. And, among those that waited to watch our coming by, the first that I saw was Marlin. He was standing dark against one of the white walls, with a look in his eyes such as inspiration might have, as he gazed at the young girls riding there and at young well-mounted men and the young horses. And I saw then, once for all, that quiet age and calm and repentance, and at last Heaven, were none of these things for Marlin, but that, turning away from all of them, he would only look for such glories as youth can give, and would always yearn for that land whose history was the dreams of the young and that knew nought of salvation.

And farther down the street we saw Mrs. Marlin, leaning upon a stick that was, rather, a crooked pole, with wisps of her dark hair hanging about the sides of her face; her eyes watched us intensely, and more than the watchful dogs she seemed to be guarding Clonrue. Or perhaps Clonrue was but her outpost, and she watched for the sake of the bog, or for the sake of that land that lay under the frown of the bog, where her cottage stood and through which the river ran, where the gnarled willows leaned, a stretch of earth that always seemed to me strangely enchanted. What desecration she feared for this land I do not know, but she eyed us intently and showed no sign of enmity.

"Shall we find in the sallies, Mrs. Marlin?" I shouted as I passed her.

"He's waiting for you," she said.

"Will he give us a good run?" I asked.

"To Clonnabrann," said she.

I have often thought of those words and, looking back on them after all these years, and with the experience that years must bring, it seems to me now that, as every cottager thereabouts knew, a strong dog-fox lived in those sallies; a southwest wind was blowing and, running down-wind as they do, Clonnabrann would be right ahead of him if he could get so far. To say, therefore, that he would get as far as Clonnabrann was no more than an estimate of his strength by one of those on whose chickens he nightly dined.

There was a silence as the hounds went into the wood, a silence that hung heavily for what seemed a long time; then one hound whimpered; silence again, and then the whole pack gave tongue. We were all lined up on the bog side of the willows, to prevent the fox breaking on that side; for if he went over the bog none but the hounds

could follow him. And there we waited for a sign from the master that we could let our impatient horses out. A mild man, as I have seen him in a drawing-room, the master, almost shy at a tea-table; but on a horse the owner of a fiery tongue that held his field in awe, as his whip-lash held his hounds. Only for a few seconds he held us back; I remember the waving line of horses' heads; I remember a patch of gorse at the edge of the wood, whose buds had already burst into two small blossoms; then we were off.

We used to have big fields out in those days, and for a hundred yards or so it was like a race; and then each rider began to settle down to deal with his own difficulties, to cross each fence in accordance with the capacity of his horse, and to take a line in accordance with his estimate of many things, constantly varying, or to follow different men for different reasons, of which these are three: because he is a masterly rider, because he is close to his own home, or because he is going in the opposite direction to what appears the right one. Before following the third kind one should know something of the man; but if he is reasonably intelligent he must have some strong motive for turning away from the rest. I remember the first few fences to this day: the first of all a narrow bank five feet high, built of earth as thin and steep as earth will stand, and green with sods: it seemed impossible that it would not trip up a horse galloping at it, as it would have tripped up me if I had tried to clear it on foot. But I was forgetting the four hooves. Other horses cleared it, mine was hard to hold, and I let him go at it. He rose at it, touched the top, or near it, for a moment paused, and was on again. So my first obstacle was left behind me. The next was a narrow stream, with sides steep as those of a ditch, clear water that had cut its way through the soft black earth. As I rode at it a man that I did not know called out, "Not there, Master Charles." And I followed him, trotting along the bank. "Boggy landing," he said.

Soon we came to a place at which the far bank sloped, and there he plunged in. It was deep water, and the bank on the far side seemed nearly liquid, but the horse struggled up, and I followed. We came next to a double, a great bank thrown up from two ditches, and twelve feet high, with small trees growing along the top of it. It looked an impossible obstacle, but others had been before me through the stream and were now crossing the double in several places, cantering slowly at it and jumping as high as the horse could reach and doing the rest with a scramble, then pausing a moment and disappearing from sight. So I checked my horse and jumped where another had jumped before me, and he easily found a foothold in the soft turf for his hind legs, while his forelegs reached the top. With a heave we were there. Looked down on, the far ditch seemed wider than the near, wider indeed than could be jumped from a standstill, but you can't go back from the top of a double, so I left it all to my horse. He approached it as cats approach a garden from the top of the garden wall; he went down and down the steep bank till I thought he would slip to the bottom, and just as this seemed certain he sprang, and we easily reached the field on the far side. For a moment from the top I had seen the hounds, going over a field together, and somehow reminding me of the shadows of clouds drifting over the flashing grass on a windy day. The next fence we came to was an easy one, and the last we saw of its kind, for we were leaving the country of white loose stones from which they built it, a stone wall. We went fast at it and my horse hit it hard, but it made no difference,

for the stones flew with a rattle, and we were in the same field with the hounds.

From patches of bracken and gorse, and pale gray stones sometimes as large as sheep, we looked to a wide plain stretching for miles in the sunlight, with large green fields and having a tended air. It was as though that loose stone wall that I had crossed were a boundary between the last of the things of the wild, lying behind us, and Earth subdued by man, lying before. Bog and the rough lands were behind us now, and the turf good for going; the pace increased. Shall I breathe air again that is like that air that I breathed as I galloped down to the bright vale gathering sunlight? What vintage in what golden and jewelled cup will ever equal it? It came in gusts as we galloped, so that we breathed it like giants quaffing wine; and whenever one lifted one's eyes from the fields and the fences, the rim of the plain far off shone gold as a godlike cup. Shall I ever breathe it again? And the priest in this foreign town tells me not to think of these things any longer; the time being come for thinking more of my soul. But he is not an Irishman, and has only ridden a mule.

The time came for holding back my horse a bit. Hitherto I had left the pace, and most things, to him, as knowing more about the business than I did; but as I saw that wide valley opening to the horizon, and not a wood in sight, and hounds pouring away down the valley, it came to me that we were in for a long hunt. The horse was pulling still, but I held him back now, and there was the place for doing it; for, riding down a long slope with that wonderful vista before one, there was such a clear view of hounds, or at any rate of the hunt, that by riding straight where they turned a little one easily made up the ground that one lost while resting one's horse. And I did then too what I have done ever since: if there was a gap or an open gate I rode for it, rather than tire my horse by the display of jumping a fence. There were plenty of fences ahead of us and, if I could get over all the fences I had to jump, I should have jumping enough. I think I had learned already, from noticing the effect on my horse's festive spirits, that jumping one fence tires a horse more than galloping across two fields.

It is strange that during this hunt I thought of the Marlins, but the green and tidy country to which we were coming was so unlike the wild willows about their cottage, and then the bog and those watery levels shining on its horizon, and beyond that the wonderful country whither wandered the dreams of Marlin, that the very contrast made me think of them. The thought came to me that they would look fantastic among these tidier fields, and then it occurred to me that I was leaving the country I knew and riding among landmarks that I had never seen before. And still the fox ran straight with the southwest wind behind him. Sometimes we had news of him. A countryman shouted, "A fine big dog fox."

"How long is he gone?" called out the Master, galloping by.

"A fine great dog fox, glory be to God," replied the countryman.

"How long is he gone?" shouted the Master again.

But an excited man cannot easily hear what is shouted among galloping horses.

"Big as a lion," shouted the countryman.

And the hunt swept on.

And then we came to wilder country again where brown lands, marshy and rushy, intruded amongst the green. For a while we saw no houses or roads, or even hedges, and our only obstacles were wide bog-drains. A small neat

cottage appeared, thatched and white-walled, with a tiny garden beside it. We went by within a few yards of it, and a man and a woman came out and an astonished dog. Perhaps they would have seen three or four men or women pass that way in a week, and suddenly there were two hundred galloping by. For a while that lonely spot was populous, then it would be silent again. What did they make of us? Only the thoughts of their dog could one be sure of. And his sole thought was defense, his duty to that white cottage.

Then the green fields again, of the grazing country; hedges and trees once more. I had no idea where I was. We saw a river shining, large enough to have a name that one must have known. But what it was I knew not. I was now a long way from home. My horse was going well but dropping back toward the tail of the hunt, for I would not push him. Sweat was white on the horses wherever straps touched them. And then came our first check. It was very welcome to me. I came up to the field in which hounds were nosing thoughtfully, and dismounted at once. Almost immediately we were on again, but my horse was probably fresher for those moments of quiet breathing, and I had all that distance in hand from the head to the tail of the hunt, toward which I could drop back slowly as my horse tired. For I realized now, if I had not done so before, that only by taking the utmost care of my horse should I see the end of this hunt which had come so far already and which gave rise to wonderful hopes that it might be one of those events that, though seldom told of in books, are topics of conversation in counties for years, and rare gold in old memories.

There were no longer clusters in gateways, with steam welling up from the horses into one column; we went through singly now. One met with riders turning away from the hunt on horses that could do no more, horses with no more foam on their necks, but looking as if they had just been bathed all over in mud and water, which several of them had. One had to be careful whom one followed now, for fear he was turning home. These must have been riders heavier than I was, which is likely enough at my age; it can hardly have been that they had not recognized as soon as I had, with all my inexperience, that this was going to be a long hunt, unless the words that I had with the witch could really have taught me anything. The short evening was beginning to wear away. There was no more rest for my horse in the gaps in high hedges, where one had earlier to take one's turn among twenty or thirty; one crossed alone now or followed one other. But one was closer to hounds without these delays and able to go easier. And still my horse pounded on, treading good turf in which the hoof-marks of those in front of me were cut clear and dry. The late light hovering at the close of day seemed to overarch a calm through which we galloped, as dreams might glide through the still of a summer's night; and I remembered a heathen religion of northern lands that told of endlessly riding through everlasting twilight. From this thought I turned away, but it came back more than once.

What the time was I did not know, but it must have been after four, and that meant we must have been galloping over two hours. The meet had been at eleven, but we had not moved off till after the half-hour; then we had spent some time going up to the gorse-covert and drawing it blank, and it was nearly a quarter to one by the time we returned to the village. From Gurraghoo to the covert beyond Clonrue had taken us over an hour, and the fox had left about two o'clock. The

fences at first had seemed things to watch and pick carefully, when horses were fit and fresh; yet now, when the time must be coming near when one's horse would fall at one of them and lie still, breathing heavily, now they seemed no more than those strange old furrows lying wide and green, the relic of ancient plowing, that one sometimes meets in a field. And as every fence was passed that same joy rose like a flame, the same exultation at an obstacle passed and the chance of being up at the end of the hunt brought nearer. Still the hounds ran with the southwest wind behind them. A little more and the fading light would add so much to our difficulties that any fence would beat us.

And suddenly above the bare green fields, and clear of hedges and trees, I saw a small town shining on a hill, in light that was flung up there from the last of the sunset. A row of houses below, then two streets running up the sides of the hill; all the town white; and, set among those two streets and the houses below, like an emerald the hill's summit. I did not know that except in old pictures of Italy towns were built like this upon hills. Certainly I never thought of seeing one, but believed that they belonged to poetry or romance, or to times long past or countries far away. Hounds were going straight for the hill; if I went round it, in the fading light I should lose them, but a hill at the end of that eighteen or twenty miles was more than my horse could do. Heaven and earth seemed against us, light fading and the land sloping. It was time to pull out and turn home; and I should not see the end of that wonderful hunt. And suddenly in my dejection a strange thought struck me, so that I reined back to a slow canter and soon lost sight of hounds, but I watched instead the white walls of the houses that were gleaming along the hill. I took two more fences, open ditches, and just got across. And suddenly as I gazed at the little town I saw the fox himself going up the slope to the houses. Then the hounds. He seemed making straight for the streets: what shelter he looked for there I could not imagine. And then the hounds got him.

The master and two whips were there when I came up, and eight or nine others. The dead fox had already been taken from the hounds by the master, and his head and brush removed, but I was in time to see the rest of him thrown back to them, and to hear their voices change to that deep roar to the tune of which a fox is torn in pieces and eaten. Then one by one a hound with a bit of a leg or a rib walked away from the rest to eat his morsel alone; and the whips with their ruddy faces looked on with a deep contentment, faces that nearly matched the skirts of their coats, which the sweat of horses and the water of ditches were gradually turning to the color of fuchsias. Now window after window up on the hill shone a deep gold. It was the hour of the steaming kettle, of warmth and the gathering of families; but doors opened and children came running out down the hill, and soon they were gazing at all these strangers, by now twenty or thirty of us, who had come from they knew not where, tired and triumphant, and had brought a new way of life to their very doors.

I have had, like other men, my ups and downs; Fate has given me much and taken much away; but that day Fate gave me the brush. From the hand of the master I had it, the brush of the finest fox that was known in all that country for many a year. I have it still, what is left of it, in the very room in which I write, and many an argument I have with Monsieur Alphonse, who says that to keep this tail of a fox, now in such poor repair, shows that I am no serious politician. Nor

am I, but I argue with him for the sake of my memories, and because I have never known him really serious himself, and because I would burn every political paper of both of us if in the smoke of that burning I could see by any necromancy some vision of the hunt that we rode that day across twenty miles of some of the finest pasture of the old Ireland I knew.

There it hangs on the wall, and I turn from it once again to the scene that still shines in my memory: the whips collecting the hounds together again, men climbing up again onto tired horses, the children gazing silently, the town above us now glowing with lights, and I turning round and asking its name as we rode slow down the hill. "Clonnabrann," sang the children.

SOLDIER

BY C. T. LANHAM

THE stars swing down the western steep,
And soon the east will burn with day,
And we shall struggle up from sleep
And sling our packs and march away.

In this brief hour before the dawn
Has struck our bivouac with flame
I think of men whose brows have borne
The iron wreath of deadly fame.

I see the fatal phalanx creep,
Like death, across the world and back,
With eyes that only strive to keep
Bucephalus' immortal track.

I see the legion wheel through Gaul,
The sword and flame on hearth and home,
And all the men who had to fall
That Cæsar might be first in Rome.

I see the horde of Genghis Khan
Spread outward like the dawn of day
To trample golden Khorassan
And thunder over fair Cathay.

I see the grizzled grenadier,
The dark dragoon, the gay hussar,
Whose shoulders bore for many a year
Their little emperor's blazing star.

I see these things, still am I slave
When banners flaunt and bugles blow,
Content to fill a soldier's grave
For reasons I shall never know.

THE GERMAN REVOLT AGAINST CIVILIZATION

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

MY FRIEND, a blond and blue-eyed specimen of the Nordic race, had come back from a three-weeks visit to his native Hamburg. He walked up and down clasping his head. "The frontier of Europe and of civilization," he said in a voice hoarse with horror and grief, "has been shifted from the Vistula to the Rhine. My people is possessed by a demon." He did not know how aptly, using a common phrase, he had chosen his symbol. For a good many years now vast numbers of Germans have been possessed by a demon. We shall come to the psychological, to the more or less scientific background by and by. What justly horrifies the world to-day is that demon, whose character is ill understood; it is what Thomas Mann, in a great warning addressed to his people three years ago, called the "St. Vitus dance of fanaticism," which since he spoke has raged and ravaged—as such spiritual infections have done before in history—like a forest fire or a pestilence.

The demon by which the German people is possessed is no night fear of the Middle Ages. To say, as has been done, that National-Socialism is a throw-back to medievalism is to misunderstand the movement. The demon is the old pagan demon which the Christian Middle Ages sought to exorcise and to drive out forever. German nationalism to-day is a revolt against Christianity in its broadest as well as in its deepest sense; it is a pagan revolt against the whole of Christian civilization; it dreams, spinning like a dervish, of Nordic armies overrunning the earth, of berserker rage in battle, of the ecstasy of death and blood. To think of the Nazis merely as hoodlums and fools stung into action by hunger and demagogues is gravely to underestimate both the force and the menace of the movement, which has its mad but highly articulate prophets, which has at the core of its inner circle as its ultimate leader (*Führer*), of whom the Hitlers and Goebbels are only vulgar echoes, that extraordinarily gifted poet, Stefan George. Many years ago George prayed for Sicilian Vespers; in 1922 he called to his disciples that it was too late, according to the decree of heaven, for "patience or potion." No,

> Ten thousand must the holy madness seize,
> Ten thousand must the sacred pestilence slay
> And tens of thousands more the holy war.

Well, we are witnessing the "holy madness" and the "sacred pestilence," are we not? Let us beware of the "holy war."

I am not one of those who blankly assert that there was no Jewish problem in Germany. Both Jews and Gentiles had made mistakes. But there was no problem that decent and intelligent co-operation could not have gradually solved. The "holy mad-

ness," however, the demon of pagan revolt, had to wreak itself upon an immediate and accessible object. And that object had to be, however unconsciously, a symbol of all that was to be destroyed; it had to be the symbol of peace and forgiveness; it had to be the symbol of the free personality alone with its God; it had to be the symbol of the critical intelligence, which the "holy madness" holds in especial abhorrence; it had to be non-pagan, anti-pagan, non-Germanic. It had to be the Jews. It had to be Jesus, the Jew. They could not crucify Jesus. They crucified the Jews. And that is the reason why Jews are not permitted freely to leave the hell that is made for them. If the Jews were not there to be tortured, upon what symbolical object could the "holy madness" wreak its self-justificatory pagan rage? Let no one say that I am being fantastic. The Catholic Church is profoundly aware of the pagan character of the German revolution and of its symbolical re-crucifixion of Christ. It was not for nothing that the Prince Bishop of Cologne pleaded for the Jews up to the last possible moment; it was not for nothing that the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris commended the persecuted Jews of Germany to the prayers of the faithful of his diocese. These prelates were motivated by no shallow humanitarianism. They protested in the name of the human catholicity of the Church against the pagan-racist particularism of the Nazis; they protested against the symbolical pagan attack upon the very roots of the Judæo-Christian ethical and humane tradition.

Now let us examine the specific content of the "holy madness" of this pagan revolt. The chief article of its creed is the fanatical belief in the superiority of the Aryan-Germanic racial strain. All the ills of Germany are due to the biological and spiritual contamination of this race by alien, specifically Mediterranean races, and their slavishness of soul. According to certain extremists of the neo-Nationalist movement, such as Hielscher, author of *Das Reich*, the Mediterranean Judæo-Christian contamination and corruption of this Germany of to-day have gone so far and are so hopeless that it were best to plunge the land into war after war, to make it the battleground of the world, so that in "nine times one hundred thousand years" the pure German "substance," preserved in a few specimens, may come into its ultimate triumph and apotheosis. (Please understand: I am not caricaturing, but soberly reporting and translating.) The most serious philosopher of the movement, the late Professor Friedrich Wolters, who taught at the universities of Marburg, Frankfurt, and Kiel, who was the personally appointed chief disciple of George and who wrote two enormously influential books, *Herrschaft und Dienst* and *Vier Reden über das Vaterland*, stopped short of Hielscher's epileptic contortions. He was the more dangerous in that he proposed definite aims: "We are and shall be forced again to engage in a combat for life or death, survival or annihilation, with those barbarian Gauls, whom Cæsar described and overthrew, that people which for some centuries has eaten away the Roman and Germanic racial substances, has wasted it in its revolutions and now seeks to hurl itself upon its flourishing neighbor with all the vengefulness of subject and inferior races, with all the bloodthirstiness of re-barbarized Celts." This insane racial arrogance, it will be observed, is directed not only against the Semitic or the colored peoples, but against Latin and Celt as well.

Now the first step toward these wars and tumults and conquests must be the re-purification of the German race from foreign blood and foreign faith,

specifically, from the Jews and from Christianity. The churches, keeping the superficial traditional nomenclature, are reorganizing from this point of view as Aryan, as Germanic churches. This is inevitable, since the Nazis openly repudiate the ethics of Jesus in favor of the virtues of their pagan ancestors. Thus the speech that Franz von Papen made at Münster the other day, and which rather horrified readers of newspapers everywhere, was nothing but a frank popularization of current Nazi doctrine: "Pacifist literature . . . does not understand the ancient Germanic horror of death in bed. . . . The representatives of the national revolution are men and soldiers who are physically and morally warriors." In so far as perhaps they are not yet all "morally" warriors, it will be seen to it that they become so by racial purification, by re-paganization, by conditioning their reflexes through blind obedience into the militarization of a whole people until the Germanic ecstasy of death in battle is the highest ideal of every German.

Again readers may think that I exaggerate. Luckily for our knowledge and for our being warned, Germany has professors. And one of these, Professor Alfred Bäumler, who holds the newly created chair of Political Pedagogics (!) at Berlin, has left no doubt concerning the aims of the Third Reich. "To the type of the educated man, which philosophy has hitherto sought to create, is to be opposed the type of the soldier. The soldier used to be considered as unintellectual (*ungeistig*), and it was not recognized that the army was an integral part of the education of our people. It was no idealistic and humanistic philosophy that won the battles of the World War; it was the inarticulate philosophy of the army. The aim of our new philosophy is to be the transcendence of the false antithesis: Spirit—Force." The treacherous misuse of philosophical terms can go no farther. The plain meaning of "the transcendence of the false antithesis: Spirit—Force" is the worship of naked brutality, when exercised by pure Nordic Germans, the repudiation of every moral scruple, of compassion, of shame, of humility. The universal goose-step of a slavishly obedient soldiery, psychically and physically taught to regard murder and rapine as the highest good, is the frankly avowed ideal of the Third Reich.

How very deep this pagan revolt with its worship of brutality goes is illustrated by the fact that the universities of Germany, once the strongholds of research and intellectual freedom, have been swept by a new theory of knowledge which justifies all the outrages of the Nazi student organizations and automatically eliminates all that has hitherto been known as either thought or science. According to this theory, there are no objective criteria of truth. Truth is arrived at by feeling, specifically by the feeling of uncontaminated Germans. Reason is to be "strictly in the service" of these Germanic intuitions. Woe to him who sets up his reason against the Germanic intuition of his "leaders." And, indeed, it is a fundamental principle of the redoubtable Wolters and his disciples that the new Germanic relation of absolute obedience to absolute command excludes independence of thinking. "The utter self-subjection of him who serves to the hero"—such was Wolters' definition of the spirit of the new Germany. That spirit, be it observed, is now leaving the studies of Nazi professors and is being embodied in every institution, in every organization in the Reich. The entire structure of German society is being recast with an astonishing rapidity. Everywhere parliamentary forms and technics of self-government have been abandoned. The nation has consti-

tuted itself into a mass of robots who roar and foam at the mouth and reel with berserker rage as the leaders, the *Führer*, the "heroes," press the emotional Germanic button. All non-Germans as well as all German political opponents are simply to be excluded, save as objects of just destruction, from the field of the true German consciousness. It is the duty of the German from now on, according to Hitler, the great popularizer himself, "not to seek out objective truth in so far as it may be favorable to others, but uninterruptedly to serve one's own truth."

Among the various consequences of this return of an entire society to a pagan, pre-Christian level, let me select one of very profound significance —the re-subjection of women. The principle of the slavish obedience of all males to their leaders evidently eliminates woman as a spiritual and intellectual factor in society. That she is to be so eliminated is the practical tendency of the Third Reich. This, like all the other fundamental traits and principles, was also announced long ago by the poet Stefan George:

Woman
Bears but the beast: man creates man and woman,
She being cursed or kind but as his rib.
Leave her the mystery of inner order
Who on the marketplace is lawless outrage.
As in the book of books speaks the anointed
At every crisis of the world: "I am come
Utterly to destroy the woman's work."

"Woman bears but the beast—*Das Weib gebiert das Tier*"—that announces not only the lower merely physically generative function of woman; it announces equally the repudiation of Christian romantic love with its mutual respect and faithfulness. In actual practice many, many thousands of the younger National-Socialists are in fact substituting love and loyalty toward male-comrades and toward their leaders for the love of woman, who is limited to breeding and caring for the very young. As in Greece (note again the return to paganism) and as among certain very primitive peoples with their "men's houses," this society of heroes and henchmen, of leaders and blindly obedient warriors is to be an exclusively male society. After that it is scarcely necessary to add the notorious fact that the entire neo-nationalist movement has been from the start both deeply and broadly tainted by sexual perversity and its accompanying sadism.

That completes the picture of the results of the "holy madness" by which Germany is to be delivered and the world to be redeemed. Germans are, in quite the sense of the old-fashioned British colonizer, the only really "white men"; Germany is the land, according to George again,

Where the all-blossoming Mother first revealed
To the white race (corrupt since and grown wild)
Her genuine countenance.

Well, the Christian-Mediterranean corruption is to be "cleaned out." The Germans, the "white men," the conquerors, welded together into an indistinguishable mass of heroes with but one impulse and but one will, glorying in the death of battle, ruthless to others by the divine right of their Germanic purity, will set out sooner or later to conquer and to save the world.

II

How, the reader may ask in our pleasant American phrase—how did they get that way? How did it come to pass that a good half of one of the very great and spiritually productive contemporary peoples could fall into a group-madness so brutal, so stupid, and so menacing to the rest of the

world? No answer and no explanation can be complete. For we are back to the old conundrum: which came first, the egg or the hen? So we ask and have no answer: Does a people's character shape its history or does its history shape its character? Was it untoward circumstance or that character which *is* fate that kept the German people from uniting as the French and the English did and entering two centuries earlier the competition for world-trade and colonial expansion? The fact remains that, especially since the founding of the Empire in 1870, the German people have had the sense of having been unjustly and to their detriment left out of the great game of the conquering powers and of having been somehow wronged and disinherited. But always they had the suspicion, whether conscious or not, that the facts they deplored were rooted in some weakness of the national character, some failure in the ability to unite, to show a common front to the world, to concentrate their energies. The Nazi government of to-day emphasizes and condemns these old inner divisions and their consequences; it proposes, as I have shown, to weld all Germans into an indistinguishable mass; from the same point of view it is hectically eliminating all traces of Federalism from the structure of the German state, and has reduced even Bavaria to the status of a Prussian Province.

But let us go back to that inner doubt which the Germans harbored, to their deep suspicion that it was something in their own character that had caused them to fall short when compared with the French, with the English. They have been for a long time a nation unsure of itself, infirm in self-esteem, harboring within the core of consciousness a profound self-distrust. But even as the individual will not admit a conviction of inferiority either to himself or to his fellows, but seeks to make up for it, to compensate and to over-compensate for it, and answers every doubt of his own worth by declaring that he is much better than the next man, so did the Germans from 1870 on seek—and in a thousand ways worthily and brilliantly—to compensate by achievement, by power, even by waving plumes and glittering arms for that rankling suspicion of inadequacy in their own breasts. But, again like a neurotic individual, they had no fortitude, which is the fruit of a calm self-esteem. Whenever things went a little wrong, whenever the compensatory mechanism did not work perfectly, they lost their heads. Thus when the so-called *Gründerjahre* after the Franco-Prussian War—the fat years, in a word—were followed by lean ones and depression succeeded boom, there arose an Antisemitic agitation which sought to fasten on the Jews (who lost —as I happen to know from the history of my immediate ancestors—their fortunes as quickly and thoroughly as anyone) the responsibility both for the crash on the exchanges and for the growth of Socialism among the masses. This agitation increased in fire and fury for a number of years, years which also included Bismarck's notorious proscription of the Socialist Party in 1878. Returning prosperity brought a calmer and more reasonable state of mind. But the whole situation, a miniature counterpart of to-day's, made it clear enough that these modern Germans were afflicted with a neurosis that made it impossible for them to shoulder the responsibility for their own errors and misfortunes. They had to have a goat, a scapegoat, someone to whom to impute guilt and an evil eye. The Jews were handy and convenient, then as to-day.

Now it is a matter of common observation as well as of scientific fact that individuals who harbor a deep and

wounded suspicion of their own inferiority cannot bear to assume responsibility for their own errors or sins, and hence are incapable of either humility or expiation. Desperately afraid that they will whine and creep, they clamor and strut; in their agonized practice of over-compensation they will be madly arrogant. But since they must hide the nature of this process from themselves, they must assign apparently rational causes and motives. Hence they must believe themselves to have been outrageously maltreated, especially in view of their extraordinary superiority to their fellows. The real superiority, which they often possess, does not suffice them. They must invent unheard-of virtues and merits for themselves; they must at the same time invent a mystic and malevolent author of their ills to serve them as enemy and scapegoat. Unable to bear the hard world of reality within which they are, like everyone else, a mixture of virtues and vices, of strength and feebleness, of good sense and folly, and in which it would behoove them to accept with a measure of serenity and good sportsmanship the consequences of their errors and their sins, they withdrew into a fictive world in which *they* alone are well-born and virtuous and handsome and clever but in which the conspiracies of evil and inferior forces corrupt their wills and render vain their virtues. Into this neurotic world of their escape they will often incorporate details from reality, a fact which makes it especially difficult to clarify them concerning their delusions. It is the structural and moral *pattern* of this fictive world of theirs which so hopelessly falsifies and caricatures the fact and patterns of reality. Who has not met such individuals—so-called arrogant Jews, very often, into whose soul has crept the universal disesteem of their race, sensitive women unable to recover from some early slight or moral mishap that has disturbed their psychical equilibrium?

The reader who has followed me so far already sees, of course, the analogy and the lesson. What happens to individuals can evidently happen to groups of individuals. And it is well understood by psychologists from Gustave Le Bon on that in groups all psychical mechanisms or technics are intolerably intensified and coarsened at the same time. Many, many years ago, leaning upon the absurd theories of the Frenchman Gobineau, the Germans invented the defensive myth of their racial superiority which dark and corrupt races were seeking to destroy. They invented this myth as a safeguard for the future. Nor is it without the greatest significance that precisely toward the year 1914, as though out of a deep inner distrust and presage of its necessity for them, large numbers of Germans embraced this myth with a new intensity. The War came, and the confidence in victory was, at least in the upper strata of consciousness, sincere and universal, and William II declared that he knew neither races nor parties nor religious groups—only Germans. The Jews rose as one man to that apparently generous declaration; thousands volunteered before being called to the colors; before the War was over twelve thousand of them had laid down their lives in Poland and in Flanders. But 1916 came, and it was evident now that no easy victory was to be achieved. In anticipation of defeat and guilt the scapegoat was selected. An Antisemitic member of the Reichstag named Werner demanded that the Jews be counted, to find out where these "slackers" were. The humiliating and discriminatory census was carried out. Its results were, from a militaristic point of view, supremely honorable to the Jews. Half of the more than sixty thousand Jewish soldiers were in front-line trenches.

That made no difference. It was from now on at least subconsciously determined who was to bear the burden of Germany's defeat and shame, who was to be scapegoat and crucified one; to whom, in our good popular phrases, the buck was to be passed in order that the Germans might let themselves out. The thing clicks like a typical case-history out of the records of a psychiatrist.

The rest of the story unrolls itself easily. Defeat approached. A Jew, the late Albert Ballin, implored the Emperor to make peace on reasonable terms and committed suicide when his council was harshly rejected. Hunger came on account of the blockade and the cries that the Jews be crucified rose higher and higher. And the humiliating peace came with its nefarious war-guilt clause and its stupid and inhuman reparation clauses and its inexcusable tearing asunder of the eastern provinces of the Reich. Now the Germans had, as all the world was ready to acknowledge in recent years, genuine grievances. But alas the neurotic, individual or group, responds to real grievances not otherwise than to fancied ones. He will not deal with them directly and honorably. This is what the leaders of the German Republic from Ebert and Rathenau to Stresemann and even Brüning sought to do. And for that they were hated more and more bitterly by the increasingly soul-sick masses of the National-Socialist movement, who in ever-intensified frenzies finally persuaded themselves that Germany had been in actual fact not defeated at all, that neither the hunger blockade nor America's troops had had anything to do with the case, but that the gleaming unsullied warriors of the North had been betrayed and "stabbed in the back" in their homeland by these Republicans and Jews who alone were responsible for the otherwise impossible defeat of the Empire.

Incredible as it may appear to sane people elsewhere in the world, this myth is *believed*. On April 1st the Association of Nationalist-Socialist Women issued an announcement to its membership: "It is your duty to enlighten German women concerning the fact that Jewish propaganda was responsible for the outcome of the World War, for the two millions of our dead, for the old people, the women and the children who died of hunger, for Versailles and Dawes and Young." Not German mismanagement of the War nor a world in arms against them, but Jewish propaganda and the republican-socialist "stab in the back" were responsible. This myth is believed because it is fanatically believed that the superior Aryan German *could* not have been defeated except by treachery, and that even this treachery served to undo him only because he had consorted with Latins and with Jews and had permitted his lordly virtues to be tarnished by the slavish morals of Christianity (a vile Jewish invention) and by the republican and libertarian fallacies of the West, introduced into Germany by international Jewry and unworthy of the noble descendants of the Nibelungen. The whole thing would be more like a ghastly farce if it did not constitute so grave a danger for human civilization, if it were not corrupting the souls and hopelessly addling the brains of a whole generation of the German people. For it is clear to-day that they will act according to their myths. They have begun. The scapegoat is being slain; the Jew is crucified.

III

The repercussion of Germany's pagan revolt against civilization in the sphere of practical politics and world-peace is already very clear. Those who were most profoundly convinced of the utter stupidity and wickedness of the pro-

visions of Versailles are now afraid to propose or support revision. Who would dare to place one additional Pole or Jew under the Nazi heel? Who would dare to favor equality of armaments for a nation fanatically convinced that it would be helping to save the world for the savior race of the Germans to "gas in" (*einzugasen*) foreign provinces and exterminate life where inferior races live and then replace them? German politicians, even Hitler, will not use such language. They will repudiate with a certain superficial sincerity the extremes to which their own mad myths lead them. They will even play the game of international political decency when it suits their purposes. But it will be a game. Nor will the cool heads of the party—and there must be such—be able to restrain the terrible forces of fanaticism which they have first fed and next unleashed. It is possible, of course, that the whole regime will crash through economic catastrophes. Meanwhile we are dealing with a people which has indeed (this was *not* true in 1914) made both a philosophical doctrine and a religious duty of ruthlessness.

It is this fact that constitutes the revolt against civilization. Take quite dispassionately the economic aspect of the Jewish question. Five hundred thousand German citizens are being gradually but mercilessly forced out of the economic life and structure of the country. Nakedness and hunger are already very close to thousands of them. The question was raised: "But what, even on your own ground, do you expect these people to do?" The *Völkischer Beobachter* of Munich, the official organ of the Nazis, replied blankly that it was nobody's business, and that these accursed "Nomads" would manage, as they always did. But what is actually happening is this, that Paris and Amsterdam and Zürich are flooded with penniless fugitives, men, women, and children, and that Jews in all these countries, as well as in England and America—Jews who are integrated with the economic systems in which they live—are forced in this poverty-stricken time to give and give again and give more than they can afford to help their stricken brethren both within Germany and without. In brief, the Nazis are forcing the other economic systems of the world to pay for their jamboree. For since help is brought by civilized people to earthquake sufferers in Japan and famine-stricken coolies in China, it is clear that we cannot let a group so highly civilized, so close to us in habit, speech, sensitiveness, taste, and culture as the German Jews simply die of hunger.

But it is precisely this order of sentiment, it is precisely this great classical tradition of the Christian world that the neo-nationalists of Germany are theoretically and practically repudiating. In a hundred manifestoes one hears again and again the summons to be "hard"! "We must once more learn to punish!" is the slogan of the new ministry of justice. So one can well imagine the fate of those thousands of republicans and liberals and socialists who are crowded in the concentration camps. To be hard on principle in the name of one's own madly and neurotically conceived superiority, to take delight in punishment, to be unashamed of insane pride and the cruelty that it engenders—is that not a pagan revolt against the whole inner meaning of Western civilization, however imperfectly, however haltingly that meaning has been wrought out by us in practice? Is it not an unbearable repudiation of all that constitutes the one faint hope of humanity? For that hope may be said to have arisen when the unknown scribe recorded in Leviticus the words: "Thou shalt bear love unto thy neighbor (I translate the dative of

the Hebrew text) as to thyself." And this became the groundwork of the prophets from Amos of Tekoa to Jesus of Nazareth. And all the sages of the Talmud and all the doctors of the Catholic Church and all leaders of Protestant revolts and all republicans and liberals and humanitarians and whosoever in all our Western civilization had any vision of goodness and the good life, any hope of better things for mankind—all, all, whatever differences divided them, united on this fundamental principle of the duty of love, of mercy, of forgiveness between man and his brother. It is this foundation that the German neo-nationalists repudiate and seek to destroy. They must meet an unbroken front of moral resistance in which all civilized men, irrespective of nation, race, or creed, wholeheartedly unite.

BEQUEST

BY LYSBETH BOYD BORIE

THIS that was my room
I leave it to you;
Do not keep it ordered,
Polished and new.

Let my shining silver
Tarnish and rust.
What use is silver
To the fragile dust?

Scatter on my neat desk
Every bill and letter.
Who would have a fragment
Of sweet earth for debtor?

Throw open my window
To the slant of rain.
Curtains may be ruffled,
Winding sheets are plain.

Throw open my latched door,
Let in your lover.
The door cannot be opened
That the grass grows over.

THE BETROTHED

A STORY

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

THE fine things that were put away were brought out to be aired, and Rhody's mother told her that the Rose of Sharon quilt would be hers when she married. Spread out in the sunlight, the quilt showed beautiful fine stitchery and patterns of stiff, formal flowers and leaves. Julie, the mother, had made it during the first year of her married life, and Homer, the father, had cut the patterns for her. Rhody could not imagine her father cutting patterns of flowers in bright calicoes but she did not speak of her surprise at this. She had often seen the quilt. It was the most beautiful piece of handiwork the house contained. One could scarcely see the minute stitches that quilted it, that bound it together into a finely crinkled crepe. It had always been prized, too good for common use, and brought out only for elegant company.

Rhody was slightly abashed at the gift of the quilt. She wondered, without speaking, what her mother had of equal value to give Ruby or to Lilly, her small sisters.

The gift stood in some relation to herself and Kirk Brown. In the gift her mother confirmed her liking and gave dignity to her playfulness. Her mother had thus confirmed something more, had assured her of it.

"We might make another," Julie said, looking at Ruby and Lilly. They answered her, speaking together, or now one and then the other:

"There'll be plenty of time. For me a plenty." They were ten and eleven years old and they seemed of but one age, as if they shared equally even the years they had. Their arms were entwined and they pulled and twisted each other about as one creature. "We haven't even got steady company."

Rhody did not at any moment forget Kirk Brown. Her mother's present had honored her feeling for him, but it had stated some further requirement, as if something further were demanded of her. She was embarrassed at this consideration, but the dowering of the quilt set her apart, and for this she was proud, for it was the supreme gift her mother had to offer. She turned it about with Lilly and Ruby to look at it, being slightly drunk with pride and pleasure.

The leaves of the decorations stitched onto the quilt were made of pale-green cloth sewed flat. The full-blown roses were open like poppies and the buds were hard and formal—a phantasy in flower. The Rose of Sharon was the name of the pattern, and such a quilt had been in the family for five generations, for Julie had copied it from one inherited. In one corner there lay a design which was not repeated elsewhere—three iron-brown stains like three small brown berries.

"What are these?" Rhody asked.

"I recollect," her mother said; "That's where I plucked my finger with my needle while I sewed to bind the border. I recall the day very well. I plucked my finger with the needle and three big drops of blood fell before I could get out of my seat. I tried hard to sponge it off the quilt afterward, but I couldn't take it out withouten I faded the color."

"It's like three grapes in a little bunch," Rhody said. Ruby and Lilly each tried to say what it was like.

"Like apples, crab-apples."

"It's like three little dog tracks, the little dog in a hurry."

"It's like three drops of blood on the Rose of Sharon quilt," Lilly said at last. "It's three drops of a woman's blood on the Rose of Sharon, the best quilt in the family."

"Hush," Julie said, "hush the nonsense." The quilt was admired again and searched for its beauties. It was spread out to adorn Rhody's bed now because it was hers.

Rhody had been to spend a night with a neighbor girl. Coming from the house of her friend, walking down the driveway through the front pasture, she was met by Kirk Brown who had so planned his going along the road that it fell with her passing homeward. Walking with her along the way, Kirk led his horse behind him. The feet of the horse stepped near to her feet as she walked on the hard roadway, and Kirk held her hand in his large fist. Life seemed very simple to her when Kirk was near, as if only those things of which he took account had reason or being. Now value was thus focused at the point where his hand closed upon her own, and as he walked he looked at her continually. He smiled or he knotted his forehead now and then to check or to set bounds upon his expressed pleasure, his puckered brow a sign of his inner delight. He was speaking, using the speech of the country, exaggerating his accustomed speech with the speech of the fields.

"I'm a-goen to rent a piece of the Cooksey land next year." He had told her this as a plan, telling her now of the accomplished fact. "Rhody, you and me, we'll live in the little red house on the branch. We'll have a whole mess of chickens and a pa'sel of hogs and some cows. And I'll raise corn and backer till I fair split my sides. I'll do hit. And next year or year after I'll fair buy a piece of land, and you and me, we'll be fixed for life."

She looked at him quickly and away, making thus her reply. He was a romantic lover. He liked to hum or to sing a line from a song. In summer he was ruddy from the sun, but in winter he was only browned by the winds. Sometimes he would kiss her fingers when she gave him a cup of water. She was dark, looking up at him slyly, her brown hair blowing dark in the wind. A slim girl, but she was deep and broad in the shoulders. Her slim hips were buttoned into a close sweater of dark wine-red wool, and her strong thin legs and small feet went unevenly along the road, out of step with his stride. He told again of his plan for their keep.

"February we'll go there," he said. The small red house was in their thought. "I've already signed a paper with Mr. Cooksey. He says corn on the bottom field this time and backer on the little field beside the barn, and that suits me first-rate. That's how it ought to be, Rhody. And a cow in his big pasture, milk for you and me. Milk and honey blessed." Knowing that he looked foolish saying this, he flung up his voice in a brief song. "And that's all there is to do, Rhody," he said. "And it's easy to do, easy to go. . . . "

The step of the horse walked unpleasantly near and the thud of the

hoof beats pressed unevenly on her sense of herself as much prized and much desired. "A little while we'll keep it to ourselves," she said, and he agreed to all she asked.

"After we tell there'll be a big noise all around and everybody will try to get into it. People like to get as close as they can to a wedden."

"As close as they can without climben right inside it."

"They like to stay close up to it and to touch it and handle it. They think they can have their own over again by touchen yours."

The horse came forward, its nose close to their heels, and she felt as if she were being followed, as if she were being driven or crowded forward. Kirk's large frank face was everywhere present, in the strength of his hand, in his happy oath as he blessed himself, saying gaily, "God knows!" or "God-almighty!"

"What do you say?" asking but never waiting for a reply. He bent forward to look at her again. He had always been about her, a large boy, of the age of her brother Nat. Growing up, he had been rough, and she had run away from him, but after he was grown he had become gentle. He would come to fish in the creek and he would dig the bait. He would be baiting their hooks and setting the little girls safely across the creek or carrying them over the pools.

All that he said now gathered about one plan. He was going away to stay three weeks with his brother far down in the southwest of the State. He was going to help his brother build a barn. Christmas would come. He would be making a Christmas visit in his brother's house. He would have a look, he said, at married life close at hand before he entered into it. His brother had been married ten years. A house full of little children, he said, and he named four, holding up a finger for each child. He was a big, simple man then, direct and kind, a lover of women and of little children. She remembered him playing a game of hockey with Ruby and Lilly and remembered the three clubs hidden away behind the tool house. She did not want him to go to visit his brother. She held his hand lightly and smiled with him while he told of what their life would be in the little house near the stream.

Through all that he told she remembered continually the horse as pushing her forward, as walking so near that she could feel the warmth of his great body and the uneven probing of his great nose. His large shoulder was raised above her head and his bulk seemed to be thrusting upon her to push her along the road. She could see at the edge of her dress as she looked downward, his thrusting knee that bent and straightened and bent again as he walked almost upon her. Kirk held the bridle drawn over his arm and he seemed unaware of the horse. She came down the road thus crowded forward and led lightly along. "We'll do thus," he said, contriving their life together. What lay between herself and Kirk seemed necessary and simple.

He would be gone two weeks or three, he said, the time depending on what time was required to build the barn. When he came back they would be openly engaged for a short time and then they would be married. She would glance up at him as he walked steadily beside her and drew the horse along. He seemed beautiful in his liking for her and in his gentle planning—the small house by the creek, the crops in the field. They would go there, he said. First he would help his brother build a barn. This would give him some ready cash. Then he would come back. It would be easy to do, he said. His smile came easily and he walked with a light swinging

step. Pressed forward, unpleasantly and not unpleasantly, by the horse, and drawn lightly by the faintly prancing step beside her, she came to the lane that went between her father's fields.

When she left him she went quickly up the short stony lane between two hedges of chance growth which was now a tangle of dark winter color. Through a wide gate then to the door-yard, and she entered the house. The noon dinner was set on the table in the dining room and the family was assembled there. When her father had murmured a grace she set herself absently to serve herself with food. Abstracted by the walk homeward, she knew presently that Ruby and Lilly were whispering over what she did. They habitually acted together as one creature, each being secret and careful until she had consulted the other. Rhody waked from her musing to know again that the small girls were watching her closely.

Her mother was warm from her work in the kitchen where she had helped the black maid prepare the food. When Homer had finished the food on his plate she began to cut a large hot cherry pie and to serve it to the small plates at her elbow. The grandmother sat at her daughter's right hand. She ate mincingly of the foods, a large woman who fed on but little.

"What are you a-doen to-day, Nat?" the father asked.

Rhody knew that Nat's reply would be sufficient, whatever it might be, for he was full of industry and he was her father's partner in the farm. She gave no attention to the reply nor to the suggestions that followed it. When she attended again Nat was speaking:

"And what are you a-doen to-day, Grannie?" The question was meant for pleasantry, as if her task were lightly held, were thought of as something worth a delicate ridicule.

"I'm a-piecen a quilt, that's what," the reply. "Handy enough it'll be when you marry."

She was a plump old lady with many crumpled wrinkles on her face. A hairy mole on her chin made an emphasis in her talk, for it quivered with her speech, being gay when her speech was gay or standing stiffly out when she pursed her lips in protest or anger. "It'll come in handy enough when you marry, sir," she said. She was Grannie Cummings to all in the house and to half the county. The little girls laid their heads together and whispered over this reply, and Nat was speaking further. All the women over the whole country were piecing together quilts, were making coverlets against some time of bearing. A slack-bearing time, the birth-rate lowered, and they pieced quilts for a generation. The grandmother interrupted him, crying out:

"You don't think so much of it now, young man, but when you marry you'll be right glad to have a quilt to cover you. I say you'll be right glad to have a quilt to cover your nakedness."

"Let Rhody have it," Nat said. "She'll need the marryen quilt long before I will. Give it to Rhody."

"Is Rhody a-goen to marry right off? Nobody told me." She looked from Julie to Rhody, asking again and again. The little girls made their secret comment and Nat said his grandmother would hear something in a few days. "Nobody told me," the grandmother kept repeating.

Rhody looked toward her mother, wanting assistance. Julie seemed comfortable as she sat back in her place, having served all with the pie which was now well eaten. It seemed a simple thing for her to be married and to be the mother of five children. Herself and the office she held seemed to be one, and Rhody wondered if she would ever be like her mother and if she would ever want to be thus, if she would

ever want to be large and placid, coarse and comfortable and hearty. Remembering Kirk as he had ridden away down the road at their parting, it was difficult to see herself as wanting to be any other or as being willing to be as her mother now was. One glance toward her grandmother was met by one brief thought of herself as being like the elder one, and she shrank from this image, rejecting it entirely. Forever is now, she concluded, and never is eternal; she would not, ever, be in any way like her grandmother, dull and cunning and prying, shut out of knowing, crying out now, "Nobody told me!"

"Nobody told me," a complaint, and Nat looked at Rhody, a direct gaze that ran down a fixed way, as would say to her, "I know what you know." "Nobody told me," the old one said again. Rhody turned from both of them. Her mother stood between her and the grandmother, and she had not yet consented to be as her mother. She went from the table feeling slightly bereft when Nat withdrew his secret interest from her.

Since Nat had made his surmise and Ruby and Lilly seemed to know something over which they whispered, Rhody told her mother of her plan. It was late afternoon, and they were caring for the milk in the dooryard behind the kitchen. Julie had poured a bit of milk into a pan for the cats, and Rhody, remembering the slow beating of the horse's feet, timed her story to the swift lapping of a cat's tongue as it took the milk, speaking quickly to have done quickly:

"Kirk is a-goen to rent a piece of the Cooksey land next year." Her story was well begun, half done, when she had disclosed this interest in what he did. "And we're a-goen to live in the little red house on the branch." She went forward quickly. The owner of the farm would repair the house and he might, Kirk thought, build another room. "February, and we aim to go there. . . ."

She had finished speaking, having asked thus for consent and approval. Each of them carried three crocks of the milk to the cellar before Julie spoke, and then she said:

"Tell Nat to carry out now the sour milk. It's ready for the pigs now in the big jar." The milk and the swine were little to her, therefore she spoke of them freely. She would speak more carefully of the disclosure after a little.

The negro maid had gone to her cabin far back in the farm. Rhody set the table for supper, walking back and forth from the kitchen. Nat was coming from the stables with the dogs at his heels and Grannie Cummings was thumping about in the dark of the inner room. The little girls were coming from their play in the yard and her father was smoking a pipe by the dining room fire. They were gathering nearer and no comment had yet been made on the secret she had disclosed; they were gathering near to it to make it solid, to dissect it, to tear it apart, to hold it fast, to shape it or to hate it or to make it into something not yet dreamed of, to take the fact from her and make it thereafter somehow their own. While she waited suspended thus, her mother came near to her, bringing a platter to the table, and she said:

"You can take the suit of furniture in your room, Rhody, and I'll get you up another feather bed. And you'll have the Rose of Sharon quilt, as I always said. I didn't give it to Vic because she ran off to marry. We'd better get some extra meat put by—hams and bacon for you. Iffen times were not so hard I'd manage to give you a hundred dollars to buy with, but it's no use to think . . ."

Her voice trailed away into a whisper and she hurried away to bring more

food. Rhody's disclosure had passed rapidly about. All had now come near to it. They were speaking of it while they took their supper.

"He'll make a good, honest, law-abiden man," Homer said. "It's more 'n you can say of Joe, Vic's choice."

"They love each other queer ways," Ruby said, asking Julie's consent to speak further, but this was somehow denied. Nat spoke, taking forward the matter.

"Whenever I hear them in a rage together fit to knock down and drag out, fit to gouge and kill, I always hear soon after there'll be another young one."

"Hush, Nat."

"It's God's truth."

"When I married," Julie began. She told of how little she had to begin housekeeping. "It wasn't until after Nat came I had a cradle to rock 'em in. I laid Vic at first in a clothes basket."

"I knew what I'd need when I came and I brought the cradle along," Nat began. The little girls were confused at these reports, were embarrassed at these accounts of infants and furniture. Their mother had got the cherry table when Rhody came. They could not make a joke of these matters. They shrank together, withdrawn from the comment. Rhody stood at the point of division, on one side of her the small girls, on the other Nat who made a further joke of his mother's furnishings.

Kirk's absence continued. The frost came on slowly day by day until at the middle of December the winter cold had come, the season for butchering the swine. There was a day of preparation. The great scalding kettle was set up in the barnlot and the knives were made sharp.

On the following morning the cries of the swine blew up in the still frosty air. Each beast was shot in the forehead. The cries of the living mingled with the blasts from the gun and made a fearful turmoil which was, nevertheless, soon over. Eight beasts were killed. Then the men were busy scalding the great bodies and cutting open the carcasses. The work went on all day. A part of the meat was being prepared as Rhody's dower, as food for her in her married life. The work must be finished while the cold lasted and all must be put away to cure before the warmer rains should begin.

When Ruby and Lilly were not at school they would look at the work from beyond the fence, for they were not allowed to come near to it. They would look daintily through the bars of the fence. Or running up from the mailbox at the mouth of the lane, they brought Rhody a letter from Kirk.

It was a labored note which told of the work on his brother's building which had been delayed. He wrote freely of the delays and he feared that he would be gone six weeks because of them. In the end a few lines of romantic endearments and hearty understandings, labored but unembarrassed, and the letter came to an end with a line from a song. Out of these last reports Rhody drew subtle excitements, and she held fast to the words of the song and built into the letter the whole song structure with all its melody and all its lines, and she took thereafter a delighted comfort from the first part of the note when, rereading it, the suggestion of the song lapped back from the end to the beginning. She wrote two letters in reply, each as restrained as Kirk's had been and each as full of daily labors and delays, of pleasant accounts of what her family did, of deep inner springs of passion and affection.

But the work of preparing the food went forward, hurried now, for the cold might at any day give way to a warm rain. Rhody and the grand-

mother were asked to perform together a light part of the labor. They were to search out the dainty bits, sweetbreads and other glands. Two large tubs holding the entrails of the hogs stood outside, near the kitchen door. They worked apart from the others, sitting together beside the tubs. The grandmother would bring the small dainties out of the mass and hold them up so that Rhody might cut them free.

The grandmother was pleased at the task. She made at the beginning a frolic of it and settled later to a quiet enjoyment, thrusting her hands deeply into the wet mass to bring up another morsel. She tore the inner portions about in the tub and passed kinds to Rhody who took away the dainty with her sharp knife. She seemed to be hovering on the brink of some revelation. She would look at Rhody quickly and look away, her hands in the tub.

"You can go in the house, Grannie," Rhody said. "I'll do all by myself, and you can go rest."

The odor of blood had drifted about in the still cold air all day. It arose anew from the tubs into which the hands went. The grandmother did not go from the task. She spread the entrails about, looking for some choice bit or for some wanted tissue. She seemed to be approaching some matter, to be willing to devise relations between themselves and the hog. She would hold parts up to the light.

"See, Rhody," she would say.

"Let it go, Grannie."

"I recollect . . ." She would begin a story. Other butcherings were told. And by a swift transition, the bearing of life, the originals of flesh. Blood and life, themselves, stood about in the vats, and their hands were dipped continually into the running mass of flowing entrails. Rhody became sick at heart and afraid. She called the matter under their hands food to eat and she talked of cooking it, of serving it on a dish with this or that relish. Pepper and sage would make food of it. Spices from the garden would destroy the animal life and pain, would turn it to food. Mint and sage, sweet savory, on a hot dish, and she told the processes, lingering on the pleasant flavors that would here mingle.

But the grandmother prevailed and her relations continued. She would try Rhody's fortune with the entrails of the hog, she said. She prodded into the wet and bloody mass, muttering. It would be thus and thus, she said. The beast, turned wrong-side-out, danced still his life dance, blood having run into pans on the ground. Life sat, as a dismembered bird, in the vat of the entrails, still throbbing within itself. You are thus and thus, the grandmother said. "See," she said again. "Here 'tis. I've found it." She was learned and eager to inform. "Life begins here," she said, squeezing a clot of blood with her fingers and holding up a small white cell. "It's not worth half the fuss folks make over it. Here 'tis, here. You can take it between your fingers and squeeze it up in your fist."

"I recollect . . ." She would begin a story of mortality, of bloody bearings, the origin of life acting thus alone in a tub of entrails. She leaned over the mass muttering, the mole on her chin beating lightly with the working of her mouth, it uttering jaunty prophecies of blood. For a moment Rhody wanted to push the old one into the tub of quivering intestines, to thrust her forward and downward into the medium of blood and fat. "I'll tell your fortune," the voice over the tub muttering.

"I don't want any fortune," Rhody said.

"Young people are fools." Laughter from the bent mouth where it

originated, there being no depth beneath it. "'It's so-and-so and so-and-so,' they say, pretty words and dove-talk. I reckon you think Kirk Brown made the moon. I can show you Kirk in this tub here, right under my fist."

"I don't want any fortune told," Rhody began to say.

"I'll show you a fortune, your fortune." The old hands were slow in the offal but they were quick to find. "I'll find Kirk for you, here in the tub. See, here. You'll hear 'im sing and talk sweet right outen this tub. I had my hand on 'im just a little while ago. 'I'll show 'im to Rhody,' I said to myself."

Rhody left the work, sickened as if the meat of the vats had got into her throat. She went away from the yard altogether and when, in her drifting, she came to her room, she stayed there throughout the rest of the day. She heard her mother going about the yard and the house, her step hearty and strong, her voice calling quick replies to the men in the barnlot. Standing disconsolate in her room, looking from the window into the falling twilight, Rhody could not arrange her mother in the world of the vats. Her sickened thought turned away from Kirk.

She gathered up the things that pertained to the proposed wedding and thrust them into a chest. The rose quilt had been spread on her bed. She folded it quickly and put it in hiding, hating it and hating the exertion of folding it. The brown spots, drops of blood on the border, lay as three small fruits against the mellowed cloth. Later, when she turned again from the window, she found that she had removed every sign of the wedding from her sight. Sickened anew, she lay in the bed and, lying thus she thought, in jargon, of the quilt which did not now cover her.

Her mother had made the quilt in the first year of her married life. The colors were soft and beautiful and the stitchery was now well blended. Looking now at the remembered quilt, her eyes closed, she saw into the interior of animal flesh and, seeing there, the quilt seemed overnice, unreal, and unnecessary. Her grandmother had opened some shut place and had half revealed some real substance. She was afraid of what she had seen. She wondered if her mother knew and if, knowing, she could still call heartily over her tasks as she went, as now, through the rooms below to make the house ready for the night.

Sinking farther into distress, she wondered what it was that troubled her and tried to discover what had become of her former cast of thought and why she no longer wished to remember Kirk. She could not think of him apart from all that her grandmother had said.

She began to shake in a chill, and through the quivering of her flesh ran a constant decision. She would not marry in February or at any other time. She would throw blood out of her mouth and out of her lungs. She would be rid of animal life forever. She became more sick and Kirk receded, losing physical actuality and becoming but a pleasantness, a flow of kindness and mirth, put in some remote place. Julie found her and brought a warm blanket to her bed and gave her a hot drink.

She had worked out in the cold too long, her mother said, and had caught a chill. She was talking out of her head, her mother told her further, when she cried out her decision. A hand on her brow was feeling for fever, but a voice said that she had none. The flow of her thought seemed entangled with the firm hand on her brow. She shook the hand away and tried to press back the memory of other fingers that went in and out

among the severed parts of a beast.

The next day the chill had left and she had no influenza. She was pale and tired but no longer ill. She told her mother that she would not marry. A letter from Kirk was thrust toward her but she left it unopened. Julie looked blankly at space for a moment after her announcement but she made no argument.

"Well," she said. After a little she spoke again. "We'll begin to-morrow to cut out the cotton cloth, to make the sheets and towels. The feathers must be aired, and we'll . . ." Her voice trailed away into faint asthmatic breathings. The order of preparation went forward slowly, Rhody being now without it. She was to herself, apart, in some rude structure which her grandmother had built for her. Looking out as from a narrow doorway she saw pain which must be carried alone, no other wanting it. Obscene pain found a way to go through soft flesh. The year ran slowly toward the dark season when the evening closed early and the nights were longest. "We'll cut two bolts of the cloth," Julie said, "the hems to go in by hand on the towels . . . I don't pay attention to girls when they talk. . . . Run get me the scissors. After Christmas we'll begin to put in the hems."

Two miles away, across the farm and over other land, beyond a creek and up again on a rise of rolling ground, her sister Vic lived. Their father had given Vic the land, and the husband, Joe, had built a small house.

Rhody wrapped herself in a warm cloak and tied a dull scarf over her head. In her arms she carried a bundle of clothing. She was going to stay with Vic for a few days, and she thought vaguely that if Vic would allow it she might stay for a long while, that she might not go home again. She went out through the gray winter hills, a small dull spot moving through the winter fields. She crossed the creek at a watergap and climbed the rise on the farther side. It was January now. Christmas had come with a high delirium of gifts and feasting and unaccustomed ways, the darkest season of the year. In three days the feast was gone and they were eating the last dry remnants of the turkey that had been carved at first in illusion and passed ceremoniously along the table. The gifts had been accepted and put to use. The days were dark and the evenings long. No sleep could outlast the night. She walked across the fields at midday.

Four children played about the floor of Vic's house or ran a little way into the outside cold. In her eagerness to come, Rhody had forgotten Vic's way. Now her sister took her bundle kindly and made her welcome, drawing her to the fire.

"I reckon you're about ready to marry," she said to her.

They sat by the open fire until Rhody was warmed and then a drowsiness fell upon her. She did not speak of her decision or of the unopened letter. They talked of Christmas. Under her drowsiness Rhody watched her sister and she looked at her household. The whole of Vic's maternal affection had been spent on the first child. Her face became hard and just when the others made known their wants, and she gave what was wanted with a hard justice and pushed the child gently aside. Three small unloved children ran about the floor, having names, wants, cries, laughter. They seemed hearty and self-contained. Rhody remembered what Nat had said of Vic and Joe.

"Do you hate Joe?" Rhody asked.

"It's nobody's business whe'r I hate or not."

"I notice you cook for him what he mostly likes to eat."

It seemed to her then that the un-

loved children had sprung out of the vat, out of the clot of blood squeezed up by her grandmother's fingers. The children did not quarrel together. They seemed to be of little account or use in the house, mere named creatures wanting food and sleep and play. Their small heads were almost level when they ran about the floor, the baby fending for itself and scarcely knowing the shape of its mother's lap. Looking up from the children suddenly, Rhody asked:

"Why don't you leave Joe?"

"I don't want to leave."

"Why won't he leave you then?"

"He won't leave me. Not even when I flirted with George did he leave me. I gave him cause to leave me but he wouldn't go."

"Did you want him to go?"

"No, I didn't want. But he wouldn't go just the same."

The air was cold and the children kept indoors. Vic combed her hair neatly and bound it back with a small red ribbon that made her mouth into a scarlet line. When she had put on a neat dress she went to the kitchen to prepare the food. It was always thus. If Joe stayed for a moment to talk with Rhody Vic called him to come to some task.

"You are a loafer, ready to blab all day," she said to him.

"Your tongue has got caustic under it."

Vic would follow the man to the barn and return with knotted brows. Rhody slept in an inner room with the three small children. She would put them to bed at nightfall and they would go immediately to sleep, their dark heads and weather-reddened faces lying in repose against the quilts of the bed as if they were some small inoffensive animals, tamed creatures, that had crept indoors to steal a brief security. There was no security in the place from which they had come. Rhody would lie down beside them.

She fitted into the labors of the farm and did her share, and this routine made the time run fast. Joe cut feed for the animals and he cured his dressed meat. He built a small stretch of fence, working all day at the posts. One day he passed near her as she sat on a stile to shell corn for the fowls. She sat high on the stile in the cold air tearing away the grains with quick thumbs. He stopped near to her and he said:

"You haven't got the style Vic's got and you'll not have. You hear what I say? You come here with your little-girl ways, pretty this and pretty so-and-so. Vic has got a body on her you never saw. You never saw Vic in all your born life. You hear what I say, now. Get down offen the stile and go on inside the house where a woman belongs. Do your work, but keep away from where I am and keep around where Vic is. You're a pretty enough girl, and I reckon Kirk, he'll find you out and turn you into a woman."

She did not know what to say to him.

He began to talk about Vic's beauty. She had more style in one finger than many women had altogether, he said. He spoke in anger, as if he would thrust her from the step-block, for he made swift rough gestures. "Get down off there," he said. "Go on inside the house." He was quarreling with himself. He told again of Vic's beauties, naming them. He would find her in the Bible, he said. There was no blemish upon her. "'How beautiful are thy feet . . . The joints of thy thighs are like jewels . . . '" He quoted the Song imperfectly and he started away toward his fencing. But he came back and thrust an angry hand toward the house, pointing her away.

One night she was awakened. It seemed to her that Joe had been locked

out of the house. He demanded that Vic should open, but she would not. He labored at one of the windows and finally made his way inside. When Rhody waked again the voices were speaking again in anger. They were crying out something about a gun. Their threats and cries rolled through the small house and, sitting huddled under her blanket, Rhody had begun to think that her presence had given a greater intensity to their troubled interchange. Report of herself as a bride had somehow put a red ribbon on Vic's hair. There was a jealousy somewhere in the conflict, but there was no common cause for jealous feeling. Vic was insatiable in her demands. Report of herself as a bride had more than adorned Vic's hair. She could not discover all that was amiss or all that was involved. She locked her door and later she tried to wake one of the children to keep her company, but it would not yield its drowsiness.

When the house was quiet she became entirely awake. She resolved swiftly that she would not stay there, that she could not let the morning find her among them. Day would come and Vic would be sullen. She would walk in and out, her lips in one thin red line drawn down scornfully at the corners. Rhody got up from the bed and dressed herself quickly. She unlocked the door, but she did not pass out through it. She climbed through her window and closed the window after her to save the children from the cold. She went through Vic's farm toward the neighboring fields and crossed these, laboring slowly. She crossed the creek and later she entered her father's land.

When the angry cries had called some threat of a gun she had wanted to defend the small children, but after the house had become still she had been intent only on running away, her act having been as sudden as the blast of the gun might have been. She was weeping now. The children were in hazard from some careless gunshot, but she could no longer care for them beyond her pity of them.

In a little while after she had crossed the creek she lost her way. She had been thinking again of the storm in Vic's house. She could not remember on which side the creek lay. Stumbling through rutted ground where hogs had torn up the turf, she walked into dense bushes and fought her way through tangles of low hackberry and thorn. She seemed to be in a jungle of bushes. There was nothing that she could recognize and no step that she could predict or plan. There was no moon, and clouds lay dense overhead.

She stood still and tried to break through her bewilderment by remembering all that she had done since she left Vic's house. For a time she could not remember the creek, but after a while she had a memory of groping slowly along the top of the watergap. The bushes seemed to extend far beyond any briar patch in her father's pasture. She walked cautiously, afraid now to set her foot forward until she had felt her way. The time seemed very long. A long while had passed now since she had groped over the watergap.

She walked slowly about, stooping to feel her way, and she became very tired and very cold. She had ceased to weep, seeing how useless was self-pity, becoming indifferent of trouble and pain in this excess of anguish. She could not clearly restore to mind the image of her mother's face or reproduce her father's care and strength. These seemed to be things which were but dimly known, were never otherwise sensed. They were a part of the prettiness of existence, the need now being for her to find her way out

of these dense entanglements. Being thus lost, she heard a sudden rough sound which seemed to come from no great distance.

She was afraid with a new fear and she crouched low among the bushes. There was a step somewhere not far off and a sound came again, a roughly breathed sound as having some searching or some questioning, or some demand. She placed the sound as on her right, and she turned and crept, bending low among the bushes, going toward the left. She was afraid that the creature of the sound was searching her out, that it moved over the ground with security, that it was coming nearer.

After a length of time that seemed of a great duration, while she moved slowly in the direction that would take her away from the noise, her body chilled with cold and her flesh quivering, she heard the snort of a beast not far away, as if a horse had responded to her presence. She went in the direction of the sound, feeling the way with her fingers on the ground, pushing her way through the bushes.

Presently she came to the beast, so near that she could feel his warmth although she had not yet touched it. She called the name of one of the farm horses, calling, "Sam, woah, Sam," and she put out her hand to touch. Her fingers fell on his mane and followed the flow of the heavy matted hair, and she found that the animal's head was bent to crop grass. She took his forelock into her hands and held it fast, and thus she led him a little way into open pasture. In the faint luminosity that came now from the sky she could see his head and his shoulders. The stretch of briary land had come to an end.

She held fast to the horse although he seemed intent on the bits of withered turf which he was able to crop and his head was continually bent. After a little, as they walked slowly about, she came to a low stump and standing on this she climbed to a seat on the animal's back. The burden seemed to suggest a duty to the horse, and when she pulled gently at his mane—for she had no bridle—he left the grass and walked slowly away. He went carefully down through the bushes until he came to an open place which she knew to be a farm road and he turned here and went up the ridge toward the barn.

She entered by the kitchen door, which was never locked, and she passed quietly through the lower rooms to mount the stairs in the hall, coming at last to her own bed. The frost was heavy on her cloak and her feet were wet and cold. She was glad to be at home again. The room had been made neat and the Rose of Sharon quilt had been spread on her bed. She undressed herself quickly and entered the warm blankets, letting the quilt cover her. She could hear her mother's remembered voice as she fell into a dream, a voice speaking of the hemming of the cotton and the linen, of the making of pleasant ways to live. Entering into sleep she knew something for one moment, some bright saying, some wise or true speech, clear and sharp, said briefly and fully. She made one last effort to listen when this speech was uttered, to hear it said in some plain and fully remembered way, but the struggle to have it brought a brief pain of unrest and she let it go, holding nothing, letting all find its own place.

At morning, while she still slept, Ruby came to her room and cried out at the sight of her. When she was half awake again Ruby and Lilly were standing over her, and her mother came. She would know that they were there and she would hear some account of herself as if it came a long

while after. "When did she come?" was asked, and "How did she get here?" "When in all creation did she come? How?" She lay in a deep slumber after these questions, hearing nothing, but again Nat was standing by her bed.

"Like I told you, over at Vic's," he said. He was not unkind saying it, and she fell into a more deep sleep.

Steps came and went beside her bed. They were there or they were gone. "Let her sleep," they said. "Let her sleep her fill." Once she heard a slow, pained tread coming nearer, coming down the hallway and through the door, over the carpet. She knew that her grandmother was standing over her bed. She opened her eyes and looked up into her grandmother's face.

"Go on away, Grannie," she said.

She saw a smile come to her grandmother's mouth and she saw that her lips were ready for speech. She closed her eyes and let sleep shut over her.

When she arose, her mind being washed clean by sleep, her body cleansed by rest, the late morning had come. "She's back now," they said, but none questioned her further. Ruby and Lilly came to her room to laugh and play while she dressed herself. They made hidden speeches that were meant to convey half-meanings and they seemed to be secreting some bit, to be holding between them some information which they wished her to suspect. In this behavior they teased her to put on a becoming dress and to pin back her short dark locks.

"If you don't aim to marry," Lilly said, "you have to be particular about how you go. It's mostly the not-married that dress up more."

Ruby would cry out, "Why, how-d-y-do!" as if somebody had come. A greeting would be enacted and kisses exchanged. They brought her the dress and teased her to put it on. As if they were maids attiring her for some approach, they laughed over their task and they made her hair neat with a comb and bound it again with the ribbon.

Nat had killed a turkey in the barn-lot and when he had made it ready for roasting he brought it to the kitchen, where Julie and the black maid dressed it for the oven. All laughed over the preparation of the fowl and they would look at Rhody with kind laughter. Ruby and Lilly would sit together on a chair and enact endearments or they would tease Rhody into knowing that they had something hidden between them. After a while she knew that they were hiding Kirk's letter and that they had opened it and read it.

"I wouldn't put it far apast you two to open a letter writ for somebody else," she said. She could not be angry, for her body was rested and she was full of pleasantness and good humor. She shared with Ruby and Lilly, keeping apace with their teasing. "I wouldn't put it far apast."

"I says to Lilly, 'Somebody ought to read it. It's a love letter,' I said."

"A girl gets a letter from her beau and nobody reads it. What way is that to keep house?" Lilly asked.

Rhody had a sudden passion to own the letter, to have it in her hands, to claim it, to take it from Ruby's pocket, to get it from Lilly's fingers. She was stronger than they but they were two and they were more swift. While she bent Lilly about to seize the letter, it was passed quickly to the other child who had a moment of cruelty come to her out of the brief struggle. She thrust the letter into the kitchen fire. Rhody saw the flames curl slowly about the folded corners of the paper. She made a quick movement to snatch back the letter but it was gone.

The turkey was roasting now in the oven and the small girls had run away to play. They were getting

the crooked sticks which they used as hockey clubs or they were running swiftly about following the ball over the winter-dried grass. They would call greetings now and then, and Rhody knew that Kirk would come, that he must be near at hand. The third club, the one he used for play, had been laid near at hand on the grass.

"When a body gets a letter and won't read what's inside it for three weeks and over," Lilly said.

"Painted white, it is, the little red house, and got a new room alongside the old ones. All sprigged up inside fit for a bride."

"'Me and you, Rhody,' that's what it says in the letter."

Her mother was at the front door. They were standing about in the bright, mild, January sun.

"She wants to know when he will come, and never one towel or sheet has she hemmed. She's befrittered away her time," Ruby said. Julie looked past her, out over the bright, wan fields, saying:

"She's just like the time when she was a little tinsy tad. The old way is a good way, I always said. Against a girl hems the sheets and seams up the slips, why then she's ready to marry. I told her so back before Christmas. But she runs off over to Vic's to get ready."

Rhody saw that the household was preparing swiftly now for some coming, but none would tell her of it, and she would not ask further. Her heart seemed to beat pleasantly in her throat and her hands were moist and warm. Julie did not ask any duty of her and so she wandered about among the things that were being prepared. There was no anger in her and the teasing did not bite at her self-love or her pride.

In the late afternoon the savors of fresh coffee floated through the house mingled with the richness of roasted fowl and vegetable sauces. The dining table was spread with eight places, they being seven, and the fine nappery had been brought out for use. Seeing how near at hand the feast had come, she put on her cloak and bound her head in a bright scarf, the sun now being near to setting. She went out toward the front of the farm and walked down the lane to the highroad. She opened the gate and prepared the way.

RELIGION FOR A SCANTY BAND

BY T. L. HARRIS

AT PRINCETON, at Chicago, at Harvard stand proud new chapels to serve, it is claimed, the religious needs of their several universities. Certainly they stand as monuments to great wealth. They were built by piety as memorials to the dead. They are intended to meet rather vaguely defined religious needs; but to many, even those keenly concerned with religion, they seem a vain expense.

Wordsworth's Sonnet on King's College Chapel might be used in reply to such criticism:

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence.

The band of students who will use these chapels may be small, may be dwindling, but the material witness of stone and mortar to spiritual and æsthetic values amply justifies, we are assured, any expense, since

. . . high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more.

Admittedly there is an insincere and a thoroughly superficial kind of practicality which objects to any use of money save for economic ends. To the practical man Wordsworth gives a sufficient answer. But are these new university chapels, imitative of medieval or New England piety, apt for the religion of to-day and to-morrow?

I am disposed to think that an instructive parallel can be drawn between the royal munificence of Henry VI and the mercantile munificence of Mr. Rockefeller and his kind. The walls of King's College Chapel were completed sometime between 1512 and 1515. What a perfect shell they must have been for the celebration of the Latin Mass! Yet that glorious chapel served the purpose for which it had been built less than fifty years. The Reformation came to rob it not only of its ornaments but of its true function. The "scanty band of white-robed scholars" whom Wordsworth saw, were using the chapel for religious purposes —but how different from what the royal saint intended!

No one would ascribe to Henry VI the perspicacity of Mr. Lowell or Mr. Rockefeller; yet to discerning eyes in 1440, when the pious king first planned his college of St. Nicholas, it must have been evident that deep changes in religion were maturing. The great schism in the papacy had recently been closed. The Council of Basel was exciting the theologians of Europe, the Hussites still troubled the Empire, and the movement we call the Renaissance was already beginning to change the intellectual and moral life of educated men. Most important of all, the medieval order was breaking up under the hammer of economic and political events, even as our civilization is being hammered on a like anvil. The chapel

which King Henry VI began and which Henry VIII finished was destined, we realize, to be a memorial to things past. Are the new chapels at Princeton, at Chicago, at Harvard in any better case? Have they not been built by men whose ideas, at least on such matters, are flickering shadows thrown by a dying fire? Have they not been built too late to perform their intended function for any considerable length of time? Are they memorials to dead notions as well as to dead men?

To such questions statistics can give no answer because even if accurate figures are available and even if they are correctly interpreted, statistics tell only of the past; they cannot predict the future. I shall refrain, therefore, from quoting impressive figures showing an increase of attendance at college chapels—they may be encouraging to the devout but they are not convincing to the informed. Nor shall I forecast a gloomy future for religion because other statistical inquiries seem to show a progressive decline in the hold that the Christian religion has over the minds and conduct of educated men. I shall point out tendencies which I myself have observed in each of three widely separated universities.

The builders of college chapels are hardly to be blamed if they have overlooked these tendencies or have miscalculated both their strength and their direction; for the tendencies are too novel to have been reflected in statistics, and they are apparent chiefly among that small minority of students who have both intellectual interest and ability. "They are not all Israel which are of Israel." Few undergraduates deserve to be called students, most are only youthful specimens of the average citizen; they share his tastes and his prejudices, they echo parental platitudes and commonplaces. The majority of students, like their elders, vacillate between two opinions: that "religion is a good thing if it isn't overdone," and that "science has exposed all that sort of thing." However, the opinions of amiable two-legged sheep count only at the ballot box or when the collection is taken in church—important occasions to be sure, but not decisive for the future of religion. What able young men at the universities are thinking about religion has much more significance for the future of Christianity than what journalists scribble or popular preachers assert.

II

Six years ago when *Menckenitis* was still the literary disease of Sophomores I noticed that a few had acquired an immunity by reading the works of T. S. Eliot. To-day the *American Mercury*, Sinclair Lewis, and the like have almost entirely lost their hold upon students, while the influence of Mr. Eliot has grown. In almost any alert group of students T. S. Eliot's work is discussed not merely with reference to the technic of poetry, not merely for his principles of criticism, but because of the interest which his general ideas arouse. Now Mr. Eliot's ideas have quite explicit connection with a definite religious system. Mr. Eliot himself would be the first to own that his religious ideas are not original. Yet to the present generation of students they come with all the glamour of novelty and are becoming a fashionable spice for jaded appetites.

Indeed there is some danger that religion will become fashionable and smart for reasons like those which Swift mockingly advanced in his "Argument Against Abolishing Christianity." He wrote: "If Christianity was once abolished how could the Freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abili-

ties? What wonderful productions of wit would we be deprived of. . . . We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest perhaps the only topic we have left?" What Swift affected to fear actually threatened in the past decade. However, when all Freshmen assume the childishness of religion, upperclassmen are inspired to correct them. When the fool says there is no God it is time for the clever to argue on His behalf. The youthful mind rejoices in contradiction and loves a paradox. No doubt such tempers are regrettable. Certainly an interest in religion inspired solely by love of contradiction and by a change of fashion would be ephemeral; such low motives, however, do operate with some students. It is to be hoped that these fulminatory spirits may serve to detonate more powerful yet more stable minds.

Mr. George W. Gray in the *New York Times Magazine* for February 5, 1933, quotes a prominent member of the Senior class at Harvard in these words: "Some of us have been attending Catholic churches. The symbolism is very valuable. James Joyce's acceptance of Romanism and T. S. Eliot's of Anglo-Catholicism have had an influence on students." Mr. Gray might have cited many other men, not only at Harvard, to the same effect. In the confusion and uncertainty of to-day some are looking inquiringly backwards in order to discover at what point safe paths were left and by what route men may return to dignity and security. Not all who look back regretfully share the fate of Lot's wife. Some, to be sure, turn into pillars of salt, bitter and motionless monuments to regression. But others quite deliberately are exploring the possibility of a return to forsaken ways, exactly as Rose, Froude, Keble, and Newman, the leaders of the Oxford Movement, when bewildered by Liberalism, sought a return a century ago to the ancient paths. T. S. Eliot, I gather, quite consciously advocates a return in matters political, æsthetic, and religious. Certainly many young men attracted by his ideas are considering an orderly retreat from the blind alley in which their contemporaries are stuck.

Others, still perhaps the majority, advocate breaking through the barrier. They assume that the highway proclaimed by our modern prophets, that highway of science wherein wayfaring men though fools shall not err, leads onward in the direction of Naturalism in philosophy, Communism in politics, and Dos Passos and the Russian movies in art.

Sometimes the alternatives are plainly stated in their extremes. Twice in the past few months I have been told outright that the choice lies between Communism and Catholicism. This dilemma, somewhat unreal as many youthful dilemmas are, is not new. Immediately after the War, Dean Inge (whom no one would suspect of temperamental leanings either to Catholicism or Communism) suggested that Europe might have to choose between a red dictatorship and a black. He preferred of two evils the Papal. The dilemma put in its extreme form as a choice between Catholicism and Communism hardly deserves consideration, though in the fantastic hours of early morning the issue may appear in that ghostly light; but increasingly students interested in philosophy, in religion, or in politics are assuming that some choice must be made between a thoroughgoing advance and an orderly retreat—or rather, since the terms advance and retreat are invidious, let us say between a rediscovery of the old and its complete relinquishment. A rediscovery of our past, that is, of European civilization, means a rediscovery of its religion not in the dilu-

tions of Liberalism but in the concentrations of traditional theology whether Catholic or Protestant. That is why both Aquinas and Karl Barth fascinate students who happen upon them. And I imagine that Hitler's experiment with German Protestantism is inspired by the belief that Christianity is a prophylactic against Communism and an important element in Kultur.

III

"That's all very well," we shall be told, "but the real battle lies more in the realm of conduct than of thought. Young men may trifle with metaphysics and theology, but the easy virtue of those bawdy sciences only seduces since it cannot hold the affection of modern minds. A young man must sow his wild oats in mind as well as in body. Let him dally with metaphysical and theological ideas in the hope that he will settle down with some reputable science. In matters of conduct, whether of personal or social life, youth is incorrigibly secular. Only the most backward pay the slightest deference to Christian principles." So too I imagine Regency wits dismissed the talk of religious revival in nineteenth-century England. Yet many of them lived long enough to wonder at the Victorian reaction. There are signs of a similar reaction to-day. After the Jazz Age comes the Neo-Puritan. Students are more serious, less bibulous, and much more conventional than they were ten years ago.

At times indeed an almost Puritan or monkish note is heard among students. A new asceticism sprouts from the decay of Victorian morality. The motives for this new asceticism, whose practice increasingly resembles that of the old, are neither the fear of hell nor a regard for some absolute moral law, not even the sad severity of utilitarianism with its shopkeeping principles of profit and loss. No, the ethical motives of youth derive most often from æsthetics. Among English undergraduates the severest ethical condemnation is to say "It isn't good form"; American students have no equivalent phrase, but their standards more and more firmly rest upon the principle that bad form condemns an action no matter what excuse the individual may plead.

Along with the æsthetic motive for ethics there goes another. As Dean Sperry recently pointed out in an article in the *Atlantic*, Science encourages in many of its devotees a harsh discipline of the mind until the scientist learns to suspect what is agreeable, as the monk feared in every pleasure a temptation of the flesh. Now students are beginning to apply this same ascetic principle to ethics. They have been taught that what is comfortable is presumptively untrue and they suspect, therefore, that what is convenient is probably wrong. The stigma of rationalization makes them hesitant over accepting the consolations of religion, but they realize that the same stigma may attach to modern ethics. The doctrines of Bertrand and Dora Russell are too easy to be right. Thus both for æsthetic and for intellectual reasons the new morality so gaily proclaimed in the twenties comes under scrutiny. "The New Morality" sounded a very fine phrase five years ago when we talked of the "New Era in Business," but both phrases echo emptily to a student whose parents have suffered financially and spiritually by a too fervent faith in the creed of the Coolidge era. He wonders whether there may not be some connection between rotten business and rotten morals. The Coolidge era, with its speculative finance and its slogan of self-expression in conduct, stands utterly—perhaps unjustly—condemned by youth.

To claim that this ethical reaction

has at the moment gone widely or far would be false. There is, however, a steady reaction in favor of self-discipline and simplicity of life. In part this follows from economic necessity—poverty is often an ally of chastity; but a more important factor in this ethical reaction is a new appreciation of good form and a fresh emphasis on good taste. The gospel of self-expression no longer goes unquestioned; as one student put it to me, "Self-expression is the distinctive mark of the barbarian." I do not believe that this ethical reaction can be dismissed as a final dividend of the genteel tradition, although the remark just quoted did come from a pupil of Irving Babbitt. The ethical principle which these young neo-Puritans employ is not a merely negative inner check, a ladylike restraint at the banquet of life, but a deliberate effort at getting the meal well cooked and properly served; in these days the Greek love for proportion and the Golden Mean has awakened once again.

Whether an ethical reaction in favor of time-honored virtues will lead towards religion is a matter for speculation. If the æsthetic rule of proportion proves a sufficient sanction (which I doubt) then religion may not be invoked. Quite possibly, as the Humanists insist, ethical motives and goals will be found within society itself without reference to God. Communism certainly seems able to arouse and maintain ethical principles along with an antipathy to any form of religion, and nationalism of the Fascist variety provides a psychotic substitute for what Freud calls "the mass neurosis of religion."

How have these reactionary tendencies developed? The metaphor of reaction begs the question, although it has a limited application when used of mere change in fashion. We soon grow tired of any one mode of dress, of any one kind of poetry, of any one school of thought. The prophecies of H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw grow stale and are replaced by those of Spengler and Stuart Chase. Familiarity with the prejudices of Mencken breeds boredom if not contempt. So by reaction, one might say we turn to John Cowper Powys, Edmund Wilson, or I. A. Richards. Possibly mere change of fashion rather than acuteness of insight gives for a moment Whitehead an advantage over Dewey. Without doubt insistent criticism becomes tiresome and produces a reaction of irritation, so that out of mere peevishness one generation may restore idols demolished by the preceding. A generation ago the inhibited child celebrated his chronological maturity by an act of desperate irreligion, a refusal to attend church, or a shocking profession of atheism; nowadays most students come from homes where agnosticism is taken quite as seriously as their grandfathers took Methodism. The grandson, therefore, may show that he has attained years of discretion by attending mass and defending the Catholic faith. Nowadays a young man gets more of a rise out of his parents by attacking science and capitalism than he does by attacking religion, and so some students flirt with orthodoxy in religion and heresy in economics as a mark of their independence. It would, however, be foolish to explain the present tendency toward religion solely as a youthful display of fireworks for the startling of parents, just as foolish, indeed, as explaining the exodus from the churches two generations ago without reference to the real intellectual difficulties of the Victorian era, when science wrestled with religion.

A paragraph of a letter from a student graduating this month thus summarizes his reasons for becoming interested in religion: "It might interest you that this growing interest in

religion owes some of its origin to courses in literature, astronomy, and philosophy. The failure of many men to stand the test of depression and their un-Job-like conduct has caused me to realize what a real religion could do in such a situation." Note how in this summary moral reasons complement intellectual ones. Note also the significant grouping of literature and philosophy with astronomy. A short while ago a man's moral interests were apt to be opposed to his intellectual convictions or, if not opposed at least they were separated. Young men were content to entertain in the mind ideas quite disconnected with the ethical prejudices upon which they attempted to act. Students uncritically accepted as axiomatic ethical principles which in fact were the deposit of that very theology they rejected with contempt.

The summer conferences sponsored by the Student Y afforded the odd spectacle of a fervent idealism divorced from ideas. Students enthusiastically occupied themselves with the ethical trinity of Race, War, and Industry without a thought for the theological and philosophical grounds of their righteous indignation. They wallowed in an idealistic liberalism which almost completely disregarded realities, and assumed the sentimental ethical values of a degenerate Protestantism whose doctrines they rejected with contempt. Unreality stamped all proceedings at most of these summer conferences. But in the past few years a significant change has occurred. The revivalistic methods of social liberals like Sherwood Eddy no longer work; it is becoming harder and harder to stir up enthusiasm for world problems, because problems have moved from Russia and Manchuria to the college campus. Present poverty and the prospect of economic insecurity have introduced a note of seriousness into students' discussions about social problems. They are learning that a thick head can be as dangerous as a hard heart, that idealism without any ideology ends in futility. Consequently the abler students are seeking solid foundations in a comprehensive theory.

There is no need to elaborate on recent social changes which are forcing students to a graver and more critical view of life. The intellectual and moral exhaustion following the War does not affect many under thirty. Students are too young to remember the ghastly disillusion of the early nineteen twenties. But they see themselves confronted with a crisis, a revolution indeed, almost as exacting of courage, almost as exciting as that which drew their predecessors to France. Fortunately the perils they face are not as yet capital nor are their decisions irretrievable; but present difficulties are acute enough to make for seriousness and shocking enough to render students highly critical of that whole system of ideas which is implicated in, if it did not cause the breakdown of our social and economic order. Explicitly students are criticizing a social system built on capitalism and economic imperialism; also they are beginning to question a materialistic science which they feel has its roots in such a system; and they hold suspect a political ideal of democracy which fosters that system.

Nor is there need to elaborate upon recent changes in our intellectual climate. An optimistic view of evolution, long since disputed in competent circles, loses adherents as rapidly as Protestantism lost adherents in the universities a generation ago. The robust common sense upon which Victorian scientists prided themselves often looks, under cross-examination, like nonsense. Interest in metaphysics and philosophical speculation grows stronger every day. The mantle of authority slips from science. The

limitations of scientific methods are being insisted upon, even exaggerated. Other methods of knowledge, even the most irrational, find new defenders. The names of Eddington, Millikan, Whitehead, Huxley, Haldane are being somewhat recklessly invoked in behalf of ideas to which these eminent men would scarcely lend their sanction. The theories of physicists on relativity and indeterminacy, those of the Gestaltists in psychology are being twisted, distorted, expanded to serve the needs of eager but untrained minds in their determination to construct an intelligible and manageable account of the confused world in which their lot is cast.

Ten years ago destruction was an intellectual sport. Now that the building has been razed almost to the ground, the work of reconstruction is being undertaken and faced seriously. Rebuilding is a less gay and irresponsible task than destruction. It was grand fun to use the high explosive of the mind upon the venerable structures of politics, theology, morals, and literature. It was amusing to blast civilization into smithereens with an epigram, to dissect it with wit. But when these things have been destroyed there remains the work of rebuilding, a task which calls for quite different mental gifts and quite another mood.

IV

Our concern in this article, however, is with one pattern in the texture of civilization, namely with religion, though we should remember that the pattern of the whole repeats itself with modifications in the parts, so that what happens in religion has analogies in politics and literature. What seems to be happening, what is likely to happen in religion, what kind of reconstruction can we expect?

Reconstructions usually pose as restorations—so the Tractarians a century ago turned to the primitive church for a pattern, as the Reformers had done before them. Revolution overtakes religious as it does political institutions, but the religious mood is so conservative that it usually prefers to accept a revolution in the guise of a reformation. Indeed a sure omen of religious change is talk about a reformation. The first stages of a revolution in religion are made almost always by those who profess to be returning to a forgotten ideal, rarely by those who boast of modernism and exhort the church to keep pace with the times.

The omen is present, the first stages have already been covered. In this connection two movements are particularly significant because both have attained some popularity by their bold but misleading claims to be effecting a restoration in religion. The one is associated with the name of Frank Buchman, the other with that of Karl Barth. The Buchmanites significantly preferred the title of "The First Century Christian Fellowship" until someone with a flair for dubious publicity coined the phrase "The Oxford Group Movement." Certainly the associates of Frank Buchman have no antiquarian interest in the story of primitive Christianity, and even more certainly they utterly fail to reproduce it. St. Peter would feel much more out of place at a "house party" than he would at High Mass. The Fellowship has, as far as I can make out, little reason to claim that it reproduces original Christianity, and it has still less claim to novelty. Buchmanism is a rehash of religious methods and ideals which have only recently grown cold in the ice-box of Liberal Protestantism. Such success as "the groups" have is due to the zeal of the leaders in recalling the wayward to traditional forms of Protestant piety and to the conven-

tions of Protestant morality, a piety and morality which the jazz age tried to smother but could not forget. Buchmanism, in fact, makes a frontal assault upon the Protestant conscience, but when the attack is successful with an intelligent young man it usually has to be followed up by an advance all along the line. The theology of "the Groups" is so meager in content, so uncritically held, that the abler young men attracted by its appeal to conscience are apt to strike out in a new direction altogether. Like so many reformations, Buchmanism actually leads to a religious revolution among abler minds and freer spirits.

Much more notable is the movement in continental Protestantism associated with the name of Karl Barth. Barth began by returning to the theology of the Reformers in reaction against the liberal Protestantism of pre-war Germany, but among Barthians a real effort is being made to reconstruct rather than to restore orthodox Protestantism. Already this theology of crisis, sprung from the despair of Germany after the War, has begun to influence students in America. As the failure of liberal idealism becomes increasingly evident, as the end of an historic epoch plainly approaches, so the apocalyptic message of the Barthians finds a widening circle of listeners. We must, therefore, reckon on having to deal with a bold but intelligent revival of Protestant orthodoxy, an orthodoxy much better informed than that of Tennessee.

Barthianism and Buchmanism both take their stand on the defensive lines of tradition; the German does so deliberately, the American impulsively. But these two movements are not the only signs of a temporary reaction. Whenever there is definite and dogmatic preaching there is attentive interest. Students may not assent to dogmas but they will listen to doctrinal preaching because they are tired of the "ifs" and the "maybes" of religious liberalism. Authority, even the appearance of it, wins respect.

However, if the history of past religious movements is any guide, reactions such as Barthianism and Buchmanism have no long future. Both are probably but the antecedents of a new alignment. We shall see fresh lines drawn, a rearrangement of forces, the beginnings of a new campaign. Old battlefields have already quieted down. Here and there a belated skirmish reminds one of the conflict between science and religion. Here and there almost forgotten ecclesiastical controversies flare into a momentary exchange of fire. But a new and wider battle is preparing. Quietly men are taking sides, preparing ammunition, digging trenches, exploring the ground, bringing up reserves. At any moment a fight may be on.

The first exchange may occur in the sector of the line where Communism squarely faces Catholicism, although hostilities may commence anywhere along the front, over an educational theory, over some economic measure, over a school of literary criticism. A gentlemanly row between the followers of Maritain and Richards might explode the magazine, or an exchange of shots between Whitehead and Dewey might precipitate a general engagement, or Hitler's drastic reform of German Protestantism might begin hostilities. On the eve of war situations which appear very complex rapidly simplify. Men are forced to choose. On the one side lie theories, philosophies, programs, tendencies, habits of action, and social alignments which find their sharpest expression in Communism. On the other side lie theologies, political ideas and institutions, systems of ethics, cultural notions and traditions which are most nicely exhibited in Catholicism. Com-

munism and Catholicism seem to be the protagonists with nationalism holding the middle ground, although once the conflict openly breaks out it will appear that the issue is wider and deeper than a clash between Reds and Clericals. The quarrel of the Vatican with Mussolini, the troubles of Catholicism in Spain and Mexico, the protests of American and English divines over the Bolshevik persecution of religion are only preliminary skirmishes.

The issue is not nearly so clear as either Catholic or Communist propagandists suppose. Communism, at least the less doctrinaire forms of it, does appeal to many religiously minded men, and even in its most orthodox forms arouses an enthusiasm so much like religious fervor that only out of deference to the Communists' use of words can we refrain from calling Communism a religion. Young men with genuine ethical passion, with an appetite for a philosophy of life illuminating æsthetics, ethics, politics, and economics, can hardly expect to escape a touch of Marxian fever. Certainly an increasing number of students who formerly would have found in Christianity an inspiration, a scheme, an outlet for their idealism now find it in Communism. They glance at Christianity, whether in its Protestant or Catholic guise, and find it unaccommodated to modern thought. They see churches divided, passionless, mute on many urgent matters. In their disgust they do not always realize how thoroughly Christianity still permeates Christendom. Communism as the novelty has the same initial advantage that Calvinism once enjoyed. It is definite, logical, challenging, comprehensive; but there are signs that under the challenge of Communism Christendom, if not official Christianity, is stirring.

At bottom the quarrel lies in the value allowed the individual. Christianity has always given the individual a very high place; if "God became Man that man might become divine" then, it follows, mankind and individual men have a noble destiny. This doctrine of the Incarnation explains in large measure why the ethics, the literature, the politics, and the philosophy of Christendom have put upon the individual such a high valuation. The mysteries of Nicene theology, the workings of Anglo-Saxon law, the rise of capitalism and of democracy are connected by a common feeling for the individual—a feeling clean contrary to that which unites scientific materialism with the Soviets.

At the moment the tide appears to be running strongly against the general tradition of Christendom. Certainly the present mood opposes the kind of individualism fostered by Protestantism and by political liberalism. The trend is toward social control, toward a higher estimation of the group, whether of class or of nation. Traditional Protestantism may be bankrupt, but the fortunes of Christianity are not entirely invested in Protestantism. The Catholic tradition—and much that is Catholic lingers waiting to be revived in Protestant circles—has a view of society which occupies a genuinely mediating position between extreme individualism and extreme socialism. In the Catholic tradition both Church and State are given great authority. Their functions are of supreme importance, nevertheless, a due recognition of the nature and rights of the heavenly and the earthly societies is not allowed to obscure the position nor to minimize the worth of the individual soul. Scholars and thinkers with little regard for Catholicism as a religion are increasingly interested in the kind of relationship developed in the Catholic tradition between the individual and society, both ecclesiastical and civil. In this connection the name of Mr.

Tawney comes to mind; but whenever the problem of the individual's relation to society is discussed students are inclined to reappraise traditional solutions very sympathetically.

I do not mean to suggest that we shall see a wholesale capitulation to ultramontane Catholicism; only that there will be a serious reconsideration of much that our forefathers contemptuously rejected and that the coming reconstruction of religion will approximate a restoration of the old.

But no reconstruction of religion can be made without a plan. The time for tinkering is past. If it were merely a matter of patching up Protestantism or Catholicism it would be enough to follow almost without thought the systematic plans upon which Protestantism and Catholicism are built. But even if repairs were possible the plans themselves have been mislaid. Very few know, still fewer appreciate the architecture of orthodoxy. Even the clergy would find it difficult to elucidate in detail the theology which frames and supports their church. They are now being forced either to a rediscovery, a new appreciation of the old theology, as in Barthianism and Neo-Scholasticism, or to a new theology.

V

Either way will come, indeed is already coming, a revival of interest in theology as queen of the sciences.

About ten years ago I heard students comment on a talk by Von Hugel, the Catholic theologian. They were rather impatient at his theological distinctions and aims though captivated by his spirit. To-day many students show the keenest interest in theological matters. Ideas, they are coming to recognize, have power. Ideas no doubt grow out of and are nourished by the environment, including in that word environment the tradition of the past and present circumstances in our political and social life; but ideas are also capable of changing the environment and of altering institutions. Without an ideology Communism would be a clumsy device to express the felt but unformulated desires of the masses. Without a theology Christianity is merely the sentimental blathering of kindly souls. Communism is militant because it has an ideology. In spite of the Report on *Re-thinking Missions*, Christianity can be missionary only if it has a theology. At least among students religion wears once again a theological dress.

We may then quite confidently declare that religion among the educated is already entering upon a brief period of reaction. Traditional dogmas, traditional practices, and time-honored institutions will experience at least a brief revival. New wine is being poured into old bottles. If, as is probable, they fail to stretch, the wine will find new containers. We may also be sure that the present confusion, intellectual, political, and ethical, in which the modern world has wandered for a generation will soon begin to clear. The molten mass is crystallizing out. Existing tensions will increase, converge, and finally reveal fairly clear antitheses. I doubt whether religious minds will be found wholly on one side or on the other, but I have no doubt at all that in fifty years' time whatever of religion remains in the universities will be profoundly affected by conflict and by contact with those tendencies which now find their most dramatic exhibition in Russia.

THE FORD IN THE JUNGLE

BY WILSON FOLLETT

THERE seems to be something about vehicles of transportation which renders them uniquely liable to the most whimsical vagaries of human conduct.

Queequeg, the richly tattooed ex-cannibal of *Moby Dick*, lands at Sag Harbor and is offered a wheelbarrow in which to carry his heavy sea chest to his boarding house. He puts his chest thereon and lashes it fast; then, "not to seem ignorant of the thing," he shoulders barrow and all and marches on his way up the long wharf. The final destiny of a Gloucester fishing dory—for its size the ablest seagoing open boat ever devised—is to be filled with loam and sown with flowering plants in the front yard of some cottage ashore; and there at last it becomes one with the earth which it contains. Lordly square-rigged ships of the old time end their days as dance-halls, gambling casinos, speakeasies—in short, as whatever lies at the farthest remove from their natural aptitude and gift. There is a man in Beverly Hills who, whenever he has been drinking late at night, backs his eight-cylinder car out onto the drive directly under a neighbor's window and races the engine with the cut-out open. This he does without the slightest impulse to go anywhere, until someone calls up the police. As soon as they come, he good-naturedly desists. Happily perhaps for those who are using the roads, it never occurs to him at such times that a car is transportation.

Of all strange perversions wreaked by human ingenuity upon man-made things designed to wheel, slide, sail, or fly, the strangest I ever heard of concerns the odyssey of Miss Mellett's Ford. That curious affair took something like a ton of touring car, by ways devious, wild, and (you would say) impassable, from the heart of the most completely motorized country on earth into the heart of a roadless jungle in the Dark Continent. It is a perfectly true and provable occurrence, too—one which deserves on its merits to be more widely known. To my mind it gains rather than loses interest by the fact that it came about through no ignorance of some newly Christianized Polynesian or crudely painted savage, but rather through the extravagant whim of a delicately nurtured, highly cultivated, apparently sane American lady, a medical missionary and teacher. Miss Mellett—I shall not state her actual name—was and is an apostle of civilization among the Vai tribes of Liberia in equatorial West Africa.

The time was a decade ago, before Mr. Firestone was quite ready to annex Liberia to the rubber industry. In the entire Republic the sum of all the roadway traversable by wheeled vehicles was then less than a mile, and that was all in one piece in the center of Monrovia, the seaport capital. The destination of the Ford in question was Miss Mellett's permanent headquarters eighty miles inland from Monrovia—a station consisting partly

of a school for Vai girls and partly of a medical dispensary for the nomad clans to which the girls belonged.

The barracklike buildings stand on stilts in a clearing near the edge of a black and sluggish forest creek. This clearing is hard pressed on all sides by so rank, dank, and dense a black jungle that it takes faithful daily toil with ax and machete to keep the buildings from being engulfed. In the rainy season the jungle trees for miles round are rooted in a black lake, and in this temporary lake the permanent creek is lost and invisible.

The spongy soil for scores, perhaps hundreds, of feet down is nothing but accumulated jungle decay—from the incessant moldering out of which springs all the upper rankness of foliage and vine. Whatever stands in one place on that soil, if it possesses the property of weight, is presently swallowed bodily into it.

Nevertheless, that is where Miss Mellett wanted her Ford; and—perhaps because she was delicately nurtured, perhaps because she was highly cultivated, perhaps just because she was a woman and had made up her mind—that spot is where Miss Mellett's Ford ended its incredible itinerary.

Such is the place. Now survey the way out to Monrovia, which is likewise the way in—the path which visiting Fords, like other missionaries of civilization, must follow.

At the edge of the jungle, fifty yards from the door of the main building, you mount upon a monkey-bridge, gradually ascending. A monkey-bridge is the aërial pathway which man engineers by a little rearrangement here and there of nature's lavish raw materials—chiefly liana vines, some of them hundreds of feet long, festooned from tree to tree. This sort of bridge sways sickeningly in midair as you traverse it, at any level from head-height to far up in the branches of lofty trees where the monkeys are at home. Below it, out of sight in the lower riot of vegetation, is swamp as devouring as the deadliest quicksands and filled with noxious gases. This particular monkey-bridge is like a quasi-horizontal rope ladder which does not touch the ground again for thirty miles.

The Ford, believe it or not, went over that thirty-mile rope ladder.

Its other end, thirty miles toward the coast, descends from the jungle tree tops to the sandy shore of a lagoon at the head of small-boat navigation. Half a mile away across the lagoon is another group of barracklike buildings—a school for Vai boys, exactly corresponding to Miss Mellett's establishment for girls, and under the same auspices. Here you pause and shout lustily, or you may simply wait to be noticed. Sooner or later a thirty-foot power boat comes over from the school to ferry you across, and thence thirty more miles down the lagoon to its mouth.

Here you are within sight and sound of the great open sea. But there are only a few hours in any year when you are within reach of it; for the mouth of the lagoon is closed by a submerged sandbar, and over this sandbar the lazy Atlantic rollers break in practically all weathers with such steepness that even the smartly paddled native dugouts are often turned over backward in the daring attempt to climb them. (When this occurs the paddlers do not commonly escape drowning; but there are always more paddlers.) Your open power boat would be swamped here like a cockleshell in the Niagara rapids. You must, then, walk the remaining twenty miles to Monrovia along the shore, in sand and scrub and thorn. So doing, you will notice skeletons along the way. Not all of them are skeletons of beasts.

Miss Mellett, a woman ardent for

her work, sustained and exalted by it, stayed for eight years continuously in that jungle fastness of hers, where it is supposed to be suicide for any Caucasian to remain without the orthodox six months "outside" in every twenty-four. Not having had an hour's illness in all that time, she saw plainly that she was the one white person in ten thousand who is born with a special immunity and that she might safely stay forever.

But there was one immunity which she did not possess. Possibly the prolonged and abnormal residence without the customary holiday had turned her mind a little queer. Possibly her voluntary isolation had begun to make her see things a little out of focus. However that may be, she succumbed at last to that species of tropical homesickness which takes the form of an inexplicable and defiant craving for the appurtenances of civilized, even sophisticated and luxurious living. In her ninth year she developed a specific hankering; and, since she was a woman of some independent means, she was able to gratify it.

She sent out an order—an order addressed to the States—an order for a Model T Ford touring car.

Three months later this order reached its destination and was filled. In the fullness of time a huge crate was taken aboard a freighter at New York. It was unloaded at Amsterdam in the Netherlands and there transshipped to a Dutch freighter clearing for West Coast ports and Capetown. It made one round voyage clear back to Amsterdam, buried in a forward hold under a cargo of grain which could not be shifted to get at it. But on its second return passage from South Africa it had better luck. It was slung overside onto a lighter three miles off Monrovia and thence delivered safe to the wharf of a Dutch shipping agent in the town.

Eighteen months from the time of her original order, and well into the tenth year of her exile, Miss Mellett received word in her jungle eighty miles away that her Model T Ford was waiting for her, and that she was, please, to come and get it at her earliest convenience.

Miss Mellett knew whom to send for. She had words with Leighton, a mechanically inclined young American and rolling stone who was teaching the manual arts and installing a sawmill at the boys' school near the head of the lagoon. The next week he set out down the lagoon in the school's power boat, taking a kit of tools, plenty of provisions, and a troop of Vai porters. He could not, of course, get the power boat to Monrovia through the surf on the sandbar, and it was a long day's march from the end of navigation to the town.

Leighton settled the freight and customs charges with Miss Mellett's money; they came to a little less than the list price of the car. With a hand pump he got some air into the tires of the uncrated machine and had his porters push it as far as there was solid footing on its way up the coast toward the motor boat—a clear gain of half a mile. There, under a cluster of palms, he got out his tools and resolved the Ford into its elements, turning it over to his porters in lots as near to fifty pounds each as the composition of a Ford would allow, and keeping a meticulous record of every parcel. At sunset of the fifth day, after untellable exertions, he had the dismembered Ford as far as the boat landing inside the sandbar. Three trips by boat, in three more days, landed it and the porters at the boys' school. One more march from the boat landing put the *disiecta membra* into a storage shed, where Leighton locked them up while he slept the clock around.

The next day he walked over the

thirty miles of monkey-bridge to report progress and ask Miss Mellett once more if she really, genuinely, unalterably wanted the Ford brought to her headquarters in the jungle. By this time he was itching to keep the machine himself, not only for the mechanical instruction of his native protégés, but also as a plaything for his own leisure. The gentle monomaniac stared at him in a way to show that she thought he must be losing his mind and answered that, naturally, she did want it. The next day he walked back to his own school; and the day after that his long file of porters shouldered the fifty-pound units before dawn and trundled them, precariously swaying, over the same airy route to their final destination.

Leighton dismissed his porters. Two days later he had the Ford reassembled in front of the main building. Also, he had water in its radiator, oil in its crankcase, gasoline in its tank, and a cluster of dry cells in place of the storage battery which had died without ever having lived. He flipped over the crank. To his gratified amazement the engine started at the second spin. For many hours it was allowed to run at half-throttle without stopping. It ran, in fact, until the porter-conveyed fuel was gone. Miss Mellett thanked Leighton sweetly, dismissively; and the next morning he walked home without a question, almost without a word. Loquacity was stunned in him; so, almost, was curiosity.

The next month the rains began. The climate of Liberia took hold upon Detroit's emissary in that place. It is a climate in which the finest glass lenses break out in all manner of scabs and blisters and in which tin shortly becomes as leaf-mold. For the Ford it was a race between absorption into the earth and simple chemical dissolution. Whether the Model T sank into that spongy ground or became substantively one with it, no man could have said without watching the process day and night until it was over. The next time Leighton picked his way over the monkey-bridge—swaying now over a vast and alligator-infested inland lake—the Ford was no more. It had not left so much as a dimple or a streak of rust on the surface. All Leighton could think of, he says, was the ruined trousers of Anastasie's husband in *The Treasure of Franchard:* "They have been. Their tense is past. O excellent pantaloons, you are no more."

It was then that Leighton finally mustered the initiative to demand of Miss Mellett what she had wanted the contraption for. Had she, perhaps, required it as propaganda to enlist the interest of the Vai chiefs in some jungle road-making? Was it an earnest of her faith, fanatical but touching, in the future of transportation in those unpromising parts?

Once more he found himself being stared at as if patently mad. But this time curiosity got its answer. "What did I want it for? Why, *this!*" said Miss Mellett triumphantly and handed him two exhibits.

The first was a snapshot on a coated post card. It showed the Ford standing where Leighton had assembled it, with its recognizable background of the school buildings on their flimsy stilts, and behind them the encroaching primordial jungle. In the seats were smiling lady members of the teaching staff, and on the roof was a huge sign bearing, for all the world to read, the words of Miss Mellett's hand-lettered defiance:

THEY SAID WE COULDN'T DO IT, BUT WE DID!!!

"I have sent a lot of these post cards home," she said dreamily, raptly. "I have sent one to everybody I could think of."

The second exhibit was a newly arrived issue of the missionary magazine published under the auspices which founded the schools. It was open at a halftone reproduction of the same snapshot, framed in a glowing article largely made up of excerpts from a letter of Miss Mellett's to the missionary board. She displayed with bland and gentle triumph this public record of her inconceivable success. Leighton skimmed through it, wondering casually if his name would be mentioned. It wasn't.

A few months afterward he came "outside" for his first six months' leave. When, at Monrovia, he boarded the Dutch freight and mail steamer for Amsterdam, he fully expected to go back for another two-year term. No sooner had he got into the Swiss Alps and stopped his quinine, however, than he began to have touches of malaria. The doctors never let him return.

He got over the malaria after long and recurrent bouts with it. But he has never got over the bizarre and nightmarish experience with Miss Mellett's Ford. One picture, especially, which sticks like a burdock burr in his memory, has always seemed to him so fantastic that whenever he wakes suddenly in the night and thinks of it he is sure for a moment that it must be something remembered from a delirium or an ether dream.

It is a picture from the small hours of that night when, after endless hours of sweating in the steamy jungle sunlight, he at last got the machine assembled, adjusted, and started. It ran, filling the clearing with its muffled rumor, while he was taking his primitive shower and dining at the teachers' table. At twilight it was still going, and he sauntered out and turned on the headlights, which directed a blinding glare into the rank, poisonously vivid foliage roundabout. Already, he noticed, the wheels had sunk nearly halfway to their hubs. Miss Mellett would not let him stop the engine at bedtime. The sound, she said, was meat and drink to her. Leighton, sleeping in a guest room at one front corner of the long dormitory, did not find it meat and drink to him. Exhausted as he was, he tossed and turned until long after midnight. Then he got up and stepped out through his window to the screened balcony, thinking to soothe himself with a cigarette.

He was arrested in the act of striking his match. Just clear of the surrounding jungle, and full in the glare of the Ford's headlights, a doe and her two fawns stood in frozen postures, staring, their breasts a startling white, their eyeballs luminous and glittering points of green. Then Leighton began to see, ranged along the margin of the forest, other such tiny wells of green light, all in pairs. In troops, in multitudes, the woodland creatures were coming to listen and to look. From a respectful distance they gazed into the bright eyes of the unknown monster, giving it back stare for stare.

From far at one side of the clearing a shadow appeared, slinking along the ground, following the curve of the jungle. As it passed into the dim outer fringe of the headlights' glow two burning green spots began to show at its head. The shadow moved on with velvet smoothness and utter silence, passing into the full light. The green points burned suddenly brighter. It was an enormous leopard, moving in a stealthy reconnoitering half-circle across the open space, step by catlike step, belly almost brushing the ground, head turned inflexibly at a right angle to the sinuous body, eyes riveted upon the source of blinding light. The leopard passed so close in front of the doe that he could have switched her

forelegs with his tail. She did not move a muscle or twitch an uplifted ear.

Not until he had crossed the area of light and become a mere lurking shadow beyond did some fitful lower current of air bring his scent to the doe. Then the picture shattered like frosted glass. In one motion, a wheeling, flying leap, she was gone into the impenetrable jungle, the two fawns bounding wildly at her flanks. Faint receding crashes in underbrush told the direction of their flight along the creek bank. The green coals disappeared, pair after pair, from about the fringe of forest. From the high surrounding trees the tribes of monkeys burst out by scores, and then over wider areas by hundreds, in shrieks, gibes, imprecations. They sounded like the ungreased wheels of a thousand ox-carts slowly turning.

For a few moments they quite drowned out the vibrant drone of the Ford engine, now just settling into a steadier, deeper rhythm above the spot which was in so brief a time to be its unmarked grave.

TO MY SISTERS AND BROTHER

BY JOHN A. HOLMES

IT IS too late to use the map
Our parents used. Lay out your own
Roads westward, curt and confident;
Cross mountains and meridians,
And run to meet your own delight.

It is too late to follow paths
Hard-packed by feet a long time dead.
New areas of pain now lie
Between the traveler and truth.
Rivers have cut new channels out,
And younger trees are hung with fruit.

Under a strong light spread your map,
And plot the dear essential dream
In the fierce color of your blood.
Then say good-by. Your star is up.
Trust your own heart to set you free
Along the curve of time, and go.

THEY CALL IT BARTER

THE NEW ECONOMICS IN OHIO AND IOWA

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

COMMUNITY Business Conducted By Barter! Organized unemployed, a group without money, operate factory, repair shops, restaurant, and store by exchanging their labor for necessities. . . . We'll get along without the financial system—without dollars. Other financial systems have been destroyed. Always they have been replaced by systems of barter and trade. After all, you can't eat money. And a $10 bill won't repair a leaky roof.

On such a triumphant note most of the barter stories coming out of the West were pitched. It isn't strange that many of these self-help projects, born of the depression, should have regarded themselves as practical demonstrations of a new and revolutionary business economy. Ordinary business had thrown their members out, neck and crop. There was an absolute necessity for getting hold of food and clothing somehow, and there was a more than sneaking desire for nose-thumbing at the system that had shown them no mercy.

Hope springs eternal, and upon hope the most fervent reportorial imaginations fixed themselves. Feature writers, magazine authors, and popular economists announced to the country that, if necessary, people could do without money and yet sustain themselves. American ingenuity, which had broken through a thousand barriers in the past, had now obliterated the last and greatest of all—money. It had proved that within a price-and-profit system it was possible for people to live without either. It had proved that in a land of great natural wealth, money was unnecessary and that, by crossing the bridge of barter and exchange, we might arrive painlessly in a new era where bank failures were unknown and cultural nightingales sang of co-operation and brotherly love the long day through. The prestidigitation of the investment banker of 1925 was pitiful when compared to the legerdemain which we were told could be accomplished by the barter exchange of 1933.

A close examination of some widely publicized self-help organizations has revealed how far this glittering hope is removed from the actual state of affairs. "Doing Business Without Money," published in last month's HARPER'S, described the progress of the new economics in Dayton, Ohio. The Dayton Association of Co-operative Production Units, efficiently administered and backed by the city government, has proved itself to be an economical form of relief and has done wonders in resuscitating the self-respect and determination of its members. The Dayton Mutual Exchange, functioning by way of a capricious and uncertain individualism, has a less enviable record. The point to be made

here is that if you regard either of these two projects as a form of *relief*, then their success or lack of it should be judged from a relief point of view. If they are regarded as businesses, that is something else again. Neither of the two—nor any other self-help organizations that the author knows of—is independent of money; both organizations are absolutely dependent upon money capital.

Recently the most determined efforts have been made to secure federal recognition and aid for the self-help movement. They have been successful and the LaFollette-Wagner-Costigan bill, now law, contains the following clause:

> Provided, That the Administrator may certify out of the funds made available by this subsection additional grants to States applying therefor to aid needy persons who have no legal settlement in any one State or community, and to aid in assisting cooperative and self-help associations for the barter of goods and services.

This simply means that numbers of persons in the self-help movement began to understand that a moneyless paradise was impossible and that private sources were a doubtful dependence. The obvious recourse was to the government; hence the permission to use government funds. At once the matter is moved over into the domain of relief—which is quite another story from the establishment of a moneyless economy.

The present article is an examination of two strikingly dissimilar projects which have attracted wide attention, one in Yellow Springs, Ohio, and the other in the corn-belt town of Waterloo, Iowa.

Yellow Springs is a village of thirteen hundred inhabitants, located in southwestern Ohio and known as the seat of Antioch College, a liberal institution of learning founded in 1853 by Horace Mann. In 1920, after a long period of stagnation, the college was resuscitated under the leadership of Arthur Morgan, an engineer whose reputation was established through his connection with the Miami Valley Flood Control and who recently was appointed by President Roosevelt to take charge of the Tennessee Valley Project. One of the best known features of Antioch has been the arrangement through which students can go to college and hold outside jobs in alternating periods, thus paying their own way. The effects of the depression on the college and on this section of the student body were so severe that President Morgan cast about for some means of easing the pressure. The result was the establishment of the Midwest Exchange, a distribution service for manufacturers and producers, and a subsidiary retail store in the college town called the Yellow Springs Exchange.

The Midwest Exchange, the parent organization, was incorporated on August 12, 1932. It will be of interest in the light of the Exchange's subsequent history to insert here two bits of documentary evidence. The first is from the articles of incorporation as they were filed at Columbus: "The purpose or purposes for which it (the Midwest Exchange) is formed are: *To relieve unemployment, to facilitate the exchange of goods and services*, and *to further the general interests of the members and the community at large*." The second is from a letter of Mr. Morgan's, published in the *New Republic* for August 24, 1932, under the caption "Antioch Tackles the Depression," which announced to the world what was under way: "One of the many phases of the (Antioch) plan includes the development of a laboratory of socially motivated industry, and in partial fulfillment of our aim, Antioch has undertaken to attack unemployment and frozen resources in its territory."

As originally set up, the Midwest and the Yellow Springs Exchanges had a cash capital of $4,790, and boasted a staff of ten persons including three traveling men. Ambitious plans of all sorts were entertained, a publicity bulletin was regularly issued, and in general it was hoped that the project "might transform the economic life and thought of the village and countryside." During the summer of 1932 a splendid field day was announced with lemonade, ice cream, and enthusiasm on tap in torrents; all were invited from far and near and a large farm crowd was expected. Unhappily the enthusiasm did not prove to be infectious, and there appeared at the celebration one farmer with his family and a number of children from the village. Incidents of this sort have blown most of the foam from the enterprise. Adversity and the struggle for existence have withered any gratuitously benevolent instincts which the Exchanges possessed, and their policy is now strictly business. The splendid bulletin, charged with enthusiasm, has vanished, and its place is taken by a commodity list much cheaper to print and requiring no editorial fervor whatever. Where rosy publicity was first desired and received from newspapers and magazines throughout the country, it is now strictly avoided, and the clipping-bureau subscription has been allowed to lapse. In a report made to the directors in February, the vice-president stated: "We had much favorable publicity, so much in fact that we find it difficult to live up to our reputation." It was at this time that a drastic reorganization took place, the staff being cut to six people and salaries reduced wherever possible. Authority is now firmly lodged in the hands of Mr. Morgan and his elder son.

The Midwest Exchange proposes to act as a credit clearing house and enable its manufacturer members to exchange goods and services for other products that they need, and to do this largely without the use of money. Twenty firms are members and have paid $25 for the privilege. A separate agreement is drawn up between each member and the Midwest, specifying the amount of credit allowed to either side. An art foundry extends $500 worth of credit to the Exchange, but works of art are slow movers in these times, and hence the foundry is allowed a much smaller credit in return—in this case $100. On the other hand, food is vital, and the position of a wholesale grocer in the Midwest is important—and delicate. He also gives the Midwest $500 worth of credit but receives dollar for dollar credit in return. The same thing happens in the case of a tea and spice company, a hardware jobber, and so on. The world may pause before it buys a pump, but sugar, coffee, and electric bulbs it must have.

Now arises the first great problem in a commodity exchange. That everlasting problem is: how can the need for necessities, which is constant, be balanced against the need for articles much less in demand? The strain on the members supplying necessities is continuous, and the only way to ease this strain is with cash. The Midwest has had to have cash for this purpose, and a sizable portion of its working capital has gone to liquidate such claims. The only recourse is to increase the list of members so that a variety of products is available.

At once another problem appears. If the members are to have confidence in the exchange they must be assured that the other members are reliable; in other words, the credit rating of the members must be good. Else the exchange, if its capital be small, runs the risk of collapse in a single deal. At the present moment there is no such thing as credit rating among the exchanges of

the country, and the absence of it is a serious obstacle. In the early stages, of course, such a rating is impossible, but meanwhile, despite our dire financial straits, many producers will prefer to do business, however small, in regular channels rather than risk loss in a venture carried on in the dark. Suppose an offer of a carload of rice is received from a California exchange. Suppose the exchange in Ohio goes ahead, makes a deal with its grocer member, and uses up its credit on the deal. Suppose subsequently it is discovered that the California exchange only thought it had the rice, or the rice turns out to be of inferior quality. The affairs of the Ohio exchange are instantly thrown into turmoil. If the deal is a large one and the exchange's capital is small, the exchange may be wiped out. In the case of the Midwest, it has had no misfortunes of this sort because its members are personally known to the management and the credit of all is established. Yet the *Midwest itself* has no rating and in expanding its list of members has a two-edged problem. Its prospects must be reliable and they must be assured that the Midwest is reliable also.

Another difficulty in assembling a list of member firms is involved in the disparity between producer and consumer goods. A manufacturer can use coal and so can anyone else, but lisle socks are of no use in running a factory and there is no place for leather belting in a home. Thus at the present moment the Midwest would have no use whatever for members who manufacture steam shovels or baking machinery, however good their rating, whereas office supplies and dried fruits are earnestly desired and not, as yet, forthcoming.

How are these members to be secured? The Midwest was lucky in starting with a number personally known to the management, yet despite all it has taken enormous labor to keep the wheels moving and interest aroused. Often the head of a business has looked kindly on the Midwest's efforts and been willing to join. At the last it would be found that his purchasing and selling departments were so tied with contracts and agreements that they could not move. Again, firms often find that exchange is so complicated and requires so much time that it is cheaper, even in 1933, to do business in the regular way. This is not to be construed as a defense of our business organization; commodity exchanges merely reflect and magnify the shortcomings of that organization. Nor does it mean that inefficiency and dilatoriness are confined to commodity exchanges. There are more incompetents engaged in commerce to-day, despite the scythe-work of bankruptcy and collapse, than the exchange movement has ever seen.

The Midwest issues a monthly revised list of available goods and services. On merchandise the commission it charges may go as high as 60 per cent, depending upon the circumstances. Each deal is made on a market-price basis. In exchange of services it charges a commission of 10 per cent. Here there is a possibility of trouble, for in these times services do not fetch high prices. A member exchanging manufactured goods for services may easily force the price of services or labor down.

II

The Yellow Springs Exchange, subsidiary of the Midwest, was intended to serve as a local retail outlet where goods of all kinds could be exchanged and the neighboring farmers could swap their surplus produce for groceries or other things they needed. The store accumulated a stock of clothing, second-hand goods and furniture, and articles of all kinds. It did not take

long, however, for the village to swap what desirable typewriters, refrigerators, lawn mowers, or other goods they had, and the Exchange is getting rid of the rest as quickly as possible. The second-hand or hand-to-mouth swap has about disappeared. It now stocks groceries and hardware, and is considering building materials, all of which come from out of town through the Midwest.

The business of the Yellow Springs Exchange is carried on for the most part in scrip, though they sell for cash wherever possible. There was $1,212 worth of this scrip in circulation at the time of the writer's visit. This was backed by readily salable merchandise, a most important circumstance that does not obtain with many exchanges which have ballooned their inventory figures to balance their scrip issue.

Business done during the first seven months was as follows:

October	$900.05
November	1,103.42
December	1,009.25
January	911.73
February	1,105.25
March	1,345.55
April	1,184.29

Small as this volume may seem, it runs ahead of the Dayton Mutual Exchange which, during the six months preceding the writer's visit, had done an average monthly business of $686 in a city of 200,000. Despite its superior showing, the Yellow Springs Exchange has been operating at a loss and only now is getting in sight of a going basis.

What the future of the Midwest and its subsidiary will be it is impossible to say. We are living in a time when nothing is certain; the ground under our feet is shifting, and on that shifting ground business itself, still clinging to price and profit, is changing through the pressure of necessity. To ask what the Midwest would be under another scheme of things is futile. It is doing business under the one now in existence and makes its plans accordingly; because of that fact its field for experiment is rigidly limited. The management feels that the survival of the two exchanges depends upon the outcome of a tug of war. A slowly increasing list of members pulls one end, a rapidly dwindling capital pulls the other. If the capital goes first—and the most strenuous efforts are being made to hold the cash balance at a standstill—and no more is forthcoming, then the Midwest is through. If the membership grows and the management is able, it may survive; yet this very survival is predicated upon the survival of our traditional economy.

From that fact the principal conclusion may be drawn. In a competitive world you must compete; there is no escape; and the Midwest, while it fights for survival, is competing too. Some interest has been shown toward co-operatives, but the Midwest membership consists of private firms. Success would mean that the members are in a well nigh impregnable position for competition with non-member firms in the open market. There is, too, the possibility that the Midwest may find it to its advantage to restrict the amount of commodities taken from a single member and buy on the open market at a lower price the goods which it formerly took from the member. This working both ends against the middle is nothing new; business has been doing it for years. What necessity has begun, profit can and does carry on. The tooth and claw are with us still. Chance and necessity must decide, but it seems fair to say that the more successful the Midwest becomes, the greater risk it will run of being pushed back into a business economy now under the gravest suspicion.

We have said that the Midwest is a business. It is certainly not a cultural

or educational enterprise. Despite the splendid intentions specified in its articles of incorporation, it has not done much to relieve unemployment nor does it promise to. Partly by chance and partly by design, the Midwest has turned into a manufacturers' trade association pure and simple. If a canning company in Indiana enters an exchange deal and takes printing from the Antioch Printing Company, that is certainly new business for the Antioch Printing Company, but how does it help employment in Indiana? By taking work from a printer whose business has shrunk already and who, in all probability, has already docked wages and fired employees? This condition is fully known to the Midwest. A report of the vice-president discusses the possibility of making mops in a village production unit and disposing of them to wholesalers. "Without intending to be pessimistic," he says, "and only to suggest conditions which we must recognize, I should add that such a study may, in all probability, develop that the people who now make the mops have better equipment than we have and may be working on starvation wages. *Of course we can beat some of this competition, but we must tackle it with our eyes open.*" That single sentence (the italics are mine) describes better than anything else could the situation of the Midwest in a world of price, profit, and competition.

III

If you want to see a town that is sullen, bitter, and afraid, go to Waterloo, Iowa. Iowa is one of the richest agricultural sections in the world, it boasts a higher literacy average than any other State in the union; but neither natural wealth nor literacy is of much avail now. The State is in very deep water. Scarcely a day passes without dispatches telling of martial law, obstructed farm sales, evictions, and mortgage misery. Remley Glass's "Gentlemen, the Corn Belt!" in the July HARPER'S shows how bitter the rural temper has become. Misfortunes like those described in that article are one of the chief causes of the plight of Waterloo; for this town of 40,000 people is directly dependent upon agriculture. Scarcely more than a decade ago the manufacture of farming implements began there on a large scale, and one of the plants, at the top of the boom, employed 3,200 men. Now not a wheel turns; there is no farm money for tractors any more. The result is that the implement works which, along with a large packing plant, were the chief industries of the town, are now high and dry.

To man these factories it was necessary to bring in skilled labor in considerable numbers. Many of these workmen settled in Waterloo. Then, as farm prices dropped, fewer implements and tractors were sold and the imported labor was stranded. The crash of '29 was the last straw and, one after another, the plants began closing down. Outside the city the mortgages were being foreclosed, and finally the Waterloo banks began to go. Two of the most important ones merged to save themselves, failed in the attempt, and suspended on July 13, 1932. In the end the city was left with a single bank, a savings bank. At the time of the writer's visit, almost a year later, reorganization of the commercial banks was still dragging wearily along.

As the feeling of desolation in the city deepened, the unemployed grew more restive. From conversing in little groups on street corners and in small gatherings beside the river, they went on to holding open meetings in the public parks. At about the time that the merged bank failed, a Communist organizer arrived, and a Commu-

nist Unemployed Council was formed. This circumstance served to crystallize sentiment among the unemployed and shortly thereafter there arose a John the Baptist. Tormented by the misery about him, wrathful at relief of a poor-house brand, brutally administered by political hacks, this man began preaching organization, calling upon the jobless to go to Minnesota and harvest potatoes which were rotting in the ground. The plan was to gather these potatoes on shares and bring the produce back to Waterloo. Several of these expeditions were actually made; they marked the beginning of the Waterloo Unemployed Relief Club, which at its height claimed more than 2,000 members.

Relief in Iowa is not administered by a town or municipality but by the county, through the board of supervisors and the overseer of the poor. How many destitute there are in Waterloo nobody knows; for an adequate survey has never been made. Nevertheless, the number of families on county relief rose from 680 in February, 1932, to 1,340 families in the same month of 1933. Thus at the most conservative estimate, 5,360 persons depended on county relief during this past February; 256 major and 110 minor cases (families), or a conservative total of 1,464 more persons, depended on relief from the Welfare League, an arm of the Community Chest. This would make a total so far of nearly 7,000 dependent persons, most of whom are residents of Waterloo. But this is not all. Under a law rigorously enforced, a person must have been a resident of the county for at least a year before he may apply for and possibly receive relief. In the case of imported factory labor, this provision has excluded many persons, unemployed and destitute, who might otherwise have possibly received relief. There are no figures available for the destitute colored population of the town, though some are included among those given above. From $37,920 spent on relief in 1931, relief costs rose to $165,776 in 1932. Early in 1933 an appropriation of $70,000 from the R.F.C. helped to shore up relief to an extent. The bleak tax prospect is matched only by the widespread criticism—not alone among the unemployed—of the relief administration as archaic, inefficient, and ruthlessly hard and humiliating.

The Unemployed Relief Club of Waterloo was organized August 29, 1932. Despite the fervor and sincerity of the first leader, he proved unable to maintain his position. Dissensions ended in a violent rebellion and a deputy sheriff member, sworn in before the Minnesota expedition, took over the reins. His administration is still in the saddle. The reorganized club incorporated itself on October 28th, adopted a constitution, and got down to business. Some of the clauses of this constitution are interesting and throw some light on the character of the organizers. It declares that the club "may admit as members any *white* person, male or female, more than eighteen years of age." This excludes negroes and is intended to do exactly that, in sharp contrast with the Dayton Production Units, discussed last month, which have erased the color line in their dealings. The proposal of a basketball game with a colored team was refused by the Waterloo Club on a vote by the General Assembly. An "undesirable person" may not belong to the Waterloo organization, an undesirable being defined as "any person proven beyond question to be immoral, criminal, or a habitual lawbreaker." This clause is effective in the exclusion of Communists—twenty were thrown out early in the game—and again offers a contrast with Dayton, where political beliefs are not challenged. The oath which every

member must take contains a curious clause to the effect that the member must promise to support the national government and "never use my influence against its laws and institutions." Outspoken comment on the prohibition amendment and the condition of the farmers gives this clause a comic flavor.

As organized, the club has a multitude of officers—thirty in all—with rather splendid titles, but real control is lodged in the hands of the President and the General Manager. These offices are now held by one man, the deputy sheriff who took over control after reorganization. The President, through appointees, may virtually control the assembly; and as the club is now geared, this official has almost dictatorial powers and, with two close associates, practically runs the organization by fiat. Organized unemployed everywhere have found that executive authority with power to act is absolutely necessary if the machine is to run, but in Waterloo the concentration of power has offered endless opportunity for dissension and altercation. As a result of purgings, withdrawals, and secessionist movements, the maximum of 2,224 members had dropped to 720 at the time of the writer's visit, and an unemployed organization in opposition was in the process of formation.

What has the Unemployed Relief Club actually done? Through the assistance of some of the townspeople it has equipped a warehouse as a headquarters and there maintains a commissary, a restaurant which serves about one hundred meals a day. It has a department for the repair and alteration of shoes and clothing collected in the town. It has a barber shop and has discovered that finger waves are very popular with the men. The writer has seen a number of corn-belt stalwarts emerging from the barber shop, their heads glittering with varnish and gloriously marcelled. The club runs a garage, makes furniture, gives minstrel shows, dances, and athletic exhibitions for its members.

The club has engaged in various work projects where labor could be exchanged for needed commodities, though sufficient work even on a barter basis has never existed in quantity large enough to employ all the members. The club has, for example, cut wood on shares for various farmers, and at the time of the writer's visit the members had thus earned 1,872 cords for themselves. In the same way the club last fall harvested potatoes, onions, carrots, cabbages, and beets, storing its share and converting the cabbage into sauerkraut. Through exchange of labor in husking corn the club acquired quantities of cornmeal, oatmeal, dried beans, and pork, which were added to its stores. It sawed wood for a dairy farmer and has arranged for a regular milk supply in exchange. At last reports the members are undertaking this summer to grow vegetables for themselves. A similar project is being attempted by the secessionist organization.

IV

These activities are all very well as far as they go, but they have never gone anywhere near far enough. Most of the members are on county relief and do county work in return. The medical, dental, and optical services which the club offers to its members are actually supplied free of charge by the professional men of the town. Last Christmas a distribution of toys throughout the town was financed by a local newspaper organization. A local school-supply jobber contributed a carload of writing materials and other supplies which the club distributed to its members. All of these activities—and it is undeniable that they have eased the torment of privation for hundreds

of people—have depended upon what must baldly be labeled charity and nothing else.

Cash has been necessary too and it has been supplied; the results have been most unfortunate in two different ways. The source of the money was this: Last fall, just as the Community Fund drive was getting under way, the Unemployed Relief Club announced that it was to start a similar campaign. Becoming alarmed, the business men of the town agreed to raise money among themselves for the club. Originally a sum of $3,000 was raised and later $1,345 was added to it for the months of March and April. The Unemployed Relief Club had no direct access to this money but bought goods and had the bills paid through the Community Fund. Numbers of persons admitted to the writer that this money was given largely because of the fear of an outbreak among the unemployed.

The unfortunate results from this subvention and the charity sort of giving previously referred to are these: First, the unemployed at large, who are excluded from the club, feel that the relatively small number of club members are in a favored position and receive support that they do not deserve. The amount of hatred and hard feeling thus caused is hard to overestimate. Second, the managers of the club, realizing where their bread is buttered, have developed an attitude of subservience that is hard to watch. They do not pretend to be running a "business," nor have they a tithe of the independence that the Dayton Production Units display. Chance and design have divided the unemployed of Waterloo into two camps: the larger is sullen and wrathful; the smaller, made up of club members, is apprehensive and servile. This is certainly no happy issue out of depression distress.

Other discontents in the club can be traced to over-generous announcements of work that never materialized and to the method of distribution of the commodities collected. The club has devised a scrip for itself which circulates only among its members and is not accepted in the town. The unit used in this scrip is the "hour." Theoretically this scrip is backed with produce, but in practice this has proved impossible; and the club faces the same inventory problem met elsewhere. A man working ten hours a day cutting wood receives ten hours in scrip for his work. The wood that he has cut has to be hauled to town, which requires labor, gas, and oil, and to cover this a certain number of hours are added to the original ten in estimating the wood's value. Further hours must be added for labor and expense in storing or distribution. The final price of wood at the club headquarters is fixed at 50 hours a cord, and thus a man who has worked 10 hours in cutting wood, trades in his 10 "hours" of scrip at the club for a fifth of a cord. This rather meager return for labor has been the cause of much bitter complaint on the part of members, but it is hard to see how an organization set up as is the Waterloo Club could function otherwise. There is a large office and administrative force which must in part be supported through the efforts of the farm and wood and other workers. This is reasonable but in Waterloo the result has been altercation and dissension.

It would be unfair not to make allowance for what the Club has done in maintaining morale. It has found or made occupation for hundreds who were close to despair—idle, desolate families subsisting on a three or four dollar a week grocery order from the county. If anyone believes that ordinary county relief sustains morale he should talk to some of these people who day after day, month after month, live in a present where nothing hap-

pens. It is no wonder that such people offer a fertile field for discontent and rebellion, even though the rebellion has little behind it. One of the unemployed spoke to the writer in tones of withering contempt: "We could get up a riot here without any trouble at all. But these people have got no guts, they've worked for a boss all their lives. One rifle volley would scatter them all." He ended with this cryptic remark: "If there's revolution out here it won't be the city unemployed who will start it." It may be so and the club's contribution toward the maintenance of morale may be real. Yet at the end the value of morale bought at the price paid in Waterloo seems very slight.

V

What has the town itself thought about the Relief Club? Opinion could be roughly summarized as follows:

1. Most of the business element (and this might be said to include the Community Fund) have regarded it with favor or at least with tolerance. Numbers of persons admitted to the writer that the money given the club was regarded as riot insurance, given for the sake of protection and nothing else. At last report the decline in membership had encouraged the business men in their resolve to shut off further subventions.

2. Numbers of people are opposed to the club, feeling that it has used up money needed elsewhere.

3. The Communist and radical element are opposed to the club, regarding it as a selling out to the enemy. Many townspeople oppose it for the opposite reason, feeling that the club may easily constitute a red menace.

4. The attitude of the secessionist organization, which is slowly growing, can easily be imagined.

The result of all this conflicting opinion in a town already badly crippled by the depression has been unhappy, to say the least. Of community of interest in facing the misery of the depression there is little trace; even the various relief agencies distrust one another, and you have but to mention the subject of relief to bring hard feeling and suspicion to the surface. Jealousy, bitterness, and distrust show themselves at every hand. Vague recollections of the cow war in Cedar County mingle with dread of what the recent risings in Plymouth and O'Brien counties may mean. One man, carefully closing his office door, told the writer that obstructed farm sales would never be sustained by the courts and that force would be used if necessary to keep the farmers down. Across the street another man said that if force was actually used against the farmers then the jig was up; for the very life of the State depended on its farms. One citizen occupying a position of public responsibility told the writer that the condition of the unemployed was their own fault, for they had not saved their money, and made the incredible statement that one local packer should be regarded as a benefactor because "he had always, in good times and bad, paid low wages and so never encouraged profligate spending." What a spectacle!

In the face of all this the Unemployed Relief Club has been a sop and little else. The whispered reports through the town of extra drill by the National Guard, the outspoken jealousy, recrimination, and fear on every hand make a dark picture. Over and over again one has the feeling of a community caught up in the ground swell of vast social change. The citizens themselves are unconscious of it, knowing only that business is bad or that they are hungry or that dividends are nonexistent. While the grinding and heaving of social revolution rumble at their very doors, business men and jobless, the tradesmen, the truck-driver, and the lawyer can go no farther

than to sit and wait in helpless wrath and distrust. In the whole of Waterloo the writer talked to but two persons who seemed able to rise above local faction and show elements of sane judgment. What a monument to the service club era! "One for all and all for one." Could time and change have dealt with Rotary more savagely than they have done in Waterloo?

When the Production Units and the Mutual Exchange of Dayton and the Midwest Exchange of Yellow Springs and the Unemployed Relief Club of Waterloo are put side by side, it is hard to draw conclusions that will fit them all. In these various organizations are reflected the virtues and the vices of our contemporary society. The fool and the knave, the courageous and the honest, the intelligent and the dough head are all represented. Certainly these projects have proved one thing: that no man, no matter how good he is, can do something with nothing. If they are to be instruments of unemployment relief, then money must come from somewhere; not under capitalism can we "get along without the financial system—without the dollars." Yet so much work, so much courage, so much hope have gone into these experiments along with the doubts and the hates, that they may prove to have been forcing beds of ideas that make for even greater change. The yeast of disappointment can prove a powerful leaven. "Even business men," says one man close to the exchange movement, "often do not realize how complex is the organization they preside over," and some grim and realistic thoughts may take the place of the first rosy enthusiasm in the minds of those engaged in self-help. Something more is coming than simply a device for swapping goods while the nation is crossing a stream.

THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYBODY

A STORY

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

MR. BENINGSEN, as I now realize, spoke with an English accent. At the time (being ignorant of such matters) I imagined that his intonation was that of New England. Those elongated vowels, those stressed consonants, suggested to me Beacon Hill rather than Oxford; Rhode Island rather than Mayfair. "More unimaginable," he would say when speaking of Persepolis, "than can be conceived." The last syllable of "conceived" prolonged itself with the insistence of a factory siren, its final "d" cutting dentally across his ululation, producing a silence as abrupt as that which follows upon some distant hoot at nighttime. I was much impressed by this New England accent on the part of Mr. Beningsen. And one afternoon, riding among the sand hills by Shimran, I confessed to the second secretary of the United States Legation how instructive, and withal traditional, I considered Mr. Beningsen's accent to be. "New England?" he said. "What an idea! Why he comes from Utah. He adopts an English accent because he thinks it tony." "Thinks it what?" I asked him. "Tony," he answered, leaving me still confused.

Mr. Beningsen was a man of wide acquaintanceship, precise culture, and the utmost gentility. The orbit—the almost cosmic orbit—of his personal relationships was conveyed to one by Mr. Beningsen with a mastery which to this day compels my admiration. Others might adopt the crude gambit of referring to the eminent of three continents by their actual or, in extreme cases, by their Christian names. Not so Julius Beningsen. He would not directly mention either Mr. Andrew Mellon, Lord Curzon, Mr. Ezra Pound, M. Salomon Reinach, Prince Bülow, Marinetti, Tagore, Lyautey, or Nagaoka. The thick pile of addressed envelopes which would accumulate during the week in his neat Berber basket, in anticipation of Friday's outward mail, would be arranged in such a manner as to hide always behind his weekly letter to his sister at Pasadena. "Miss Amy Beningsen," one would read, "2110 Colorado Avenue, Pasadena, California, Etats Unis." Yet one was well aware that behind that domestic covering lurked envelopes addressed to Mussolini, Elsa Maxwell, Lord Willingdon, and Madame de Polignac.

Only on carefully selected occasions would Julius Beningsen lift for one second the discreet veil which separated his neat and modest foreground from the palatial brocades with which his background was so lavishly draped. "Yes," he would murmur, "I also saw that statement in the Reuter telegrams this morning. It may well be true. I had a cable yesterday from Mr. Morgan, asking me to join the

yacht at Villefranche toward the end of next month. It is quite possible that he may be stopping off in London and Paris on the way. Yet I question whether he can have been charged with any semi-official mission on the part of the present administration. My more recent information from Washington points rather . . ."

The attention of his auditors became fixed upon the unindicated summits of his Washington correspondence. "Yes," Mr. Beningsen would be saying a few minutes later, "middle Achaemenid, not in a very perfect state," indicating thereby the precision of his culture. "You will," he would add, "take a second cup of tea?" indicating thereby the extent of his gentility. Inevitably the conversation would drift towards Persepolis, from which encumbered parapet Mr. Beningsen had only recently returned. "More unimaginable," he would murmur, "than can well be conceived."

For Mr. Beningsen had been sent to Persia, was even then at Teheran, as a representative of the Metropolitan Museum. Invariably would he pronounce that word "museum" in the English way. He smoked Maryland cigarettes which he obtained from Paris; to his guests he would offer Balkan Sobranye direct from London. There would be scones for tea and little pots of Tiptree jam. The tea parties of Mr. Beningsen filled his compatriots at the American Legation with anger undisguised.

It took me some three months before I realized that behind the reticence, the disguises, of Julius Beningsen there was nothing at all. My interest in him was by no means diminished by this discovery. During the period when I regarded Julius Beningsen as an authentic person I had looked upon him with anxious awe. Once I had attained to a conviction of his fraudulence I studied him with an entranced interest. On those rare occasions when European travelers would come to Persia I made it a point to invite Beningsen to meet them. With delight I would observe the skill with which, always indirectly, he would indicate to them that triumphant background. With cold delight would I observe the phases through which they passed. Few were the intellectual interludes allowed to one in Persia; my examination of Julius Beningsen became for me a pastime of which I never tired.

After some eight months of unflagging experiment I came to the conclusion that the two most exquisitely imaginative of all Julius Beningsen's autobiographical disclosures were those which dealt respectively with André Gide and Oscar Wilde. It was easy enough to evoke the Gide story, since one had only to mention Mauriac, and thereafter Proust for a bit, and thus by a natural transition one arrived at *l'Immoraliste*. "Yes," Beningsen would murmur, thrusting his arm to full length and gazing intently at the Maryland held upwards between thumb and forefinger, "yes—there is *l'Immoraliste* of course—and the *Porte Étroite*—I admit them both—yet one has one's preferences—*Paludes*, for instance . . ." He would pause when he reached *Paludes*, hoping that one would press him further. "And the *Nourritures Terrestres?*" one would inquire nonchalantly.

It was at that moment that the most exquisite of all Beningsen's hallucinations would descend upon him. He would admit a tiny little laugh, dry and apologetic. "Well, perhaps," he would answer. "I can scarcely be classed as an unbiased judge of *Les Nourritures*." At which he would repeat his little laugh, conveying with the subtlety of infinite practice that the embarrassment from which it resulted was on your side and not on his, that the indelicacy of the question

was one which, in the crude circumstances of your ignorance, he was prepared to forgive. A pregnant pause would follow, which Beningsen would end abruptly by flinging his cigarette towards the fireplace.

"It might interest you," he would say, "to see some Raghes fragments which I have recently acquired." Yet the reproach which he had managed to convey hung like the smoke of his extinguished Maryland upon the air.

One was conscious that in asking Beningsen about the *Nourritures Terrestres* one had probed too deep into the arcana of his personal past, that in clumsy ignorance one had touched upon some still exposed nerve, upon a nerve sensitively yet gloriously exposed to immortality. Only a moron could fail to derive from this elaborately rehearsed ceremonial the impression that some twenty years ago Beningsen had inspired André Gide to write the *Nourritures*. One had before one an elderly archaeologist of exquisite manners, against an immediate background of indifferent Turcoman embroideries and littered shards. Yet behind that background there had been the glint for a moment of a vital Parisian past. The effect upon the cultured newcomer of this half-disclosure was electric: I would lie back upon the divan hugging myself with pleasure at the sheer artistry of Beningsen's fraudulence.

The Oscar Wilde story, for its part, was less expressionist and more precise. It could be evoked by the direct method. The newcomer could be primed in advance to ask Beningsen whether, during his period at the South Kensington in the early nineties, he had been at all intimate with Oscar Wilde. "No," he would answer. "No—I never knew Wilde during those days. In fact I never saw him. Curiously enough the only time that I saw him was some eight, or it may have been nine, years after his death." There would be a pause at this filled to the brim with implicit inquiry. Beningsen, who until then had been leaning back in a deck chair, would gather his thin legs under him and crouch over his own joined knees, again holding his cigarette upwards between thumb and forefinger as if it were some medicinal herb. "Yes," he would continue, "it was extremely painful." During the pause that followed, he would gather himself up more tightly over his own crouch. And then, in accents of the utmost refinement, he would embark upon his story.

"Poor Wilde, as you may remember, died in circumstances of comparative poverty in the Hôtel d'Alsace. He was buried in a suburban cemetery in the *banlieu*. In 1908 a lady who much admired his work, and deeply regretted the dishonor which had been done to him, bequeathed a large sum of money whereby this dishonor might be posthumously repaired. This reparation, as you shall see, was vividly—" (and here Beningsen would pause for an exquisite moment, shaping his lips to give full length and emphasis to the ensuing word) *posthumous*." At this stage he would be apt to fling himself back into his chair with a gesture of distaste. "No," he would protest, "I prefer to tell you some other story. I have no liking myself for the macabre." His auditors would urge him to continue. Again he would assume that crouching position. "Well . . ." he would begin.

It was obvious that in spite of his repudiation of the macabre he enjoyed the story immensely. It seems that in order that the remains of Wilde might be removed from his suburban cemetery to the more enlightened splendors of Père Lachaise an exhumation order had been obtained. It seems that the transference of the coffin from one cemetery to the other had been regarded by the Ministry of Public Instruction as an oc-

casion demanding discreet but laudable official notice. The gravediggers had been working overnight, they had removed the tombstone and dug down to the coffin, under which they had placed bands with the aid of which, at the fitting moment, the coffin might be raised to the upper air. A group of some twelve people had gathered that morning beside the open grave. "I have," said Beningsen, "a marked *Abneigung* from all such functions, yet I felt that I should be wounding people who were very dear to me were I to refuse to attend." He had thus been one of the twelve who gathered by the grave-side. There had been a few chosen words from an official of the Ministry. The little group pressed closer to the edge. The gravediggers began to strain upon their bands. The coffin below them jerked slightly and then began to rise. And at that one of the tombstones which had been placed to the side of the grave was dislodged by the strain of the band which passed across its surface. It fell upon the coffin and split it open. It was in this manner that Beningsen had obtained a glimpse of Oscar Wilde. The rest of the story was too harrowing to be recorded. Beningsen's slim freckled fingers would clutch the air as he searched for the most telling epithets. He found them. It would be with a sense of magnificent horror that we bade him good-night.

I remember particularly driving back one night under blue Persian stars with an intellectual of the Air Force who had come up from Baghdad. He had been much impressed, as I had hoped, by Beningsen's recitation. "Gosh," he exclaimed, "what an interesting man! What I mean is, he's seen such a lot, and yet he doesn't boast about it; one has to drag it all out . . ."

"Yes," I answered, "Beningsen's an artist in his way. An artist in fraudulence."

"You mean it wasn't true?"

"Of course it wasn't true—the whole thing is an elaborate and, I admit, convincing daydream."

I was so convinced of Beningsen's fraudulence that it never occurred to me to verify even those of his reticences which it would have been easy for me to control. A few days before I left Teheran I rode round to his little house among the plane trees to bid him farewell. He was not in at the moment, and his servant asked me to wait. I strolled to the book case and pulled out a copy of the *Nourritures Terrestres*. "*A* Julius Beningsen," I read, "*de la part de son ami André Gide.*" And underneath I read as follows in the same handwriting. "*Je sais maintenant qui était Nathaniel.*" When Beningsen entered, I gazed at him with a wild surmise.

Some months later I was dining at my club in London. They were talking of the early work of Epstein, and someone mentioned the Wilde memorial in Père Lachaise. An old gentleman who was present stated that he much admired that monument but that it was associated in his mind with one of the most ghastly episodes in his experience. "I was present," he added glumly, "at the exhumation. It was a most distressing affair." It was then that I heard the same story again. "Tell me," I said to him afterwards, "at that exhumation—was there a man there of the name of Beningsen?" "You mean Julius Beningsen," he answered. "Yes he was there. I wish now that I had not forced him to come. He hated it. Yet I felt somehow that an American of his standing—you see Wilde would have been pleased. But I felt sorry for Beningsen. He minded more than the others."

THE GREAT MAN

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMATIST

BY JULIAN RUTLEDGE

CLATTER, bang, clang! The creak of the tram rounding the corner; bells, horns. Beneath his mound of cerise quilted satin, in the corner bed of the Swiss hotel bedroom de luxe, Felix opened one eye unwillingly, and quickly shut it again. Lord, how comfortable it was, this early morning beatitude—dark, warm, the penetrating fingers of the Geneva fog serving only to make one revel in the ecstasy of burrowing deeper into the delicious eiderdown.

Something more penetrating than the fog filtered through his drowsy bliss: *Manchuria!* For a blessed six hours he'd forgotten it, and everything. Now—must see Cecil, the Czech delegate too, before the Drafting Committee meeting at nine-thirty. Nine thir—he gave the scarlet *duvet* a rebellious jerk. Adela's blond head was completely hidden under hers. Wouldn't stir for another hour, thank God.

He coughed cautiously. Get some more of those lozenges . . . take care of his throat . . . months of meetings ahead. He'd talked from nine yesterday morning till almost two of this one. What a life! And this was success, this was being Foreign Minister.

Wonder if Sternoff had seen the Czech man. Sternoff was intelligent, could handle these snappy modern diplomatists and the old-school courtier type as well. What a party old Borier had given them last night! Glorious old boy—brains, magnetism, oratory.

Must see him, too, before they "went in" this morning. Couldn't take chances on that Resolution. Carstairs, the Tientsin financial expert, was too tricky. Cold as Mt. Blanc, that gentleman, and about as approachable. Mrs. Minturn seemed to know how to manage him though. How people had any vitality left for *women—!* He groaned and dived deeper into the pillows.

The travelling watch on the night-table tinkled smartly. Eight o'clock. Adela sighed slightly. Mustn't wake Adela. There'd be enough of that later.

He crept out of bed, collected various garments, and shivered across to the bath, closing the bedroom door carefully behind him. The smell of faded roses was in the unaired sitting room. His desk was littered with invitations. The early post had been discreetly poked under the door—a small whirlpool of letters, official documents, the Agenda for the Day, the *Journal de Genève.*

He grasped the newspaper, turned at once to his speech of the day before, and read it from end to end. Not bad. He'd done better. Still, not bad. Nor the editorial comment either. "The youngest and most magnetic of the Foreign Ministers . . . compelling personality . . . athletic figure . . . tall good looks" . . . hm.

He turned to the long mirror, regarded himself in his somewhat tousled mauve pajamas, and turned away again. No—eight o'clock in the morning, and before shaving—decidedly it wasn't fair.

He bathed, shaved, rang for tea.

Then, before tea, before Sternoff, before anything, the telephone began. It began the moment one's eyes opened and continued all day—all night too, till one's eyes exhaustedly closed, round two A.M.

Would he receive the Ladies' Committee on Moral Disarmament at three that afternoon? Would he address the International Relations luncheon on Thursday at one? Young Mr. Meacham reminding him about his radio address this evening—a world-wide hook-up—"oh, anything er—broad, and *cheerful*, don't you know; perhaps not too *trenchant* under present rather depressing conditions." The commissionaire from the Secretariat—Sir Eric Drummond's compliments, and might he see the Minister for a few moments before the morning session . . . had the Minister received the latest Japanese communiqués? Messenger on the way . . . "*Oui, m'sieu le Ministre, merci m'sieu, au 'voir, m'sieu.*"

He poured his tea. He was tired to death already. Sternoff came in with a bunch of telegrams. He dictated replies. They talked for a quarter of an hour, interrupted by three more telephone calls.

Then Adela appeared, in sky-blue peignoir, meticulously made up, hair intricately correct even at this early hour; smiling indulgently at young Sternoff. ("One's husband's secretary is *so* important, my dear; so very useful, or so devastating. He can simply make or mar one's plans.") In one hand she held a letter, in another a red engagement book—the bane of Felix's existence.

"Good morning, Felix—don't forget we're lunching the French delegation to-day, dear, and dining with the Spaniards. You'll have just time to dash back and change after your radio talk. And the Press men are coming at three-thirty. I'll send the car back for you. I'm having bridge at the Club and going on to the Contessa's for cocktails. And, Felix, I had a letter from your sister Irene, and she says the children simply won't bear it unless we bring them out here for the holidays. Bennie's had tonsillitis again, and Lola sprained her ankle and was very saucy to the Sisters, and Irene thinks she's outgrown the convent anyway, and Irene simply must have some more money. Do remember to tell Sternoff, won't you, dear?

"Oh, by the way, Felix, I think we must do something for the Boriers—that was a very grand dinner, you know. We could take them up to St. Cergues for lunch on Sunday, and Mrs. Minturn—she's making a dead set at you, but she's a very influential woman—I'd be nice to her, dear, if I were you. Are you free on Sunday? Oh, well (consulting the red book), just three or four *little* things. Don't worry, I'll fix it."

And with another bright, all too competent smile, Adela and her blue fishtail vanished into the bedroom.

Whew! He mopped his brow, raced through half a dozen letters, grinned affectionately over Bennie's, frowned over the bank statement (what *did* Adela and Irene do with money?)—now perhaps he could read his paper and look through those communiqués. Sternoff popped in again. "Some more telegrams, just arrived, sir. And the young lady from the *Excelsior* is here to interview you, and the Minister of Marine will be waiting downstairs in twenty minutes."

"Thanks. Wire another thousand to my sister's account, will you, Boris, and send these cables, and get me the

Paris embassy on the telephone—I want to speak to the Ambassador before we take the vote this morning. Oh, and what's this about poor old Gregory? I just had a message saying his wife's been hurt. Motor accident —dying? Poor old chap! Taking the afternoon train, eh? Well, fix him up, Boris. If it's something expensive use my personal account—mind he has everything. And now send in the *Excelsior* girl . . . by George, it's five to nine!"

However, he found a moment before the girl came to slip into his dressing room and look at himself again. Better this time. Lean, tall, a bit haggard —still, that was rather becoming. Plenty of hair, thank God—thick and black, "going a bit gray round the temples" in the true statesmanlike manner. That war scar didn't show so much any more. Mouth close, a bit grim; contradictorily contemplative gray eyes; the bold aquiline nose of the ruler.

A knock. He gave a hasty brush to his hair, and returned to the sitting room. There, instead of the pert Gallic Margot or Suzanne he'd expected, he found an English girl with blue eyes and brown hair, and something vaguely familiar about her.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly; "haven't we . . ."

"Met before? Yes—don't you remember? At the Peace Conference. My father was Edward Darcy."

"Of course!" Darcy, the biggest journalist of war-time. At the Peace Conference and every other important international show. Felix had known him in a dozen capitals. Killed in an airplane, on his way to South America. And this was his daughter—used to be a tall kid with freckles.

He turned to her with none of the gallant jocularity he usually reserved for lady reporters. "Your father was a remarkable man," he said bluntly. "What can I do for you?"

"Give me an impressive interview." She smiled at him out of her attractive dark blue eyes. "I'm only doing bits now, but I'm to have a good post in a month or two, if I make good."

They covered a good deal of ground during the next swift three minutes. Life in Geneva had always to be swift, tense, hurrying on to the next crowded quarter of an hour. Rapidly they dashed from one topic to another of the European political scene. She asked him the usual stock questions; he returned the expected ambiguous answers. Then, just as he was feeling the least bit disappointed, she laid down her note-book, leaned towards him with her hands on her knees, like an impulsive boy.

"Now!" she said, "that's enough of that. Now tell me what you *really* think—what's really important. What would you have thought worth talking about with father, if he were here?"

He laughed, relieved. "Hm . . . well, let me see . . ."

"Felix"—Adela opened the door and looked in—"Madame Casablanca has telephoned to know if you will meet the women's peace societies here instead of —oh, good-morning, mademoiselle."

"My dear," Felix interrupted decisively, "this is Miss Darcy. Edward Darcy's daughter."

"Delighted." Her Excellency extended a gracious hand. The press was important, as she was always telling Felix.

Madame Casablanca was disposed of; Adela withdrew. The Minister looked at his watch.

Telephone! "Yes, speaking. No, I haven't. If the Japanese can't hear from their home office within thirty-eight hours—! I'm coming along now, wait for me.

"I'm so sorry"—he turned to the waiting girl apologetically. "We must

have another talk—after this rush lets up a little."

Miss Darcy rose. "You've been awfully nice to me," she said in her forthright frank way. "It's good to see that success hasn't spoiled you. I suppose no big man has ever had such a phenomenally quick rise—no one so young."

"Nonsense"—he heard it all day, yet somehow, being human, it rather pleased him—"bit of luck, that's all."

Felix stuffed the *Journal de Genève* into his pocket, caught up his coat and despatch case. They went out into the corridor together.

At the lift he met Borier. The old fellow looked him over shrewdly, then beyond, at the disappearing girl.

"I see your first interview of the day has gone well," he said.

"You old reprobate! Ride with me."

II

On their way to the Secretariat they discussed foreign loans, Manchuria, and the American Congress. It was a cold, glistening December day, with the sun seeping bleakly through the mists over the Lake, and the young secretaries hurrying along the Quai Wilson, stamping their feet and blowing on their hands to keep warm.

Then, arriving at the Palais des Nations—the shabby gray-green building that always gave Felix a sneaking thrill—"brave, battered, but still standing!" He knew he would never like the grand new one on the hill half so well.

Other cars rolling up . . . the moving-picture men . . . he and Borier resignedly consenting to pose. . . . They went in out of the clear, cold morning air, into the hot stuffy corridors filled with smoke, papers, and chatting men. Men of fifty countries—swarthy men, pale men, yellow men, brown men, white, coffee-colored, coal-black.

Down the crowded corridor, bowing, hand-shaking—Lord, how they did hand-shake in diplomacy! Half an hour of final argument in his office with the Drafting Committee. Borier and Cecil backed him up handsomely. *That* was all right.

In the corridor again, other people waiting for him—Phelan, Benes, Rappard. "*Bon jour, mon cher* . . . morning, Darrow . . . h'llo, Tommy—oh, Dr. Yen, just a moment."

Through the cordial groups and into the historic room at the end of the hall—the Glass Room—where at ten o'clock Felix was to preside over a public session of the Council. It was already full: the Press; women; tourists; sturdy, intelligent looking Genevese. The famous Horse-Shoe Table. . . . The long windows looking onto the windswept Lake. . . . People streaming in. More smoke, more handshakes. Drummond . . . final documents, telegrams. The fourteen delegates taking their places; behind them, the various groups of experts, juniors, Labor Office and Secretariat men.

Felix slipped into the central chair, laid his watch on the table—"*La séance est ouverte*—the session is open," the interpreter repeated. "The Council will listen to the delegates from Japan and China, and to the reading of the Resolution."

The little Japanese began to drone through his usual *histoire* about bandits, "protecting our nationals, the tremendous investments of Japanese capital and energy, et cetera, et cetera." Felix looked gravely attentive. Damn those wing collars. His chin hurt where he had cut it this morning. He glanced round the Council Table at thirteen other grave attentive faces. What was going through their minds? His own (never missing a word of the Japanese symphony), like an expert skater's, skirted the edges of a score of things.

President of the Council of the League of Nations! Who would have thought, seven years ago, when he had come an obscure but eager "junior," aide to the Minister—that was the way things went in politics, modern politics especially. The old Minister died, the new one lasted only two months, the Socialists went out, Felix's party came in, and Felix himself, who knew more about international relations than any man in his country, Felix became Foreign Minister, and Adela could behold "H.E." in front of her already quite august name.

Maybe in another two months he'd be out, too. No, that wasn't likely. His country had few first-rate political men. His post was there as long as he wanted it.

"The delegate from China," he announced impressively.

The dignified Chinese gentleman rose, amid a buzz of interested anticipation.

How long *would* he want it? God, how tired he was. No holiday since July a year ago. Meetings, dinners, and Adela. All that thick food, and the eternal sauces flavored with a sticky wine. He smiled wryly at the diplomatic tradition of gorgeous banquets and a gay and dazzling existence. "A day laborer wouldn't stand it," he almost said aloud. Eight-hour day indeed! Lucky if one got six hours off for sleep, any night. As for the rest of the twenty-four . . .

His tired but active mind raced on. Must try to get home for two days next week . . . fix up the commercial treaty with Italy . . . see the Prime Minister. Letters and wires were no good after a certain time. Three days en route—that would be his sixth journey in two months. He must go to England soon again, too. Planes, Pullmans, Channel steamers. Fortunately he could sleep anywhere. But the perpetual swaying motion—and all the different kinds of motion—did something to one's head after a while, to one's general equilibrium.

And all the different sets of "problems" and ideas! He remembered poor old Norlin who'd cracked up last winter, Norlin standing outside one of the Quai d'Orsay buildings and saying, "Let's see, what is it we discuss here? Reparations or the Corridor—oh, this is the Danubian thing, isn't it?"

Reparations, the Corridor, Mandates, Manchuria . . . World Politics! How grand it sounds—and it *is* grand, thought Felix, but terrific too.

"The Council will now listen to the reading of the Resolution."

Mustn't let one's mind run along those lines. His alert gray eyes roved among the visitors—Wells, Steed, Madame da Gara, Mrs. Minturn—exquisitely serious in sables; ugly and attractive Frau Schroeder; and there was Adela, smart and brisk in her correct dark red *trotteur*, priming up for intelligent conversation at luncheon.

"So well informed, so clever, the ideal diplomat's wife. What a lucky man!" Incense was as necessary to Adela as manicures and finger-waves. She lived for the respectful plaudits of the young secretaries, the admiring murmurs of their wives. Oh, well, plenty of acolytes always in diplomacy. How lucky to be able to get what one wanted, so easily.

What did *he* want—really? To lie in a hayfield and read Montesquieu. To write a modern comedy. A really good modern comedy—three acts of racy dialogue, biting comment, well-worked-out patchwork of ironic events, astutely pieced together.

He remembered a talk he had had with Loring years ago, in their early days as young secretaries at Stockholm. He and Loring had had almost the same history: old families, in their respective countries; longing to write, but popped into diplomacy by their fathers as a matter of course, directly

after the university; married early, to a "nice girl" of the proper caste, with plenty of money and who would produce the requisite number of heirs—all the paraphernalia of the "old regime," into which one was born, and against which no correctly brought-up young nobleman of prewar days had much chance of rebelling.

Well, his children would know nothing about all that. Bennie had already announced that he was going to be an automobile salesman; Lola, a decorator. They would probably marry other salesmen and decorators.

He twirled his ring with the family seal absently round his finger. Tradition—modern people said there was nothing to it. Bennie and Lola already made "cute" modern jokes about it, "to tease father." For a moment he saw the somber battered crest of his family, over the fireplace in the huge old feudal hall, the tattered flags, his own father, with whom he would be standing there in a week or two—eighty, white, gnarled, somehow very splendid. He could hear that stern voice as it had rung out with implacable dignity once years ago:

"No, sir, you shall not marry her, sir! I can't help what you have promised—you have other duties. The men of our tribe . . ."

There had been a girl. A girl with a beautiful head and quiet ways, whose people had been as long in the region as theirs, only farmers, not the nobility. Felix had loved her. One night during the local Fair they had planned to slip away to the nearest town and be married. But an intercepted letter brought discovery, scenes, anger. The affair was quickly hushed up. The girl had been wonderful; Felix shamed and miserable. But he was not allowed to utter a word. His career was speeded up, Adela quickly brought upon the scene; promotion, new places, the children.

Great heavens! the Chinese had stopped. Dead silence. Everybody was waiting, looking at him. He came back sharply to Manchukuo and the Nine-Power Treaty, and for the next fifteen minutes "summed up" furiously. He administered a tart rebuke to the Japanese, snubbed Cecil, refused the floor to Motta (whom he liked tremendously), raked over a dozen legal findings and precedents. At exactly one minute to one he adjourned the session, with a crisp reminder of recall for the vote at four.

And when he'd finished the comedy, Felix decided, stalking out of the Council Chamber grandly, he'd write a really good volume on *Political Science for These Times*—wake up some of those old dodos who'd looked at him so superiorly!

III

The car again—gazing out into the bright noon sunlight, enviously. If only one might walk to the hotel! Several of the younger men were striding off—lucky devils. But this eternal scourge of no time, whisked from hotel to Assembly, from Assembly to hotel, from hotel to dinner or supper at some delegation apartment.

He ran up the steps to his room, two at a time. A hasty wash, ten minutes for the noon mail; down again to the lounge and the amiable sophisticated faces of the Frenchmen. Borier, Giraud, De Fôret—all his friends; and the youngsters, a nice lot, just the right "note" with him, half rallying, half homage. Adela, now in ultra chic dull black, with her black pearls, was already dispensing *apéritifs*.

A buzz of amusing friendly greeting, witty comment on the morning's "*tapisserie Orientale*"; just the right subtle compliment or two—heaven bless the French! The devil often in politics; but in the round of daily life, what a godsend! Why couldn't the

rest of the world take life as sanely? Why couldn't he?

He scowled into a passing perambulator piled with oily *hors d'œuvres*. The mere sight of another sardine or Russian salad . . . "consommé and cold beef for me, Louis," he ordered briefly, "and a bit of Cheddar to top off with."

"*Oui, Monsieur le Ministre.*"

They sat down. Giraud began a spirited discussion of Japanese psychology, then to dissect Stravinsky, Litvinoff, and the Russian complex. This was the best hour of Felix's day, his payment for the other hours and hours of boredom and drudgery: sharp, pungent talk, the seasoned talk of good minds—the best in Europe, perhaps in the world. MacDonald, the Indian Round Table, the Spanish Syndicalists, the London Economic Conference—all the easy intimacies of a group who met constantly, knew everything that was going on, and trusted one another—sufficiently, anyhow.

He loved the logical French mind, the clear, beautifully enunciated French language. How *that* language lent itself to comedy! He would write his first comedy in French. Slyly he led the conversation round to the classic perfections of the Comédie Française. Borier and De Fôret joined in. The divine French vocables rolled on.

Adela at her end was admirable. Food and drink proceeded smoothly at the proper intervals. Now she was signalling him. In the lounge he saw anxious peering female faces: the ladies of the Moral Disarmament Committee—*bon dieu*, already?

Chairs were scraped back, coffee-cups abandoned. Agreeable adieux from the French; Adela vanishing upstairs. Now he was round another table, in the chaste *salle de lecture* of the second floor. The robust Madame Casablanca, sentimental Mademoiselle Morio, Frau Schroeder of the black cigars were bombarding him with plans, suggestions, complaints, programs—especially complaints.

"We bear petitions from six million women of the world, monsieur," they assured him proudly, "we will not be ignored."

He thought the entire six million must be there. And they all wanted to be first—to lead. After three quarters of an hour of it his head buzzed intolerably. "Ladies," he said finally, "let us take three days to make peace among ourselves. Then perhaps we can see about attending to the peace of the world."

He bowed and made his exit. Maybe now he could get five minutes in the sun on the terrace before the newspaper men . . . No, there was Streit already, waiting for him. Sternoff interrupted first with some messages. Disturbing late news from Tokio. They'd changed the calendar—secret session of the Council this evening, Public Session this afternoon, Disarmament to-morrow. That meant writing another speech after he'd get home to-night, after his radio talk, after his delegation meeting, after . . .

He turned from Sternoff abruptly and went into the smoking room with the press men. This was important, he must give his mind to it. These nine astute faces represented several hundred millions of people—ears, votes, action—that all-powerful ogre, Public Opinion. For a tense twenty minutes he talked, weighing every word, shooting hard every point that he wanted to drive home. Nine men, smoking, listening, considering; polite, but unenthusiastic—"the real powers of the world," he thought, "ten times more powerful than nine Foreign Ministers."

His headache grew worse. Two calls came through—one from his

Premier at home, one from Curtius in Berlin. The press men departed, a young man from the Roumanian Legation came. As he went up in the lift to his own sitting room, the concierge told him, "The President of the French Republic has been shot." Another funeral! This meant going to Paris, of course—in the midst of everything, Council, Assembly, Disarmament Bureau, his Commission—and now this!

He went into the bedroom, dropped into a chair, and for a moment hid his face in his hands. "Like a woman," he thought disgustedly. But he couldn't help it. It was too much—life simply wasn't worth living. He couldn't go on.

Adela opened the door, panoplied for the afternoon fray—silver fox, orchids, osprey, ten-guinea perfume. "Why, Felix dear," she exclaimed, "whatever is the matter? Don't you know it's almost four? Hurry, darling, you'll be late for the Council. How did the press interview go?"

Felix didn't budge. He looked at her with a wintry smile. "And what if I were?" he queried. "What if I were late for everything? What if I never appeared at anything again? What's all this hurry and scurry and race and tension for? I'm tired to death. I've no sleep. I sit in thick heavy rooms all day, breathing filthy air. I get no exercise, no proper food. I live between hotels and sleeping-cars. I never see my children."

"Felix, my dear—is it really as bad as that?"

"It's awful. So awful that I"—in his utter desperation, he took a chance: spoke to her as a friend, another human being. "Five years ago," he said, "I started spinning. If ever I should stop spinning I should probably die."

Adela patted him on the shoulder kindly. Poor darling, worn out—a bundle of nerves. "Well, dear," she said cheerily, "then one must help you to keep on spinning, mustn't one? And that's *my* job. But we must get you out to the country more—St. Cergues on Sundays. We might take a little lodge up there, it would be nice to invite people. . . . Now Felix dear, I *must* hurry; there's a bridge at the Club for the asylum for borderland cases—not really crazy, you know, just on the verge. And, oh Felix, I'd better have some money."

He handed her a thousand francs, without a word. The closing of a door, the click of a purse—or was it the crack of a whip he heard?

"Gregory's waiting to say good-by, sir."

Gregory—oh, yes, to be sure—Gregory. Wife dying, motor accident, going home.

He got up and walked mechanically into the sitting room.

Gregory was standing by the window—a great hulk of a man, homely, intelligent, kind. He'd been with Felix since the early days; helped him through many a hard spot, with his careful, thorough knowledge and methodical ways.

"Well, Gregory," he said, awkwardly.

Gregory clutched his hand. "My wife, sir, my wife!" he cried, the tears that he had so valiantly controlled all day streaming down his face. "She's dying, they can't save her, they don't know if she'll even live till I get there. Oh, God! Excellency, *do* something, find a doctor who can save her! Oh forgive me, Excellency, I know I have no right to talk to you like this, but I'm crazy, I'm in hell—she's my all, I adore her. I'm the most wretched man on earth!"

Felix pushed him down into a chair, stood with his hand on the heaving shoulders. "I think," he said distinctly, "you're the luckiest man on earth. Yes!"—as Gregory flung his head up—"did it ever occur to you what it means to have a wife like that,

to have known a woman whom you can feel about like that?"

Gregory's shoulders grew quieter.

"And now my dear old chap," he said abruptly, "I must be getting back to the Council. Good-by, my dear Gregory. God bless you. Wire if you need anything—promise me—don't forget."

The man wrung his hand. "I'll never forget—never. And God bless *you*, Excellency."

"I hope He will. I need it," said Felix.

The door closed behind Gregory.

How did men stand this sort of thing—year after year, day after day? Think of all the agony going on round the world at this second—one nation, one family, one set of friends was enough—but the whole world, tugging at one's mind and heartstrings . . . the twisted face of a universe in agony . . . every conceivable kind of torture . . .

Mustn't run on like this. Dangerous, he reminded himself again. He looked longingly at his bed. If he could have just ten minutes . . !

Sternoff poked his head in. "Almost four, sir."

"Coming!"

IV

A taut two hours between the coldly furious Orientals. Not so much dignity now, less velvet sheathing of actual feeling. "Did the Chinese nation realize the serious consequences of this hour if . . ."

"The hour is not so serious for China as for you—for the whole world. . . . Four hundred million people. . . . China can become the most powerful militaristic nation on earth. It rests with you, what you do here in this room during these next few minutes . . ."

The packed Council Chamber was tensely quiet. Other delegates spoke, Colban, Gori, De Madariaga. A last desperate effort to bring the parties together, to recall the solemn promises, the Covenant, the Kellogg Pact, the lessons of the past. They went over and over it. And always the smoke grew thicker, the air worse.

Finally Felix reread the Resolution and demanded the roll-call. "*L'Allemagne, l'Angleterre, la Belge, le Czechoslovakie, l'Espagne.*"

Quick and terse came the replies, "*Oui, oui, yes, yes, oui!*" Every State voted solidly for the Resolution, the interested parties alone abstaining. It was a dramatic and impressive proceeding. In the midst of it Felix caught sight of the lovely profile of Mrs. Minturn, turned towards him earnestly.

When at last the session was over, and he was outside, impatiently hunting for his car, there she was again. "Oh, let me drive you, mayn't I? I've wanted so much to finish our talk of last night, and now these desperately grave events. I know how weary you must be. Let me take you home with me and give you some refreshment."

Some refreshment! He gazed into the beautiful golden eyes.

Just at that moment Miss Darcy came out onto the steps. She gave him a friendly nod.

At that moment also Adela and their own car appeared. "Felix darling, I'm so sorry. Sternoff said you'd probably not be adjourning for hours, and the Contessa and I had to stop at the Bergues to arrange for—oh, Mrs. Minturn, will *you* take him? So kind! I'm simply deluged to-day."

Felix looked from one to the other of the two beautiful and very chic women, smiling amiably at each other. "Thank you . . . I'm going to walk—with Miss Darcy, if she'll allow me," he announced with sudden decision, as his eyes rested on the

clean-cut tweed shoulders of the girl just passing.

She turned. "I'd love it," she said simply. Leaving the two amazed ladies and their limousines, they swung off together round the corner and down to the Quai.

"I hope you don't mind," Felix apologized. "My head—that session—I felt I couldn't stand being shut up in a car. I'm only going to the radio hall."

"You're very tired," said Eve Darcy, with a soft abruptness that he found very attractive. "And no wonder, the pace they put you through. Tell me—all the meetings, the discussions, the energy spent in drafting these eternal documents and things that never seem to get anywhere—is there anything that makes it worth while? After months and months of it, when you go away from Geneva, do you feel that there's anything that has paid for it all?"

"Why of course—the League itself," Felix returned immediately. "Just the fact that it exists, that we're working for it to go on existing, and some day to be a full-fledged efficient organ of government, instead of the feeble struggling baby trying to crawl, against great odds."

His tired face lighted up. He forgot his despairing protest to Adela, a few hours ago, in the strength of the major idea.

"But everybody's saying the League has failed," said Edward Darcy's daughter, a worried line between her young eyes, as they strode along companionably. "All this Manchurian business, and the Disarmament stalemate, and . . ."

"I know—that's one of the most encouraging signs. In 1920 people expected nothing whatever from an international peace machinery—the very idea was thought fantastic. Today they expect everything, and say exasperatedly 'the thing has failed'."

"I'd never thought of it like that."

"People don't. They complain because so little has been accomplished, not realizing how amazing it is that anything's been accomplished at all. After æons of war institutions, they've grown to believe in a peace institution in twelve years, and to be highly annoyed if it doesn't function perfectly and at once! Isn't that rather sublime?"

"I suppose—it all looked so different at the Peace Conference. We thought . . ."

"Yes, we were pretty naïve. Because people had suffered so much, we expected a sort of cosmic change of heart overnight. But things don't happen that way. It takes time to build great institutions.

"Why when I was a young man," continued Felix, warming to his subject, "if anybody had told me that I should live to see the day when European statesmen would gather round a table even to try to talk over their affairs . . ."

"They don't actually *do* much, though, do they?"

"They're doing the most important thing in human experience: forming a new habit—the habit of trying to work together, instead of as bitter rivals. Every time I stand there and look out over the Assembly Hall, at those brown and black and white and yellow faces, smiling and nodding to one another—just the fact that they're there seems to me a miracle."

They had reached the radio building before they knew it. The girl held out her hand. "Thank you," she said. "You've given me a lot—you put things in a different perspective. I'm glad we've got you!"

He gripped the firm hand. "Thank you too. You have given me my radio talk," he said smiling. "I was wondering what on earth I was going to

say. Now I've got it: the undefeatable idea!"

He went into the radio hall almost buoyantly; gave a very simple talk and a very good one. Later, at the secret session, he was still good. That girl—straightforward, direct, no coquetry, no mincing—how weird the effect human beings had on one another; how this person imprisoned you, that person set you free.

The secret session dragged on for two hours. At half-past nine, returning to the hotel, he snatched some dinner and went on to his delegation meeting. He was to deliver his country's address to the Disarmament Conference to-morrow, and now he had to hear the delegation comments. He had handed them a memorandum of his chief points that afternoon.

They were waiting for him in his sitting room, ten or twelve of them. He couldn't help smiling at that parliamentary expression on the bland well-fed faces of his fellow-countrymen, who took the international game as they took their horses and women—intelligently, but not too seriously—with the sportsmen's desire to acquit themselves well.

He knew just how they regarded him—a rather mad, rather brilliant elder brother. They came to him for everything, smiled indulgently behind his back at what they called his "idealistic views," compared him pridefully with Briand and MacDonald to the delegates of other nations, and devoutly hoped he wouldn't wreck them by outlandish promises in the Assembly that nobody could possibly expect the people at home to live up to.

"Now, my dear fellow, be sensible. After all, we want a loan from France."

"You know, old chap, if that commercial treaty with Italy didn't go through . . . we mustn't put their backs up, must we?"

"Are you delegates to a Disarmament Conference or a Munitions Manufacturers' Meeting?" he asked tersely. "The only thing that will stop war is to make the manufacture of arms illegal. If we don't put that in our speech we might as well go home."

Patiently again he went over it with them. Animated argument, some minor concessions on both sides—chiefly as to language. At one o'clock they broke up, weary and yawning. Felix and Sternoff worked for another half hour, reassembling, changing, eliminating. At half-past one he told Sternoff to go.

Adela looked in, drooping with fatigue after her evening at the Bergues Charity Ball. "No, very boring . . . you were lucky to escape. Aren't you coming to bed, dear? You look a wreck."

"Pretty soon. My speech, you know. . . . I'll have some coffee." He rang the bell. Adela said goodnight and disappeared.

Felix drank his coffee, leaned his head against the high-backed armchair behind his writing table. They were all gone—finally. He was alone.

The clock on the *Place* struck two. Steps along the corridor ceased. Adela's brief movements in the bedroom also. No more motor horns or clang of trams along the quai. Silence settled down upon the city. What an eternity since that blissful silence of one's early waking. What a day!—though no different from countless other days.

He wondered what the Chinese Minister was thinking—wager *he* wasn't in bed. And all the other anxious, puzzled men sitting in front of writing tables at this moment, drinking coffee and chewing their pencils, and wondering what in God's name to do about this, that, and the other. He could see them as they sat, night after night, in a succession of libraries round the world—Paris, Rome, Washington,

Vienna . . . many of them friends of his, men still alive, and men now gone. Presences he had known and loved—Balfour, Briand, Stresemann, Haldane.

God, the relief of being alone! Undiluted, unpressed, for a blessed few minutes. His mind uncluttered by the minutiæ of the day, unattacked by masses of people clamoring, crying to be saved, but afraid to do the only things that would save them.

Leadership! Funny word. Wasn't such a thing really. Only dogged go-ahead, one step at a time; standing as stubbornly as one could. Adding here a little, and there a little—and how pitifully brief, how soon the journey run!

The early morning mist drifted in through the open window. Felix watched it, musingly, out of half-closed eyes. Again that sense of being companioned. Faces . . . strong sturdy presences . . . encouraging, comprehending . . .

He drew a block of paper toward him and began to write.

THE FLAMINGOES

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

OVER the sand I saw their shadows blowing,
And in the water's gleam
I saw them, like the water flowing, flowing
From stream to secret stream,

And looking up, arrows of sun, of snow,
I saw them, heard them screaming
Wildly afar. Aflame I saw them go
Beyond the water, streaming

Claw-swept fragments of cloud, as if a gleam
Of billowed sun were blowing
Across the marshes of the secret stream,
Flowing, forever flowing.

What could it be that broke upon my dreaming
On wings? I do not know
What wings forsook me, what wild hearts, what gleaming
Arrows of sun or snow.

MAKERS OF MARTYRS

BY ELMER DAVIS

SOME people are born to martyrdom, spend their lives looking for it, and are never happy till they get it; though in most cases they are satisfied with something that looks like martyrdom and is less uncomfortable than the rope, the cell, or the stake. Others achieve it in the course of nature or by the operations of chance; but some few unfortunates have martyrdom thrust upon them. It is hard luck to be accused of a crime which you did not commit, especially if it is a crime that touches a mass-complex; but the misfortune becomes pretty nearly irreparable if your plight happens to arouse the sympathy of persons with a passion for principle.

For persons of principle are usually more interested in the vindication of the principle than in the fate of the victim who happens to exemplify it. By demonstrations and mass protests they often achieve a splendid triumph of the principle, which shines all the more gloriously when it is anointed with the blood of a martyr. What the martyr gets out of it is not so evident, especially if he never heard of the principle till it was expounded to him by his self-appointed rescuers. Because I am not much given to contributing to defense funds, sending telegrams of protest, and so on, I am sometimes accused by my more excitable friends of lacking sympathy for the oppressed. But if you are really sorry for a man unjustly accused, and want to get him acquitted, a very slight acquaintance with human psychology will suggest that the earthquake-and-fire technic of protest is usually less effective than the still small voice.

This is particularly true since the Communists began scanning the landscape for potential martyrs and claiming them all as heroes of the class struggle. The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church; an outrage perpetrated by "capitalist" justice is good propaganda, whereas the eventual release of an innocent man is no good for propaganda at all. So, if Communist tactics often seem designed to make sure that the victim is hanged, to stop up every last loophole for his escape, this is understandable so far as the immediate Communist objective is concerned. Whether it pays in the long run may be doubted, if you assume that the ultimate purpose is to gain wider support for Communism and not merely to have something to demonstrate about.

Not even this much can be said for the well-meaning persons—mostly "intellectuals" of the hysterical type—who do not intend to make martyrs for a cause, but help make them just the same. They feel, of course, that when something outrageous is done lovers of justice should protest; which is an unexceptionable doctrine provided you keep your wits about you and do something effective. Otherwise you merely tighten the rope about the victim's neck.

The noteworthy miscarriages of jus-

tice in recent years mostly have this in common—they involve a national or local mass-complex, which is something that has to be handled with extreme care. When a decision of our home-town courts is challenged by outsiders our civic culture is impugned; and the more the outsiders insist that we are bigoted barbarians the more our local patriotism is inflamed. If the outrage (granted that it is a genuine one) evoked little or no protest in the community, the indignation of the outsiders may be theoretically justifiable. The question is what they want—theoretical justification of their own activities, plus the hanging of the martyr, or the release of an innocent man. That is a question of tactics, of expediency rather than principle; and assailing a whole community as backward or reactionary or barbarous is not often the most effective tactics. Tendencies to second thought in the community will be repressed if you make it an issue of the Outside World *vs.* Our Town; the whole community will naturally (if deplorably) stand together in self-defense.

II

The Dreyfus case may be cited as an instance of the effectiveness of the earthquake-and-fire technic. So it was; but the fire was started within the community. A latent conflict running through all phases of French life was stirred into new activity by the framing of Dreyfus, and it ended in the victory of one French faction over the other. But the overthrow of the clerical-aristocratic clique which dominated the French army was the work of Frenchmen—Zola and Clemenceau in particular; if the agitation had been commenced and maintained by foreigners it would simply have driven more and more Frenchmen over to the reactionary side.

Consider the current persecution of Jews in Germany. It is the natural impulse of Jews abroad to do something about it; but in so far as the persecution was not directly ordered by the government it is the fruit of the teachings of men who are now the government. Accordingly, a counter-attack against it must be conducted with extreme care. Foreign governments cannot do much officially in what is by law a domestic German issue; though, unofficially, foreign statesmen and highly placed individuals have said a good deal, and apparently with some effect.

Foreign protest could have one of two objectives—either to convince the German government that its policy was unprofitable or to touch the conscience of the mass of Germans and rouse them against the government's procedure. There was not much hope in this latter alternative in a nation used to obeying orders; Woodrow Wilson attempted to draw a distinction between the German government and the German people in April, 1917, but few Germans were conscious of any such distinction till their armies began to lose. At any rate, the technic adopted by Jews abroad —a boycott of German goods plus mass demonstrations—tended rather to give the German government more support among its people.

A boycott can do a great deal of damage; the boycott of German goods by foreign Jews has done a great deal of damage; but boycotts are more effective the less you say about them. The Germans in the later years of the War endured for a long time what was practically a world-wide boycott. It pressed on them hard, but they stood it because they were sustained, till their armies began to be beaten, by patriotism and national pride. This same feeling was naturally aroused by the advertisement of a boycott by foreign Jews; it became an issue of the Outside World *vs.* Our Community, and Hitler at once could point to some evidence in

support of a thesis for which evidence had previously been lacking, and rally his people behind him against the international Jew. Possibly the economic injury inflicted by the boycott was serious enough to outweigh this emotional effect; but with a little more careful management the emotional advantage need not have been given to Hitler at all.

As for demonstrations, a demonstration is literally a showing off; and that is about all that most of them amount to. On the night of March 27th there were great Jewish demonstrations in many cities. In New York as many people as could be packed into Madison Square Garden were addressed by eminent Catholics and Protestants—Al Smith, Senator Wagner, a couple of bishops, and so on—as well as by Jews somewhat less eminent. They were not addressed by Mr. Bernard Ridder, the German-American editor, because the committee in charge did not like what he proposed to say. Mr. Ridder's remarks, as he subsequently gave them out to the newspapers, may have seemed somewhat lacking in sympathy; but their tenor was far less likely to do harm to the Jews in Germany—whose welfare was supposed to be the object of the meeting—than the more highly colored remarks of other speakers.

Senator Wagner, a German-born Protestant, was in a somewhat delicate position; but he managed to gratify his Jewish constituents without offending his German constituents by saying that he expected the "good patriotic men and women of Germany" to "disavow, condemn, and prevent" any further persecution. That he hoped this nobody can doubt; but, as an intelligent man who knows Germany, he could hardly have expected it. Even a people less thoroughly cowed than the present-day Germans is seldom induced by foreign mass meetings to condemn its own duly elected government.

The candid Al Smith admitted at the Garden meeting that a good many people had felt that no meeting should be held. He felt otherwise, arguing that an outbreak of religious and racial bigotry such as had taken place in Germany ought to be dragged out into the light of day, as in the case of the Ku Klux Klan. There was an implication that the Nazi movement, like the Klan, would begin to fade under the light—but there is a tremendous difference between a faction in the community like the Klan and the official policy of a foreign government, secure against interference from abroad as well as opposition at home. Many distinguished Jews, perceiving this, would have nothing to do with the demonstration; and the response it evoked was in fact only an intensification of the persecution, an official boycott of all German Jews. The boycott did not last long and the anti-Jewish program was later somewhat mitigated, at least outwardly; and it may be that Hitler was scared into being good by the uproar of Jews abroad. But it seems to me extremely probable that a less uproarious counter-attack would have been a good deal more effective.

A somewhat similar incident on a smaller scale occurred in Russia ten years ago, when the principal clergy of the Catholic diocese of Petrograd were arrested on charges of espionage and counter-revolution. The specific acts alleged do not seem to the non-Communist judgment very subversive—teaching of the catechism to children; meetings which the prosecution called counter-revolutionary and which the defense alleged were merely routine conferences of the diocesan clergy; concealment of church treasures which had been confiscated by the State (and which the Pope later offered to buy from the State). Violations of the law, perhaps; an endeavor to maintain

the autonomy of the Church in a country where the State intended to be everything; but hardly enough to justify sentences of ten years' imprisonment for Archbishop Cieplak and of death for Monsignor Budkiewicz, the Vicar General.

But a whole tangle of complexes was involved. The Russian government, as yet only semi-officially recognized by foreign states, still had the pariah psychosis; the Communists were engaged in an aggressive anti-religious campaign; and all the defendants, as well as virtually all their parishioners, were Poles—with the Russo-Polish War a fairly recent memory. Even so, it was the general expectation of foreigners in Moscow that Monsignor Budkiewicz's death sentence would be commuted. But the Polish government protested and threatened; the British, Italian, and Czechoslovak missions in Moscow appealed for clemency; the press all over the world expressed its shocked amazement at this combination of political and religious persecution — and Monsignor Budkiewicz was shot. The subsequent editorial animadversions of *Pravda* and *Izvestiya* on capitalistic and counter-revolutionary challenges to the sovereignty of the Soviet state strongly suggest that he might be alive to-day if lovers of justice had not interceded for him. As the New York *Times* commented, "It became a point of honor to show that the Russian government did not care what foreigners thought about it." (Archbishop Cieplak, after the excitement died out, was allowed to go back to Warsaw.)

In Poland, of course, the news of the execution of a Catholic clergyman by a government of atheists which included many ex-Jews aroused violent feeling; and patriotic Poles who were unable to get at the rulers of Russia relieved their emotions by chasing Jews out of the Warsaw cafés.

III

Now for a few of the beams in our own eyes.

Our system of government compared to its Communist and Fascist competitors is at a great disadvantage in this: its fundamental theory obliges it to be fair, even in dealing with its enemies. A man must be convicted of a specific crime, and guilt is individual; a class, a race, a religion cannot be outlawed. The theory is often, of course, sinned against in practice; but it remains as a check which frequently operates. And nobody is so clamorously insistent that capitalist democracy ought to live up to its own theories as the Communist, who would regard any such limitations on himself as bourgeois sentimentality. His doctrines compel him to believe, and say, that the theory is a sham; that capitalist executives and capitalist courts exist only to practice the class war against workers. But when a capitalist court actually behaves as he pretends they always behave, he calls it an outrage and starts a demonstration about it. The Communist, so far as I can understand his reasoning, regards the class war as something like a prize fight in which one of the contestants is supposed to be rigidly limited by the Queensberry rules, while the other may kick, bite, butt, gouge, and slam his opponent over the head with a bottle. When the capitalist forgets himself and starts gouging, the affronted howls of the Communist can be heard round the world.

In the Mooney case the capitalist side undoubtedly did some gouging. The class war has been dragged by the hair into many cases with which it had nothing to do; but the Mooney affair was a legitimate instance. Tom Mooney seems to have been an undesirable citizen, from any but the revolutionary point of view; but under

the rules you cannot hang a man, or even jail him, for being an undesirable citizen. Mooney was convicted of setting off a bomb which killed several people; and whatever he may have been or may have done, it is about as certain as anything can be that he did not do that. His is the one conspicuous case in which protest was effective—but it had only the half-way effect of saving him from the gallows, and even that effect was not produced on the community which tried and convicted him.

There was valiant protest against the decision in California, by Mr. Fremont Older and others; but this was presently drowned by the uproar of radical protest all over the world, and that protest against California justice—accompanied, as such protests always are, by intemperate outbursts—fortified the average Californian's conviction that we must all stand together in defense of our local culture and ideals. The effect was produced on Woodrow Wilson, who hoped to get revolutionary Russia back into the comity of nations, and who after ten months of effort persuaded Governor Stephens to commute Mooney's sentence for the sake of the "effect on certain international affairs." That was fourteen and a half years ago; the protest has been going on ever since, and doubtless it has changed some people's opinions, in California as well as outside. But to the date of this writing it has produced no concrete result, except to give Jimmie Walker an excuse for a trip to California, on which he beat his hotel bills. As for Mooney, he is still in jail.

As California reacts under outside pressure, so does Massachusetts, or Virginia, or Alabama. It needed outside protest to make most of Massachusetts familiar with the Sacco-Vanzetti case, but the setting off of bombs at American embassies abroad is not a very tactful way to persuade people that your friends are innocent of violent crime. None the less, before Sacco and Vanzetti were electrocuted on August 23, 1927, there had begun to be some qualms of conscience in Boston circles which might have influenced Governor Fuller to commute the sentence. Whether he would have been so influenced, of course, nobody can say; but from what people in Boston told me within a few weeks afterward I am convinced that there was a chance, even if a thin one.

But for weeks before the execution "death parades" had been marching past the State House, to be repeatedly broken up by the police and repeatedly reorganized; people had been trying to make speeches on the Common, too—and Boston is as jealous of its Common as a right-thinking clergyman of his altar; neither is for the profane and unhallowed. Of these paraders and speakers some were Communists, some radicals of other sects, some mere lovers of justice and devotees of principle; some were Italians, some Russian Jews, and some New York intellectuals —breeds about equally repellent to orthodox Boston. Now and then an authentic New Englander of the old stock was found among them; one such, an elderly Harvard graduate, was sternly rebuked by Magistrate Zottoli, who told him that he had not the excuse of ignorance.

What was the purpose of these parades? Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay, haled before the court to explain why she was marching with a placard reading "Hail Sacco and Vanzetti! The élite of the world greet you as heroes," said that it was her purpose to "persuade certain persons to change their minds." But if the persons she was aiming at happened to consider themselves and their kind the élite of the world they would hardly have been converted by so pointed and public a reflection on their judgment. Mr. Powers Hapgood had been trying

to make a speech in order, he said, to "persuade Governor Fuller to prevent the execution." But the Governor was not in the crowd round his soapbox; and if any echoes of his speech on the Common reached the State House they hardly came in a form that would have moved the Governor to repentance.

The Communists, at least, knew what they were doing; Mr. John Dos Passos, arrested in one of the death parades, said that he was "only protesting." But many of those arrested were not Communists—merely lovers of justice outraged by what they considered a grave miscarriage of justice. If their purpose had been only to relieve their feelings, blow off the superheated steam of generous indignation, then the death parades would have been good tactics. But if their intention was to persuade people who disagreed with them—

Well, Sacco and Vanzetti went to the chair; and a *Transcript* editorial that afternoon declared that "the case has ended in the only way it could have ended. . . . Any other conclusion would have been sheer surrender to the forces of anarchy and disorder." This semi-official statement of respectable Boston opinion expresses what a good many Bostonians would have told you, somewhat less belligerently, in private. It is true that the protesters had plenty of provocation; the *Transcript's* complaints that they wanted a "trial by hysteria" are somewhat ironic, considering the way Sacco and Vanzetti were treated in Judge Thayer's court. But once again it was a question not of theoretical justification but of expedient technic. People who were beginning to suspect that Sacco and Vanzetti had been convicted through a trial by hysteria, who were beginning to wonder if Massachusetts should not be ashamed of itself, rallied round the flag when Massachusetts was invaded and abused by Italians and Russian Jews and Greenwich Villagers.

Sacco and Vanzetti may not have had much of a chance at the end, but they had a little. Whatever useful purpose may have been served by the earlier agitation, the last days were eminently a time for the still small voice. But the voices raised in their behalf were neither small nor still.

IV

The Massachusetts concept of justice was rehabilitated, however, and the Puritan passion for principle was unleashed, in the case of George Crawford; and once again the principle may have its martyrs.

On January 13, 1932, Mrs. Agnes Boeing Ilsley and her maid, Mina Buckner, were murdered near Middleburg, Virginia, the murder being apparently incidental to a robbery. Suspicion fell on Crawford, Mrs. Ilsley's discharged chauffeur; a year later he was arrested in Boston, and in due course a warrant for his extradition was issued. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People took up his case, and suit was filed in the Federal District Court for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that as Negroes are not called for jury service in Loudon County, Virginia, where Crawford would be tried, he would be denied the due process of law guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment.

The writ was granted by Judge James A. Lowell, whose decision is now under review by the higher courts. The Supreme Court has four times held that refusal to call Negroes for jury service denies to Negro defendants their constitutional rights; but Negroes have served on Virginia juries in the past (though not apparently in Loudon County) and not merely in Reconstruction days. To the lay mind

it would seem more orderly to reason that you could not be sure no Negroes would be called in the Crawford case till the jury had actually been impaneled. Then, if all the talesmen were white, the constitutional question could be raised; with a fair certainty that the Federal Courts would support the contention of the defense.

Why not let Crawford go back, then, and stand trial? "Everybody knows," said Judge Lowell, "that the Supreme Court would say that the trial is illegal. The case would only drag on for two or three years and nobody would get any profit but the lawyers." The layman's bosom thrills with responsive gratitude when a judge tries to prevent a case from becoming pickings for lawyers; but it would seem that Crawford would have a better argument if he had actually been denied his constitutional rights than if a future denial had been presumed by a judge in another community. Also, he might be acquitted by even a white jury, if he is as certainly innocent as his sympathizers maintain.

They contend, of course, that he was to be railroaded; somebody had to be convicted in a murder that had shocked the community, and a discharged chauffeur was a convenient scapegoat. The danger of lynching has been mentioned; but Virginia is not much given to lynching, and as this was not a rape case, would-be lynchers could not have counted on the most widely accepted extenuation. At any rate, if Crawford had been tried and acquitted there would have been no occasion to bring up the constitutional issue, no vindication of the principle.

The principle naturally seems important to Negroes; and a good many white men, even in the South, feel that the blanket denial of Negroes' right to sit on juries is both unjust and unwise. But the majority of Southerners feel differently, and there are only two things you can do about that. You can start a new civil war to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment—a proposal which has not been seriously advanced since Henry Cabot Lodge tried it and got nowhere, forty-odd years ago—or you can give aid and comfort to those Southerners who differ from the majority.

The raising of the issue in the Crawford case had some effect on reflective and judicious Southerners; in Virginia and in North Carolina responsible men raised their voices against the exclusion of qualified Negroes from jury service, and in Chattanooga a Negro presently served on a jury, for the first time since Reconstruction. But unfortunately most Southerners are not reflective and judicious on the race question; it is a mass complex, and an extraordinarily sore one. And what the average Southerner will see in the Crawford case is simply this—that any Southern Negro, no matter how guilty he may be, is safe once he gets within Judge Lowell's jurisdiction; and that if other Federal judges follow his reasoning any Negro, no matter how guilty, is safe once he gets a chance for appeal to the Federal courts. The logical reaction to that on the part of excitable persons is to see that no guilty Negro, no suspected Negro even, lives long enough for such an appeal.

The Crawford decision, if upheld, will vindicate a great principle; and that principle seems likely to have its martyrs. Not Judge Lowell; excited Southern Congressmen introduced resolutions for his impeachment, but you can hardly impeach a Federal Judge for standing on the decisions of the Supreme Court, even if his application of those decisions to the case in point should eventually be reversed. Probably not George Crawford; if he is returned to Virginia the authorities will probably make exceptional efforts to insure his safety and guarantee him a

fair trial. (Which must, of course, be credited to the protesters.)

But the victims will be Negroes who may never have heard of Judge Lowell; Negroes who have the misfortune to be caught in the vicinity, in rural Southern districts, when a crime has been committed against women. What—wait for some Yankee judge to let him off without a trial? . . . Possibly the outcome may be the establishment of a principle, and in the long run everybody may be better off; meanwhile, it is hard on the martyrs.

V

The same issue, along with several others, is involved in the famous Scottsboro case.

This is probably the rawest instance of Communist tactics yet recorded. Here was a case in which nothing would have been done without outside protest; but much depended on who did the protesting, and how. It was not the Communists who first came to the aid of the Scottsboro defendants; it was the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which had a legitimate interest in the case. The Communists had no interest; the Negro hoboes who were taken off a train at Paint Rock, Alabama, in March, 1931, charged with attacking two white girl hoboes, had never heard of the dictatorship of the proletariat; they had never heard of Marx or Lenin. Nevertheless, if the defendants go to the electric chair it will be the dictatorship of the proletariat that sent them there. The Communists practically kidnapped the defendants and baptized them as oppressed proletarians; the class struggle must have its martyrs.

It is true that if they do not go to the chair that will be due, as things have worked out, to the astuteness of the non-Communist lawyer who was retained by the Communist International Labor Defense, and who insisted on being allowed to handle the case in his own way, without interference. But outside the courtroom Communist tactics all the way through seem to have been carefully designed to inflame Southern sentiment as much as possible, to remove any last hope of acquittal.

That the eight defendants were innocent could hardly be doubted by anybody who read disinterested reports of the second trial of one of them, Haywood Patterson—such reports, for instance, as were sent by Mr. F. Raymond Daniell to the New York *Times*, and evoked ferocious abuse from some supposedly respectable Southern newspapers. The most convincing testimony could not be printed in the newspapers—medical evidence offered by a witness called by the prosecution, which made it practically certain that the alleged crime had never occurred at all. Nevertheless, a jury (composed of "proletarians") found Patterson guilty because the issue by that time was not the guilt or innocence of the defendants; it was Communism, the right of Negroes to sit on Alabama juries, and what the prosecution called "Jew money from New York." The scrupulous fairness of Judge Horton, the comments of such Southern papers as the Raleigh *News and Observer*, suggest that the better element in the South would have given a very different verdict. If the defense had been left to Southerners of that type there might have been another story. Mr. Samuel S. Leibowitz, the present counsel for the accused, has defended them very ably; but nothing that he did could outweigh the facts that his name was Leibowitz and that he came from New York.

It is easy for the grandstand manager, gifted with the privilege of the second guess, to criticize the conduct of the case, even by the N.A.A.C.P. Originally that organization enlisted

able Birmingham lawyers, who prepared the first ineffectual appeal to the Alabama Supreme Court; but later it also imported Clarence Darrow and Arthur Garfield Hays. Excellent lawyers, both of them—but the Dayton trial established Mr. Darrow in the eyes of the South as the enemy of God; nor was Mr. Hays, whose business is fighting for principle, the best choice for a trial which ought to have turned on the facts. In a case like this any first-rate Southern lawyer would have been better than all the first-rate lawyers north of the Potomac.

Then the Communists chiseled in (as Mr. George S. Schuyler correctly describes it) and persuaded some of the defendants and their parents that they were safe only in the hands of the I.L.D. Already at the first trial this Communist organization had telegraphed the judge in charge that he would be "held personally responsible" unless the defendants were immediately released. They probably had no chance of acquittal anyway, but if they had, this and other messages with which the Communists bombarded Alabama officials from the Governor down would have been enough to solidify Alabama sentiment in favor of conviction. As Mr. Roger Didier of the Associated Negro Press wrote after the second trial, "the twenty thousand protests to Alabama officials convicted Patterson." And the Pittsburgh *Courier*, a Negro paper, editorially observed: "It is difficult enough to get justice for Negroes because they are black, without adding the burden of Red propaganda."

Possibly Patterson had no chance; possibly the jury would have reaffirmed the first verdict to satisfy local patriotism—yet it was a widespread opinion among intelligent Southerners in the courtroom that day that the jury would disagree, in spite of the prosecution's impassioned invectives against New York Jews. But meanwhile another principle had been injected into the case—the right of Negroes to serve on juries. It was fairly obvious, of course, that this would damage whatever chance there might have been of an acquittal on the evidence; yet it had to be done. In the case of George Crawford nobody knows whether Negroes would have been called as jurors or not; in the Patterson case it was established (as it had not been at the first Scottsboro trial) that they had not been called, and thus the ground was laid for eventual recourse—if the Alabama Supreme Court denies the second appeal—to the Federal Courts. Mr. Leibowitz was sacrificing a perhaps slight chance of acquittal on the evidence, in favor of a very strong probability of favorable action higher up. To say, as has sometimes been said, that he sacrificed his clients for a principle is incorrect; it was a matter of tactics, and I believe the tactics were shrewd.

But meanwhile his Communist backers had been doing all they could to ruin his chances. "We think the prime issue is saving the boys," said a statement of the N.A.A.C.P.; but to the Communists the prime issue is evidently something else. On November 7th last the Supreme Court announced its decision in the first appeal, ordering a new trial on the ground that the procedure in appointment of counsel at the first trial had deprived the defendants of their rights. That day a hundred Communists demonstrated on the Capitol Plaza, so violently that fourteen of them were arrested. I do not suppose that the leaders of the Third International, or even their New York agents, are naïve enough to suppose that the Supreme Court's decision could be influenced by a mob scene outside its windows; but obviously if such a demonstration could have any effect on public opinion, that

effect would not be favorable to the defendants.

The order for a new trial was evidently a disappointment to the Communists; the next day the *Daily Worker* editorially called it "one of the most brazen and far-reaching maneuvers ever attempted by American capitalist government." Why? For months the Communists had been roaring about the foul injustice perpetrated in Alabama on innocent defendants; now the Supreme Court agreed that there had been injustice, and gave the defendants another chance. The argument of the editorial was that by pointing out errors committed in the original trial the Supreme Court was showing the prosecution how it could do the job over again and get away with it; but the real grievance is evident enough. Our martyrs are being taken away from us; if they go free, no more excuse for propaganda. The next day the *Daily Worker* was at it again, with an editorial denouncing "the offensive of the capitalists, the N.A.A.C.P., the Socialists and the professional liberals" (a somewhat peculiar alliance) "for the demobilization and disarming of the mass movement for unconditional release" led by the I.L.D. Call it a movement for unconditional conviction and execution and you would be nearer the truth.

Meanwhile the appeal is pending, and on May 8th three thousand white and black Communists assembled in Washington and marched to the White House, where they professed to be bitterly annoyed when the President (who was busy, and had no more authority to intervene in the case than Joseph Stalin) refused to see them. They went to the Capitol, and demanded "Congressional action for immediate release"—equally impossible, of course. Only one thing can be accomplished by proceedings like this —the keeping the sore spot sore, the stiffening of any waverers in the South; the building up of a general conviction that whatever the Communists are demanding had better not be done. Smart tactics, as far as it goes; if the cause does not have its martyrs it will not be the Communists' fault.

If Communism in America amounted to anything it would not be smart tactics at all. The Communists profess to be interested in uniting the white and the black "proletarians" of the South; but everything they do has the effect of further inflaming the white proletariat against the black proletariat, and of spreading among Negroes the conviction that the Communists only want to use them as machine-gun fodder. The procedure is rational, however, if you suppose that American Communists realize as clearly as everybody else (outside of "intellectual" circles) that Communism in this country is only shadow-boxing; and that all they want is to show the home office in Moscow that the boys in the New York branch are on the job, trying hard for sales even in dull times. Unless they make a showing they might all be discharged by cable some morning, as were all but one of the leaders of American Communism a few years ago.

Somewhat the same sort of impression has been produced by several strikes fomented by Communists who, when trouble started, either evaded arrest or jumped bail, leaving their converts to take the rap. A Communist author lately wrote a book called *Generals Die in Bed.* So they do, usually; their experience and leadership is considered too valuable to be exposed in the front-line trenches. And for the same reason Communist leaders usually manage to get out of the way before the shooting begins; the revolution needs them—but not as martyrs. If statistics were available, I am pretty sure the percentage of

battle casualties would be found higher among Generals than among Commissars.

VI

In all these great demonstrations for the vindication of a principle, at no matter what cost to innocent defendants, you always find New Yorkers prominent among the demonstrators. Not always Communists, not always Jews; a good many of them are Americans of the old stock whose bosoms seethe with generous indignation when they contemplate injustice. And persons in California or Massachusetts or Alabama or other States who have seen a bad matter made worse by these exhibitions may wonder, Why don't these people stay at home? Are there no outrages in New York that call for protest?

Well, we have plenty of miscarriages of justice in New York; but they almost always operate in favor of the defendant. No great principle is challenged; nothing suffers but the general welfare —the security of society, and in some slight degree of every one of the individuals who make up society; and this is not an issue about which the high-minded seem able to work up a temperature. To see somebody unjustly convicted they have to look across the State line; and visibility being usually rather poor at such a distance, what they see is generally something that has been called to their attention. Sometimes a genuine injustice, sometimes not.

The Communists, at least, know what they are about, whether or not their procedure is wise in the long run. But the generous enthusiasts, the devotees of principle, have a good deal of innocent blood on their hands; which was not what they intended. Let there be protest against injustice, by all means; but let it proceed from the cerebrum as well as from the ductless glands. If what you want is a triumph of principle at any cost to an innocent defendant, say so; and then go ahead with your abusive telegrams and your death parades and your front-page arrests and all the rest of the doings that bring publicity to the protesters, and certain death to the victims they profess to be trying to save. But if you really want to save the innocent and not to make martyrs, try to put yourself in the other fellow's place and consider how you would feel if your community were so harassed.

THE CATALOGUES

A STORY

BY GEORGE MILBURN

THE catalogues came in one August afternoon on the 5:45. The 5:45 stayed at the depot twelve minutes, eleven minutes longer than usual. The postal clerk had all the mail bags ricked up in front of the mail-coach door, but it took eleven minutes to load the catalogues on Fivefinger Earp's truck. The conductor stood by with a big gold watch in his hand, timing them.

The catalogues did not come in without forewarning. About a month earlier Postmaster Shannon had received the mail order companies' long, purple-printed rolls of names and addresses for correction. Montgomery Ward had made him a gift of their 845B6455 Gold Bond fountain pen with his name stamped on it, and Sears Roebuck had sent him their 18K1822½ genuine steerhide billfold with his name in gold for his courtesy in correcting the mailing lists. It was a favor that Postmaster Shannon was glad to do anyway. It saved time and work to have few duplications or returns among the heavy catalogues.

Although Postmaster Shannon knew that the Fall-and-Winter catalogues were to be expected any day, and the R.F.D. carriers knew that there was no getting round the catalogue delivery, and all the postoffice patrons were waiting eagerly for their new catalogues, it was surprising and exciting to have the catalogues come. That much mail came only once a year. The Christmas rush was nothing to compare with it. The Spring-and-Summer catalogues were thinner and lighter. That year the Sears Roebuck and the Montgomery Ward catalogues all came in on the same mail. That was extraordinary. It made an even bigger load than usual.

When the mail clerk heaved the last squared bag out onto the great gray stack in Fivefinger Earp's truck, the grumpy little conductor stopped chewing his white mustache, snapped his watch lid to, and threw up his gold-braided arm to give the high ball. The throbbing locomotive let off two blasts, spewed a low fog of steam, and the three-coach train began moving out at once. The conductor swung himself up on the steps of the Jim Crow car. The railway postal clerk tossed out two thin lock pouches that held the first-class mail and Fivefinger Earp, who had only one hand, caught them deftly by their leather-strapped necks.

Fivefinger walked round toward the front of his truck and tossed the two lock pouches in on the ruptured oilcloth cab seat as Harry Conklin, the Katy depot agent, a sallow little man with a stringhalt step, came out of the sanded-paint green depot with a telegram in his hand. Harry slid the door of the freight house to, snapped the lock, and started off down the cinder platform.

"That ought to be a big enough mail to suit you, Fivefinger," Harry said loudly, pausing by the truck.

Fivefinger Earp bent his neck and lighted a cigarette. "Yeowp, I'll say it is," he said. "Monkey Ward catalogues."

"Well, that's a load of 'em, all right. But it still ain't nothing like it was before they put in these here hard-surface roads. I recollect, when Old Pete Dunn was hauling mail in the hotel bus he used to have to make two or three trips to get 'em over to town."

"Nawp, I don't guess they're putting out as many of the big ones as they used to. Mr. Shannon tells me that they're putting out more of these here little special catalogues ever' so often. But it sure looks like these here would be enough to keep ever'body in strikin' paper for a while, don't it?"

Fivefinger Earp grinned slowly and Harry Conklin tittered.

"How many you estimate you got on there?"

"Better than a ton, I reckon."

"I mean, how many catalogues?"

"Well, let's see. I'd have to do some figuring to tell you. Them Number 2 slip pouches will hold 20 catalogues each. I counted 26 Number 2's. That'd be 20 times 26 is—"

"Four hunderd and—No! Forgot to carry my one. *Five* hunderd and twenty, 'y goddie!"

"And nine Number 3 pouches. Them holds ten each. Ten times nine is ninety. That's dang near a thousand catalogues!"

"Six hunderd and ten, I make it."

"Yeowp. I guess that's right. You headed for town? Git in and I'll carry you over."

The depot agent climbed into the truck cab and turned on the switch. "I got a telegram going over to Double S Winston's," he said. "That ornery Tom of his is wiring home for money again."

Fivefinger Earp reached down and twirled the Ford crank. The engine gave three phlegmy pants. Fivefinger came around and put it on the magneto. "Goose her for me," he said.

Harry Conklin pulled out the choker wire and Fivefinger Earp spun the crank again and the engine banged. Black smoke rose up around the quivering mound of dingy, ridged mail sacks as the Ford truck ground out of the gravelled depot yard in low.

The Conchartee County *Democrat*, as usual, was a day late going to press. R. W. E. ("Swede") Ledbetter, its energetic editor, was helping Red Currie, the linotyper, bolt the forms in the flatbed press. Hot August sunlight was striking in through two grimy back windows, and the rear of the *Democrat* shop was like an oven. Editor Ledbetter, holding his blackened hands spread away, dabbing with his elbow, kept trying to push his hemp-colored forelock up from over his sweat-sticky spectacles. Red Currie had just pied the Whipple Mercantile Company's quarter-page ad, and R. W. E. Ledbetter had almost reached the end of his patience.

Waldo Ledbetter, Junior, came dashing in at the front door, waggling a red gasoline can, his short bare legs thumping against the over-large, ink-stiffened canvas apron he wore. Gasoline was sloshing out of the metal spout as he ran. A black smear streaked one side of Waldo's startled, wide-eyed face.

"Gosh, papa!" he cried shrilly as soon as he was in the door. "You ought to come look!"

R. W. E. Ledbetter jumped and dropped the key with which he had been tightening a form. "Don't holler at your papa like that!" he shouted. "You ought to have better sense."

"But, gee whiz, papa, just go take a look at the load of mail they're bringing over from the depot. About a million

bags of mail. They got such a big load they're stalled out in front."

Red Currie went on tightening a lug. Editor Ledbetter poked at his pale forelock with an elbow and yelled, "You git on back yonder and finish cleaning that job press like I told you to!"

Waldo Junior moved off slowly. "Yes, but papa, a whole truck *load* filled up with mail. It'd make a piece for the paper."

"If you don't quit running in here storying to me, I aim to cut me a hickory and wear you out! I'll break you of that lying habit if it's the last thing ever I do!" the editor bawled. He stamped his feet toward his small son.

Waldo hurried on back to the job press, his smudged face puckering. "Papa, I'm telling you the truth this time, honest I am," he whimpered. "If you don't believe there's about a thousand sacks of mail coming in today, just look out front and you'll see."

Editor Ledbetter turned and looked toward the front windows. He could see the truck standing there in the street. A dozen men were clustered round it. He sauntered up to the front door, stretching his neck to get a better look. Then he went outside.

"What you'd ought to do, Fivefinger," an onlooker was saying, "is turn around and back 'er up. She'll take that grade in reverse."

"If he'd coast back and get a little start on it, he could make it easy. This here Broadway grade ain't sich a steep grade," another man put in.

"What's going on, boys?" the editor called pleasantly.

"The catalogues have come in!" one man shouted.

"A whole truck load full of Monkey Ward catalogues!"

"Sears-Sawbuck catalogues. Earp's truck caint make the grade, he's got on sich a heavy load."

"Swede, you'll have to give this here a write-up in *The Weekly Struggle*."

"Yeowp, I guess we'll have to!" Editor Ledbetter said, scowling at the load of mail. Back in the shop he heard Red Currie starting the gasoline engine. Above the explosions came the wheeze of the flatbed press. He turned and walked in briskly.

"Hold it, Red, hold it!" he shouted above the noise. "We gotta rip out that front page! Stop it and tear 'er out! I've got a Page One Must editorial to stick in there. Two columns, 14-point, spread right down the center of the front page! I'll start shooting you back takes in just a minute."

"Holy God, we ain't never going to get this rag out," Red Currie said sullenly, killing the engine.

Before the flatbed press had stopped gasping Editor Ledbetter was at his desk, rigid forefingers stabbing at the keyboard of his dusty green Oliver. The pyramidal type bars clattered down on the ragged purple ribbon—

TO THE GOOD PEOPLE OF CONCHARTEE'S TRADE TERRITORY

Once more there has arrived at the Conchartee Post Office a whole truck load of mail-order catalogues. This constitutes the Kansas City and Chicago mail order concerns' bid for your Fall and Winter trade. You will see in these catalogues split-penny prices printed in big type with the actual higher prices printed down below in small type. You will read the prevaricating, highly exaggerated descriptions of merchandise. DO NOT LET THEM FOOL YOU. Before you send off one red cent to these foreign concerns, the Conchartee County *Democrat* wants to ask you a few questions. Then if you think you can go ahead and send your money off to these companies without being a traitor to your home community, GO TO IT. But when you discover that you have gotten "STUNG" do not say that you did not have fair warning. Now just ask yourself:

Who helps to support your ministers of the Gospel, helps to keep up your churches,

lodges, etc.? Who does their part in paying taxes to support your roads, schools, law enforcement, etc.?

Who has worked and slaved to build up this town so as you would have a market for your produce, etc.? Who pays cash for your cotton, corn, cattle, hogs, poultry, etc.? Who pays highest prices cash or trade for your butter, eggs, hides, etc., and all country produce? Who hires Conchartee County labor? Who gives you credit for food and clothing when you are waiting for your crop to come in and have not got the cash to buy with? Is it a K.C. m.o. company?

USE YOUR THINK TANK! Your HOME TOWN MERCHANT is the only one that does all these things for you. Why not honor HIM with your entire patronage by patronizing HOME INDUSTRY? Did your HOME TOWN MERCHANT ever show you a picture and make you read a mess of fancy description and then ask you to buy "a pig in the poke" the way these mail order companies do?

If you feel like you can answer these questions honestly by sending your money off to the millionaires of KANSAS CITY and CHICAGO, go right ahead. Don't let "ye ed" stop you. But then do not come bellyaching around about hard times here in Conchartee County when you have helped cripple your HOME TOWN by mailing off your money to fill the larders of some rich man 1000 miles away.

KEEP HOME TOWN MONEY AT HOME!

Nuf Sed!

"I wish we could do a red-ink job on it, that's what I wish we could do," R. W. E. Ledbetter muttered, pulling the second page out of his typewriter. "But we ain't got time for the extra run."

A town can have two or three of everything else, but it can have only one post office. It can have two or three general stores, two or three filling stations, two or three hardware stores, two or three meat markets, two or three barber shops, but they don't make towns big enough to have more than one post office.

"What kind of price you all got on two-cent stamps to-day, Mr. Shannon?" they say, slapping a coin down at the stamp window.

"Five for a dime to-day, Harve."

"'Y goddie, if I don't reckon I'm going to have to start me another post office in this town yit! What this here post office needs is a little competition!"

Then they both laugh, because it is a joke that nobody ever gets tired of. They know that there could not be more than one post office in town. And only one man at a time can be postmaster.

That afternoon Postmaster Shannon sat at his desk beside the broad front window, waiting for the 5:45 mail to come over from the station. It was after six o'clock, and the stamp window, the general delivery window, the money order window, the parcel post window, all were closed. One of the clerks was checking up on the stamps. Postmaster Shannon was running up the money order receipts on his desk adding machine. The 5:45 had whistled out twenty minutes before. The postmaster had a feeling that the catalogues had come in, but he didn't say anything.

"Earp certainly is late to-night," Gladys Ferguson said at the stamp drawer. "He must of had a breakdown with that old truck of his."

Then Postmaster Shannon heard the noise. He looked out the plate-glass window and saw the loaded truck struggling toward the alley that led to the back door of the post office.

"Yonder come the catalogues," he said calmly to the clerks.

Gladys Ferguson stopped counting stamps. Elvira Draper dropped the tweezers with which she had been changing the date in the wooden-handled steel canceler. They both came running to the big front window just in time to see the swaying gray

hill of mail sacks heave past and out of sight into the alleyway.

Gladys looked at Elvira and Elvira looked at Gladys. Their mouths gaped for a moment and their faces went blank with surprise. "Ah-o-o-uh!" they groaned together in elaborate dismay. Then they began shrieking with laughter and fell into each other's arms.

"I suppose we had better stay and separate them to-night," Postmaster Shannon said. "But we won't put the notices in the boxes until to-morrow. That'll keep them from pestering us in the morning while we're separating the first-class mail and getting the newspapers up. Get the rural routes separated to-night, too, and the carriers can start taking them out right away."

Fivefinger Earp clanged open the steel-barred back door and walked in dragging a half-filled slipcord sack and carrying the two lock pouches. He slapped the lock pouches down on the worn separating table and grinned sheepishly.

"I sure enough brought you some mail to-night," he said. "My truck stalled on that grade whur you turn onto Broadway. This here is the *Tribune* sack. Three packages of parcel post. All the rest is catalogues."

Fivefinger went on out and unfastened the end gate on his truck. He hoisted one sack up on his right shoulder and pulled off another sack with his hand. Carrying one and dragging one, he went back and forth, and the gray stack grew in the rear of the post office.

Gladys Ferguson reached in the locks drawer and pulled out the master key at the end of its long brass chain and quickly unlocked the two pouches. She shook out about a dozen letter ties. Elvira Draper slipped the cord on the other sack and dumped out two bundles of Tulsa *Tribunes*. She tossed one bundle into a lock bin for Blind Lund, the news agent. She ripped the wrapping off the other bundle and held the opened roll curving in one arm while she walked along the honeycombed inner side of the partition, mechanically stuffing newspapers into lock boxes.

"I wish Slemmons had been here to watch them come in," Gladys Ferguson said. "Won't he howl, though! He claims that Route Four gets twice as many catalogues as any of the others."

"Last year he took two weeks getting shut of his."

"Well, he'll have to get 'em out quicker this year," the postmaster said crisply. "Nothing causes patrons to complain like having their catalogues delayed. They'd rather miss their newspapers."

Postmaster Shannon sat on a stool separating the first-class mail. He flipped the R. F. D. letters up into five pigeonholes and the town letters into a larger box. The clerks kept taking away handfuls, dealing them expertly without looking at the box labels.

"Slemmons'll have to have a truck," Elvira Draper said.

"Oh, no," Postmaster Shannon said. "He can get a lot of catalogues in the back of that flivver of his. It shouldn't take him more than two trips to clean up his pile."

"Ah, Mr. Shannon, why don't we just leave them in the pouches until to-morrow? Me and Gladys can get them separated to-morrow afternoon when things is slack."

"No, sir-ee! You and Gladys go on to supper if you want to. I'll stay and separate the catalogues. The *Democrats* 'll be coming in to-morrow and we'll have plenty to do to get them up. Meanwhile the patrons will be here faunching for their Fall-and-Winter catalogues, and I don't propose to have the patrons disappointed."

He did not talk loudly enough for the townspeople, milling outside in the

lobby, to hear. The three voices, muffled by the blank-windowed partition, came as the mysterious murmuring of an oracle. Shoes scuffed on the cement floor, tobacco spit rustled in wastepaper baskets, throats were cleared, fingers drummed on the wooden desk shelf, but there was little talk. People were too nervous with expectation. Now and then, when a bit of white flicked in a lock box, one of them would stop pacing and step up to twiddle a combination, take out a letter, and clack the small door to. Or another would stop reading the afternoon paper and stoop to peer through a glass panel in an empty lock box with the door left ajar.

Meanwhile, at the back of the post office, in and out, in and out, went Fivefinger Earp. One sack gritting across the concrete floor, one sack thudding down from his shoulder, the gray pile growing.

"Mr. Shannon, you got ary a Mon'gom'ry Wahd catalogue there for me?"

"Not yet, Mrs. Tinsley. Won't be distributed till morning."

"Mr. Shannon, I was aimin' to go to Telsy to-morrow morning, first thing, and I was wonderin' if I could git my catalogue to-night?"

"Catalogues 're still in the sacks, Ira. It'll take us some while to get them unsacked, let alone sorted."

Wilbur S. Winston, the richest man in town, came walking into the post office lobby behind his paunch, walking with great dignity as if his belly were not a part of him at all. He went over and turned the combination on the Conchartee National Bank's lock drawer and took out a large sheaf of mail and the afternoon paper. He glanced at the headlines and then took out his watch.

"Mail all up, Mr. Shannon?" he asked gruffly.

"All up, Mr. Winston."

Double S Winston followed his belly out of the post office. One by one the other townspeople followed Banker Winston. It was a ritual. Every night, as soon as it was apparent that the mail was all up, when there was no longer any sound of letters clicking into lock boxes, Wilbur S. Winston, on the outside, asked "Mail all up?" and Postmaster Shannon, on the inside, said, "All up." Then, filing out slowly, one by one, everyone followed Double S Winston out of the post office.

Only the dogged Ira Rogers stayed on that night, waiting for his catalogue. He could hear the sounds back there, the zip of the metal catches on the slip-pouch cords, the pellmell thumps of the catalogues falling out of the sacks on the separating table, the swish and sough of empty sacks flapping down on their neat flat pile. He heard the voices droning:

"All this sack for Route Five." "All this sack for Route Three." "All this sack for town." "Is C. R. Butts still on Route One?" "C. R. Butts gets his general delivery now." "James R. Sloat; what become of him?" "Moved to Yellville, Arkansas, two weeks ago."

Thin dust floated up back of the partition, softening the electric glare, making milky little moons of the unshaded light bulbs. About eight o'clock Postmaster Shannon walked up to the front and snapped back the Yale lock on the partition door. "Here's your Sears' catalogue, Ira, and here's your Ward's," he said dryly.

Ira Rogers, peering past the postmaster, saw five square brown pillars of catalogues at the R.F.D. carriers' high pigeonholed desks and, on the floor near the separating table, a long low rank of hard-packed edges, showing, between broad layers of gray, the colored inserts, bright stripes of yellow and orange and green and pink. The catalogues looked very compact, all

tightly bound in their manila paper slip-covers.

The next Tuesday, after everyone had finished his small dipper of banana-nut ice cream and slice of pound cake, up at the head table Albert T. Kimball, Lions Club president and proprietor of the Sanitary Barber Shop, hummed to give the other boys the pitch and started them off on their club anthem, "Roar, Lions, Roar." Then they sang "Pack Up Your Troubles" and a comic after-luncheon favorite about Mary, who ate some johnny cake, ham, oysters, jam, and a number of other things, each thing she ate making a verse. All of the Lions tried hard to keep from laughing when they joined in on the final stanza: *up* came the johnny cake and *up* came the ham and *up* came everything, a verse at a time, that they had sung about Mary's having eaten in the first stanza.

After that song everyone was laughing and in good humor. Harve Whipple tried to start a necktie pulling. But before many ties had been yanked Al Kimball stood up and made his empty water glass ring by tapping it with his knife.

"Boys," he said, as soon as everyone had quit scuffling, "to-day we are going to hear a message from R. W. E., better known by his alias of 'Swede' Ledbetter, our popular publisher. Now if 'ye ed' will kindly get up I'll let him speak for himself which will be better than me talking for him. How about giving Swede a hand, boys?"

Al Kimball started clapping his hands and the other Lions joined in riotously. Everyone was chuckling and grinning, but when R. W. E. Ledbetter stood up he was not smiling. His long pink cheeks were set and his eyes were serious back of his horn-rimmed glasses.

"Boys," he began, brushing back his hempen forelock, "I guess you have all heard that poem about where a certain community in the olden times was so infested with rats that nobody couldn't hardly live in it. So the town dads calls in a fellow to rid out the rats, and it seems like this fellow claimed to be able to get them out, I mean the rats out, by playing music on his pipes and had made quite a rep for himself, being reputed far and wide as the Pied Piper of Hamburg. Well, I don't know as this has got much to do with what I'm going to say. But I was reminded of it, because if you boys don't dub me the Pied Piper of Conchartee (Laughter) when I get done outlining this proposition I have worked out in the interests of this town, I'm going to be mighty disappointed, and uh—

"The point I am making is, I guess you all know that the plague of Monkey Ward (Laughter) catalogues has descended upon us once more again this year. Now anyone who read my editorial in last week's *Democrat* will appreciate my attitude on this subject.

"Men, year after year we are confronted with this situation of our farmers' and fellow-citizens' money being milked out of our trade territory. It seems to me like, as I look back on it now, we have been taking this tough situation laying down and thus far have not done anything about it. Oh, yes: we have tried to knock the mail order companies by making fun of them and talking about the shoddy goods they put out, and so on. But what effect does that have? Men, I think it was about time something actually was *done* to correct this situation of Kansas City and Chicago mail order firms taking this business right out from under our noses and—and uh—taking thousands of dollars out of our trade territory, and, and so forth.

"Boys, there is nothing like a little gray matter applied to these situations. Someone has said, if I remember right it was Arthur Brisbane, who makes

fifty thousand dollars a year, the highest-paid editorial writer in the world, has said, 'It takes a combination of four G's to put anything across: Gumption plus Grit plus Git-Up-and-GO!' (Laughter and Applause.) Well, there is this to be said: I think this scheme of mine has the Gumption. Now all we need is the Grit and Git-Up-and-Go to counteract a tough situation.

"Just to be brief, my idea is to get hold of every one of these mail order catalogues that came in here last week and get them out of circulation. Absolutely destroy them. That is the one and only way we can manage to keep home-town money at home.

"Now I see some of you looking doubtful already, and you're probably going to ask me: 'O.K., Swede; but how're you figuring to put this proposition through to final completion?' Boys, right there is where the Home Town Industry Jubilee and Bonfire enters in! Which I thought would be a good name for this scheme.

"Last Friday afternoon when I saw that truckload of mail order catalogues coming in, I says to myself, 'R. W. E., that is just like a truckload of pests being brought in to be turned loose on the community.' And then I said to myself, 'If the State was able to almost rid this country of coyotes by paying a bounty for coyote pelts, why could not the merchants of this town work the same scheme and get rid of mail order catalogues?' Now the mail order firms claim that it costs them better than a dollar apiece to get those big catalogues out. I don't doubt it a bit, because I know printing prices.

"So what I want ever' merchant in town to do is agree to pay one dollar in trade for each one of these catalogues that is brought in to them. Don't worry about whether the country people'll bring 'em in. Just depend on me for that. By working fast, there is no question in my mind but what we can clean up ever' single one of the six hundred catalogues, which I understand was the number shipped in here, in two weeks' time. We can't take a day longer, because ever' day means just that much more money being drained out of our trade territory. And to keep from causing any ill-will among the country folks, we end up on the deadline set for bringing in the catalogues by having a big Home Town Industry celebration with a big bonfire made out of the catalogues.

"Now all I want to know is, are you boys with me with the Grit and Get-Up-and-Go to put this proposition over?"

R. W. E. Ledbetter sat down, and there was loud applause. Then there was a moment's silence until Harve Whipple said, "What about financing the proposition, Swede? A proposition like that would need some financing." Two or three men who had been looking dubious nodded their heads and said, "Yeah, what about the finances, Swede?"

"I'm glad you brought that question up, Harve!" the editor said, springing to his feet and pulling a folded sheet of paper out of his hip pocket. "Now about taking in the catalogues. Some merchants, of course, will get more, some less, depending on the number of customers he has. But with every business in town that stands to lose by mail order competition lined up on this—no reason why a single merchant should hold out—we'll have 20 businesses taking catalogues in trade. This would make each take in around 30 catalogues, more or less, and $30 is not going to break anybody up. More especially $30 in trade, which you can figure as representing between $15 and $20 actual outlay at wholesale. All this you can count on coming back tenfold with your increase in business when you get shed of the catalogues.

"Now here I have a two-page advertising layout. Down the center runs a full explanation of the Home Town Industry Jubilee, explaining in big type the catalogue trade-in idea. All around this is space for twenty small ads. I want ever' merchant that comes in on this deal to take one of these spaces. We'll run this, a double-page spread, in the *Democrat*. I contribute the idea free of charge, and the *Democrat* will take in catalogues on subscriptions or job printing work. Also we'll want to run off 30 by 22 circulars, about a thousand, which I'll do at cost. So don't suspicion that I'm trying to make any big profit on this deal.

"Now by all of us pulling together on this, we can put it across in fine shape, and the financing hadn't ought to worry anybody."

The country people began arriving early. Their gray, mule-drawn wagons with extra plank seats laid across the weathered sideboards were lined with children, little girls in lye-bleached floursack smocks and tightly braided pigtails, bigger girls wearing starched gingham and stiff straw hats with elastic chin-straps, grown girls dressed in georgette crepe or tub silk; small boys in their Sunday overalls, and youths in their first blue serge suits. The young men came on horseback or in buggies with their sweethearts sitting alongside. Not many came in automobiles, but those who did rode in aged flivvers, tattered folding tops fixed with baling wire. The alley hitching racks were crowded. The courthouse square, all but the block on Broadway that had been roped off, was black-fringed with parked cars.

The Home Town Industry Jubilee promised to be a great success from the start. There were special features to keep up interest all day long. Pollack Brothers' Bargain Bazaar had advertised that at straight-up noon they would throw away from the top of their store building one hundred dollars in coins. Small boys scrabbling in the dust of Broadway picked up a large number of one-cent pieces, and some nickels and a few dimes were found. There was a rumor that a farmer had caught the coveted twenty-dollar gold piece as it fell through the air. He was a tall man, but his name was never known.

All afternoon the sidewalks on all sides of the square were so thickly packed with people that anyone who was headed somewhere could scarcely get through. The De Molay Band was playing on the southwest corner of the Square. At two o'clock there was a hog-calling contest for the men and a rolling-pin throwing contest for the women. There was a sack race and a potato race and a calf-tying contest. The white people kept to the west side of the Square, where it was shady, but the niggers liked the east side of Broadway, taking the full heat of the afternoon sun.

At first the catalogues had come in so slowly that the merchants had supposed that the Home Town Industry Jubilee was going to be a flop. More than a week passed before they had accumulated enough even to start a bonfire, much less make a big one. Then, toward the last, the farmers began bringing their catalogues in steadily, and the merchants thought they had the catalogues pretty well cleaned up before the final day. But they got almost as many catalogues on the day of the celebration as they had in the two weeks before.

When all the catalogues were brought together and counted late Saturday afternoon it was discovered that more than a thousand had been brought in and traded for merchandise. This puzzled everyone until Editor Ledbetter happened to think that there was

nothing to prevent farmers who got their mail at post offices ten, twelve, or even twenty miles away, from bringing in catalogues, or to prevent farmers nearby from ranging that far to collect them.

At any rate, they had the catalogues there, a great sprawling mound of them dumped on one corner of the circus lots south of Standpipe Hill. Little Muddy Creek goes dry every summer, but it is swift enough in other seasons to have cut a long narrow gully through the sandstone. Dry brush had been piled into the deep dry creekbed.

After supper the crowd began gathering in the twilight. R. W. E. Ledbetter struck a match and set it to the brush. As the flames crackled up, six members of the Lions Club worked hard, dousing the catalogues with coal oil and tossing them on the fire. A few Lions stood by with long poles, poking up the slow-burning catalogues. Others held dripping gunny sacks, ready to flout any blazing patch of grass. August is a dry month to have a bonfire.

The crowd had thinned out since afternoon. So many of the farmers had to get back to see after their stock before dark. But there were several hundred people there, nearly all town dwellers, standing along the flaming ditch, their faces showing drawn and ghastly in the firelight. Little ember-spangled wisps of black floated up into the darkness. Sometimes, when the goaded flames flared high, the small boys would whoop, but only the bustling Lions seemed to have much enthusiasm. No one seemed happy to see all the mail order catalogues destroyed.

Monday morning, before opening for business, Postmaster Shannon noticed that the stamp window needed some postal cards. He went over to the reserve stock in the big safe and took out four packs, adding one hundred postal cards to the stamp-window store. He did not think anything about it. That noon, when the others had gone to dinner, Elvira Draper sold the last postal card at the stamp window. She got up and added one hundred more from the reserve stock.

Slemmons came in off his route earlier in the afternoon than the other carriers. He had hard-surfaced roads all the way on Route Four. He walked in the back door, set his beveled tin stamp box down on his desk, and hung up his big leather mail pouch. Pretty soon he came up to check in his money orders and to replenish his stamp supplies. "Give me fifty postal cards," he said, reading off the list of stamps he needed.

"Give you *fifty?*" Gladys Ferguson said in surprise.

"Yeah, fifty," Slemmons said in a surly voice. "Sold ever' one I had and could 've sold fifty more if I'd had 'em."

"Shucks, I'll have to add some more then," Gladys said, getting down off her high chair at the stamp window. "We certainly have been having a run on postal cards to-day."

Postmaster Shannon overheard, and he said, "No, there should be plenty of postal cards there. I added a hundred this morning. Maybe some have slipped down back of the drawer there."

Gladys Ferguson, bringing up four fresh packets from the reserve in the safe, said, "No, I guess not, Mr. Shannon. People have been running in here to buy postal cards all day. I'll bet I've sold a hundred myself."

Slemmons, the R. F. D. carrier, standing there with his thick, quid-lumped face looking very glum, said, "Why, don't you all know what's going on? You'd ought to know what that derned Editor Ledbetter would do. Him and his bright ideas has just doubled the work for all of us. Just

go back there and see how many postal cards I picked up on my route to-day."

At that moment Elvira Draper, who was getting ready to cancel and tie up the southbound mail, called out from the letter drop bin, "Well, I wisht you'd lookie here. This letter drop is *stuffed!*"

One by one the other R. F. D. carriers came in bearing thick handfuls of outgoing mail.

Gladys and Elvira had to work hard to get all the letters and postal cards cancelled in time to catch the 5:45. They did not have time to read *all* the postal cards, but all they read said about the same thing. There were also a great many first-class letters enclosed in the brown, print-addressed envelopes of the mail order companies. Postmaster Shannon and his clerks never knew what the letters said, but they guessed that these, too, were scrawled,

Gentlemen: Would you all please send us another copy of your big Fall-and-Winter catalogue right away, as we want to order some things from you, and our other catalogue was made away with.

SONNET

BY DOROTHY SEAGER

DEAR, do not chide me that I hold you wise
Or that I glory too much in your strength.
Time will remove the veil from off my eyes,
And I, perforce, shall find you out at length.
Neither be fearful lest you name as mine
Beauties and subtleties I never knew,
Dreading that far-off day whose sun must shine
Upon me naked to your pitiless view.
Grant me this time to fashion as I choose
This lovely portrait that I name as you,
And for this little time pray do not lose
Belief that I am different and new.
For on some morning we may wake to find
There is no longer need that love be blind.

EXPATRIATES IN TIME

BY EUGENE BAGGER

THE château stood at a distance of twelve hundred feet from the main road. Unfortunately, or fortunately, depending on the point of view, these twelve hundred feet had to be measured with a sounding-lead: they represented the sheer drop of a cliff. That's why the medieval Counts of Carqueiranne had selected this particular cliff for their business headquarters. It was a flourishing business and it consisted in selling, in a manner subsequently perfected in Chicago, protection to all the land traffic between Marseilles and Hyères. And that's why my friend Jack bought the place, notwithstanding the circumstance that the stronghold, although it vaunted a whole string of advantages both military and æsthetic, lacked a roof.

"I don't want to make it easy for people to drop in for a cocktail," explained Jack as he drove me along to inspect the purchase.

He did not make it easy. In the first place, it was quite a job to find the turning where the narrow *route stratégique* branched off from the main highway. This *route stratégique* afforded the only approach to Jack's new estate, unless you were an eagle or a post-graduate member of a Mount Everest expedition. And what a route it was! It spiralled skyward at an incline which rarely dropped under one in twelve, and often reached one in seven or so. The surface was not bad, and if you were very careful and your car had not too wide a track, you could keep the off-side wheels on it without scraping the rock with your near-side fender. And in no less than nine bends you had to reverse. But with a steady head and a steady hand you could do the fifteen miles in about forty minutes. No, it was not a place where people would drop in casually for a cocktail.

But once you reached the summit you felt that you were well rewarded for your second gear's pains. The château was authentic thirteenth century, with a survival or two from the twelfth and with additions up to the fifteenth. If it had no roof, it was otherwise all complete with moat, drawbridge, portcullis, corbels, machicolation, dungeons, whatnot. There was a real oubliette, and, by way of water supply, a couple of cisterns in fairly good repair. The best part, however, was the garden, a magnificent wilderness of roses, wild flowers, and cherry trees left to themselves for God knows how many æons. And the view was superb across the gorge, in the bottom of which the *route nationale* ribboned Marseillesward. In the gaps between somber granite crags, geological twin-brothers to the one upon which we stood now, sparkled the distant blue of the Mediterranean.

"I shall be happy here," said Jack, grinding the chain of the portcullis for practice. "We shall move in as soon as we have built a roof."

"Yes, you ought to be happy," I assented. "You could not have se-

lected a more gorgeous spot. But will you be comfortable?"

"To hell with comfort!" cried Jack. "Comfort was invented by plumbers for grocers who are willing to pay for the proof that they are not fit to live a man's life. Comfort, indeed! Where do you think you are, in Gramercy Park? I'll have a roof built and the cisterns cleaned, and I'll have a couple of camp beds and a big deal table and some chairs and shelves, and that will be all. The Counts of Carqueiranne were not fussy about comfort either. What would you want me to install—running ice water in all bedrooms?"

"It might not be bad in August," said I.

"Well, there won't be any. And there won't be any electric light either. I am sick of electric light. It would spoil everything up here."

"Quite," I agreed. "The Counts of Carqueiranne used torches. There, you can see the bracket-holes in the wall."

"I shan't be as medieval as all that," said Jack. "We shall have wax tapers. I love to work by the light of wax tapers, and so does Agnes. It is so soothing."

I should have explained that both my friend Jack and his wife are novelists, and eminently successful ones.

"Wax tapers will be fine," I said, "if slightly anachronistic in a thirteenth-century eyrie. And Agnes will sharpen the quills. But where will you get the acorns, or whatever it is that you make ink from? I should not think that the general store in the village carries them in stock."

"But we both do all our work on Remington Portables," interposed Agnes.

"Oh, do you?" said I, and grinned.

"That's one up for you," said Jack, who is nothing if not a sportsman. "But Remingtons or no Remingtons, we shall burn wax tapers."

II

To my mind the story of Jack and Agnes, who have come all the way from Wisconsin to the hinterland of Toulon to write super-Freudian best-sellers by the light of wax tapers in a crusader's castle, stands out as what Spengler would call a first-class symbol. It represents that contemporary revolt against contemporariness which on its lowest level manifests itself in the fake decorative effects of the "Ye Olde Englishe" type of commercialism; which on its middle plane appears as the uncritical and at times foolish preference for handmade goods as against the more perfect and more serviceable products of machine industry; and which in its upper reaches expresses itself in the hankering of the modern intellectual after the excellences of life as it was lived in bygone centuries. I call the spiritual tendency embodied in this revolt the Archaic Fallacy, or Expatriation in Time; and I maintain that it is the exact psychological counterpart of the Geographic Fallacy, or expatriation in the current sense of the word. And I maintain, further, that both these fallacies are quasi-neurotic symptoms: in the language of Adler's individual-psychology, neurotic superiority-fictions, dramatizations of the psychic device of Distance. Of which more anon.

What is an expatriate? He is not simply a person who resides in a country not his own. An American in the diplomatic or consular service is hardly ever a true expatriate; Americans who live abroad as representatives of American business concerns are not necessarily expatriates, though in certain instances they may be thus classed on the merits of their individual case-histories. In an article which appeared in these pages four years ago I wrote that expatriation "is

not a physical condition, but a state of mind. . . . The crucial fact about the expatriate is that he is conscious of having burned his ships." And I stated that "the subtlest charm of the expatriate condition is the irresponsibility that goes with the status of the outsider. . . . The expatriate's enforced yet delicious detachment may, *unless one be on one's guard* (italics mine, and an afterthought), deteriorate, in time, into an illusion of superiority. The tests of everyday struggle cease to apply in exile; whatever problems and difficulties the expatriate may cope with in reference to the environment he has left behind are blurred by distance, while in reference to his chosen surroundings his life takes place on the plane of a perpetual holiday. A sense of exemption may blossom out into a consciousness of achievement: therein lies the spiritual danger of expatriation."

I wrote that four years ago, when I still shared the fundamental self-delusion of expatriates. I apologized for that self-delusion with the qualifying clause, "unless one be on one's guard." My italics now recant that clause. For, at the price of these four years of continued expatriation, I have come to recognize, as the essential fact of expatriate psychology, that the expatriate does not *want* to be on his guard. He lives in, for, and by his illusion of superiority. The expatriate has this in common with the neurotic, as defined by Adler: he retreats from the competitive order of democratic existence. To this extent the expatriate is a neurotic. He refuses to participate because he refuses to compete. Expatriation, like the diverse phobias and compulsions of neurosis, is a substitute for achievement: a pretended victory in the struggle for eminence.

Among the psychic devices employed by the neurotic to maintain and safeguard his fiction of superiority-achievement Adler enumerates the device of Distance. This consists in the neurotic's attempts to interpolate between himself and the solution of his problems all sorts of artificial difficulties and obstacles. Often these difficulties take the form of an if-clause: "If this were (were not) so-and-so I could achieve greatness, fame, fortune." The expatriate leaves home because he feels that the stimulus of a strange environment, the lack of conventional restrictions and of competitive pressure will facilitate achievement. And if—as is usually the case—his great expectations fail to materialize, he will say, "Well, what could you expect—I am too far away from the base, I am out of touch with things. Perhaps, after all, I could do better if I were at home." Only he does not want to go home; for he does not want to do better. What he wants is being able to explain why he cannot do better. The normal person—Mr. Babbitt—grapples with his problems and solves them the best he can. The expatriate proves his superiority by standing aloof from his problems, and by arguing about them.

Thus the expatriate is a sub-category of the nonconformist who stays at home: of the person who revolts against the fetters of social reality because he feels that he cannot, within that reality, achieve his inflated notion of Self. God knows that I see no merit in accepting and conforming to a social reality such as we find in the United States of to-day. What I hold against the parlor radical, the bohemian, the Greenwich Villager is that he does not attempt to change that reality. He tries to make himself comfortable in it, he compromises with it by inventing and practicing a symbolism of self-sufficiency. The life of the typical American "anti" is a never-ending May Day demonstration under the pink flag of a purely literary radicalism

against an order of things that ignores him and goes its way. But the expatriate does not even demonstrate; he quits. He puts the Atlantic between himself and a reality that he disapproves of and that takes no notice of him. He stands apart and imagines that he stands above: that is what I mean when I say that the expatriate dramatizes the Adlerian distance-device. The expatriate is the boy who "won't play" and who derives a bittersweet satisfaction from sulking in a corner of Montparnasse. He wants to judge, and he refuses to be judged: that is the secret of his greatness. And if he is a subtle expatriate he will reinforce the geographic trick of his apartness and his superiority by the trick of the Archaic Fallacy: he will write his books and his articles destined for American consumption by the light of wax tapers instead of that of a good American desk lamp, and feel that in addition to the three thousand miles he has also put a couple of centuries between himself and Babbittdom.

III

The *laudator temporis acti* is a universal human type. In his simplest and commonest form he merely voices age's regret over the vanished splendors of youth. We all know the spruce old gentleman with the single eyeglass and flowing white mustache, ex-gay blade and killer of hearts on the retired list, who grumbles that women nowadays don't make love any more the way they used to in the eighteen eighties. Most of those who denounce, whether as amateurs for fun or as professionals for a fee, the corrupt morals and manners of contemporary youth belong in the same category. Every period seems a period of decadence to those who decay in it toward senility. Who said that jazz is a modern American invention? The amusements of giddy young people seemed jazzy to envious grandfathers and repressed maiden aunts in Minoan days. In all ages disgruntled aristocrats like Tacitus or supercilious upstarts like Richardson bewailed the deterioration of ancestral standards and the vulgarization of life, public and private.

On a level entirely different from that of either the club-window mourner of spent masculinity or the common or garden variety of moralizing praisers of the past, but unconscious self-deceivers nevertheless, are the advocates of Return—those who in certain periods of history have denounced the corruption and decadence of a specific idea or institution, and pleaded for a revival of its early simplicity and purity. The greatest instance of this advocacy of Return is, of course, the Reformation. Its eighteenth-century counterpart was the cult of Natural Man and the attack on the corrosive effects of civilization. The assault on growth, tradition, continuity was launched in one instance in the name of faith, and in the other, in the name of reason; but in both instances it was, fundamentally, the individual will-to-power that rose to replace something given in evolution with an arbitrary choice, thus disguising innovation as revival.

In the post-Enlightenment age the philosophic, literary, or artistic glorification of the past has usually assumed one of two forms. In the one instance a bygone period is critically explored for standards of intellectual, moral, or æsthetic excellence, and these standards are then held up to contemporaries for emulation. In the other, the past is acclaimed uncritically simply because it is different from the present. In the first case the past is the fountainhead of the Law; it is extolled because it provides stiffer tests

and stricter frames for the striving for excellence. In the latter case the past serves as a door of escape; it is invoked as a collective term of real or fancied contrasts with a present whose principal crime consists in its stubborn exaction of tests. The first is the classicist, the second the romantic, attitude to the past. The classicist seeks to enrich the present by past standards of grandeur; the romantic finds contemporary standards too arduous, so he calls them bad names and then runs for cover—and finds it in bygone ages.

The Renaissance, currently regarded as *the* classical period of Western history, stood to Antiquity in a romantic rather than in a classic relation. For the essential strength, the true impetus of that tremendous acceleration of the Western mind which goes by the name of Renaissance represented the continuation of, rather than a break with, the Gothic spirit which preceded it; the continuation, above all, of that grandiose process of reconquering and adapting the achievements of Greek philosophy and Greek science, and of fixing man's place in the context of the universe which had begun in the Middle Ages and which, indeed, constituted the two main themes of medieval thought. The Renaissance rebelled against the Gothic spirit not in its philosophic and artistic substance but in its external manner and mannerisms; it revived antique forms, but it transfused these forms with its own un-antique and anti-antique spirit. For the spirit that speaks in the splendid classical cadences of Pico della Mirandola's "Oration on Human Dignity," or in those of the Dominican "Witches' Hammer," is the spirit of Gothic Christianity; it is no more antique than is the Mauresque combination of column and arch in the courtyards of Renaissance palaces.

But the Renaissance donned the cloak of the past as an ornamental drapery, not as a protection against contemporary chill. The use of the past as a standardizable escape-mechanism was discovered by the Romantic Movement in the early nineteenth century. In so far as it held out to all the promise of an equal chance at Mastery, the revolutionary principle of Equality, heir to eighteenth-century anti-historic rationalism, had, within a generation, unmasked itself as a snare and a delusion. Waterloo sealed this self-revelation. Overnight, all the privates' knapsacks containing potential marshal's batons had to be returned to the depots; the Napoleonic blank checks drawn on Destiny for unlimited careers were cancelled by historic evolution reasserting its own pace. Europe, unlike the American Continent, had no frontier where any man who would be king could achieve his conquest-dream at the price of a few hundred slaughtered Indians. One outlet still remained open for the bourgeois energies released by 1789: the great nineteenth-century open championship in money-making. But there were those who felt themselves handicapped in the financial race for Power by their emotional luggage: the men who could never make up their minds whether they were too good, or not good enough, for the catch-as-catch-can wrestling-contest of bourgeois existence. And thus began the great imaginary exodus of Superior Souls to the shores of far away and long ago. The Orient, Africa, the American Great Lakes, but also the Middle Ages were not so much discovered as invented by the inhabitants of the ivory towers of conceit. The pattern of this mass migration of the select few was traced by Léon Blum when he wrote, apropos of Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme:* "Some one of our own time took up his quarters,

with all his indispensable baggage, in a narrative of the fifteenth century."

This stampede of choice spirits continued throughout the nineteenth century. Equalitarian liberalism—that child of Enlightenment—begot materialism, realism, naturalism, and also the romantic revolt against all these drab and humdrum isms. Rousseau is the father of Samuel Smiles and also of William Morris; of Zola, but also of Rimbaud. From the point of view of that Victorian world-view which it so passionately opposed, the importance of the romantic revolt consisted in its nature as a safety-valve. The spiritually maladjusted could always get a breath of fresh museum air by stepping out the back door into a past whose perfection was warranted by its dissimilarity to the present. A beautiful gesture was all the more beautiful by remaining a gesture; and thus Art for Art's Sake was born as a useful complement to the cotton mills of Manchester. Those who were disturbed by the sight of undersized and rachitic children descending the dark shafts of coal mines could restore themselves by gazing at the elongated and anemic virgins of Burne-Jones swarming up and down quasi-celestial staircases.

Twentieth-century intellectuals, bucked up by the red wine of bull-fighters and the exotic smells bottled on the spot by hairy-chested explorers of the African jungle, are apt to scoff at the whimpering æstheticism of the Pre-Raphaelites; even as the hundred per cent he-Babbitt of Franklin D. Roosevelt's reign will, at the wheel of his twelve-cylinder car, scoff at the gasoline buggy of 1905. Yet we have merely improved, but we have not changed the technics of our fathers and grandfathers. The up-to-date automobile is just a bigger and better gasoline buggy; the up-to-date machine-hater is just a bigger and better Pre-Raphaelite. With the standardized mass-production of machine industry evolved the standardized mass-produced Expatriate in Time, he who prefers wax tapers to electric desk lamps, quaintness to serviceability, picturesque dirt to drab sanitation; he who chooses a milieu that reflects ready-made distinction, rather than one that, by easing routine, gives him opportunity to achieve distinction in the sweat of his raised brow. Thousands of specimens are in circulation, and it is very difficult to tell them apart, for they are all engaged in the same monotonous activity of trying to Look Different.

IV

The contempt for twentieth-century machinery affected by the twentieth-century intellectual stamps him as the authentic twin brother of his despised foe, George F. Babbitt. He hates that which Babbitt loves and he forgets that from the psychological point of view hate and love are the same emotion, the one with a minus, the other with a plus sign. Because adoration of mechanical gadgets, such as automobiles, wireless, perfected plumbing, perfected office-equipment, is one of the marks of the American philistine, the intellectual sets himself apart from, and fancies that he has set himself above, the common herd by demonstrating his hatred and contempt for these gadgets. To the critical view of the psychologist both attitudes reveal themselves as instances of quasi-neurotic hypostasis.

By hypostasis we mean a psychic trick which elevates a means to its own end. For example, when we in everyday life say that a person "makes a fetish of" or "is a crank about" cleanliness or grammar or punctuality or etiquette we refer to instances of hypostasis; for we mean to convey that the person in question inflates

an ordinary, and in itself useful and praiseworthy, trait or aspect of behavior into an end in itself, with the purpose of achieving a sense of superiority.

By an analogous process Babbitt hypostatizes machinery: he regards possession of its superior grades, such as expensive motor cars, as a symbol of achievement, partly because he measures all achievement by the money-standard, but also because he feels that in doing so he is supported by the consensus of all other Babbitts. Thus he derives spiritual satisfaction from a sense of money-power and also from a sense of conformity. Now the Babbitt-baiting highbrow derives spiritual satisfaction from refusing to conform to the common standard; thus he elevates an arbitrary and merely negative distinction (analogous to the teetotaller's pride in abstinence) to a mark of superiority and a substitute for achievement. What he thus shares with Babbitt is an emotional mis-evaluation of a mere means. If Babbitt sees in a Rolls-Royce a kind of minor God, the Babbitt-baiter puts himself on Babbitt's level by seeing in the Rolls-Royce a kind of minor devil. And if Babbitt feels important because he is exactly like other Babbitts, the highbrow feels important because he is exactly unlike Babbitt—or, if you will, because he is exactly like other anti-Babbitts. Highbrows form the smaller group; and the smaller group is always apt to regard its smallness as a sign of virtue, even as a large group is apt to regard its size as a sign of virtue. To this extent both Babbitt and anti-Babbitt render homage to the quantitative standard of democracy: Babbitt by genuflecting and the anti-Babbitt by sticking out his tongue.

In sum, the contemporary machine-hating intellectual, he who not only prefers wax tapers to electric light, quills to typewriters, hand-knitted sweaters to machine-knitted ones, books bound by hand to books bound by machinery, and sailboats to motor launches, but also regards these preferences as marks of personal superiority, tries to win the game by trumping the fallacy of Babbitt with his own—the Archaic Fallacy. The fallacy of Babbitt consists in the belief that the machine alone justifies; whereas the fallacy of the anti-Babbitt states that repudiation of the machine alone justifies.

The extreme fallaciousness of this latter fallacy becomes evident if we consider that the contemptuous rejection of up-to-date mechanical conveniences in the name of the nobler devices of bygone centuries is an attitude that no bygone century ever shared. He who contemns our age on account of its machinolatry reveals thereby that he is spiritually more affected by machinery than he who puts machinery in its place by employing it as it is meant to be employed and refuses to worry about it. It is, in other words, the machine-hater, and not the machine-exploiter, who suffers from a machine-fixation. Let us imagine (it is not a difficult feat) a contemporary composer who not only prefers quills to fountain pens but also has a theory that quills are artistically superior to fountain pens. Let us further suppose that this composer, transferred, say, into the Baroque century, would adapt his theory about the worthlessness of contemporary gadgets, and hold forth to Bach on the superior artistic merit of the Roman stylus and wax-tablet over up-to-date quills and paper. I have a notion that Bach's response would be forceful rather than polite.

And I have also a notion that Kant, were he to come to life in our midst, would hail a green-shaded goose-necked American desk-lamp of the

commonest kind as a great improvement over the most perfectly wrought rococo chandelier. For Kant only wanted to work; he did not want to attitudinize about work. But to-day we have people who believe that Kant should be read by the light of a rococo chandelier. Now Kant, who is hard to read at the easiest, is less hard to read in the light of a good desk-lamp. But such a lamp would enable our archaizing friend to concentrate on Kant; while the chandelier would enable him to concentrate on himself in the act of reading Kant. The truth is that he does not want to commune with Kant, but to dramatize himself; for which half-sacerdotal, half-theatrical function, I admit, wax tapers furnish the more picturesque setting.

Thus all the hocus-pocus with old-fashioned paraphernalia to which our intellectuals attach such merit reveals itself as the great twentieth-century Archaic Fallacy, twin sister of the Geographic Fallacy, or the hocus-pocus with exotic paraphernalia in Montparnasse and Cagnes, Mallorca and Mexico and Tahiti. Both fallacies may be reduced to the self-salesman's trick of trying to "put over" an inferior picture by displaying it in a highly artistic frame.

V

The manner in which the anti-machine prejudice befuddles the thought of even the highest type of American intellectual is illustrated by a passage in an article that appeared in these pages three years ago. Its author, Mr. Albert Jay Nock, is one of the most penetrating and most charming contemporary critics of life and letters; he is the last man in the world who could be accused of attitudinizing or self-salesmanship; he is miles above either the desire or the need of extolling himself by standardized superiority-devices. But he lives and breathes in the atmosphere of American liberal dissent; and when he speaks of automobiles he makes statements that do not represent his own reasoned opinion but the clichés of dissent.

The article in question, entitled "On the Practice of Smoking in Church," discoursed most entertainingly on the plight of the average American tourist in Europe, that victim of the fad and salesmanship of transoceanic travel. As a horrible example Mr. Nock introduced a certain prosperous Mid-Western business man whom he had met somewhere in France. This wretch had served six out of a term of nine months of hard Europe and was utterly miserable, for he liked and understood nothing that he saw, and could not find a thing to talk about nor a person to talk to. As a matter of fact, he had no worthwhile opinions nor could he express himself articulately on any subject save two, but on these two he had interesting things to say and said them well. These two subjects were salesmanship and automobiles.

It is plain to be seen, Mr. Nock comments, why he was so unhappy. In France nobody is interested either in salesmanship or in automobiles. "There is," Mr. Nock adds, "no æsthetic, romantic, or quasi-religious exaltation over motor cars anywhere in France; as far as I can see they are bought pretty strictly as means of getting around, by those who need them for that purpose. Nothing more poetic than that."

Now this passage phrases the anti-automobile creed of the American *littérateur* with all the subtle force of indirection and understatement. It is also wholly fallacious.

In the first place, the factual value of Mr. Nock's assertion turns on the innocent-looking clause, "*as far as I can see.*" Well, when it comes to the French attitude to automobiles, Mr.

Nock evidently does not see very far. He sees French life as a visitor; moreover, he sees it as a good American romantic liberal, looking for, and finding, in it things that contrast favorably with things American. Now, having spent six uninterrupted years in France, and most of this time in provincial bourgeois surroundings, I feel competent to state that the only difference between the American and the French owner-driver is that the Frenchman is not only more careful of, but also far more affectionate toward his car. For one thing, he is proverbially anxious to conserve his assets; for another, French automobiles are much more delicate and will stand for much less indifferent handling than American ones. I know some French people who do not love their cars but regard them "pretty strictly as means of getting around." When such people start out on a fifty-mile excursion they succeed, as a rule, pretty strictly in getting around to the nearest repair garage.

In the second place, I know a number of American writers, artists, and intellectuals who, while they deride the "æsthetic, romantic, and quasi-religious exaltation" of the American automobile-worshipper, are stirred to such exaltation by the beauty of sailing craft, whether a clipper ship, racing yacht, or simply one of those heavy tubby-looking primitive-rigged boats with which the Provençal, Italian, and Dalmatian sailors perform such wonders of seamanship. Now I maintain that to appreciate the beauty of a racing yacht and to ignore, or despise, the beauty of a Bugatti, Benz, or Cadillac is pure highbrow snobbery. The beauty of a good motor car is exactly the same kind of beauty as that of a good ship. It flows from perfect adaptation of design to purpose, perfect utilization of material and of dynamic possibilities, suppression of inorganic, useless ornament, strict economy of means and processes; in a word, it represents the triumph of craftsmanship over the resistance of inert mass. It seems to me that the person who goes into raptures over the craftsmanship of Adam and Sheraton, of Gothic stonemasons or Renaissance goldsmiths, or of the builders of the *Flying Cloud* and the *Cutty Sark*, and is indifferent to the craftsmanship of the modern automobile engineer, is at par with the critic to whom no poet or no painter is great unless he has been safely dead for a century. Such a person is a victim of the Archaic Fallacy, an expatriate in time.

In the third place: The spirit which expresses itself in buying motor cars "pretty strictly as a means of getting around" is the very spirit which Mr. Nock and his liberal friends have been fighting all their lives. For, though it is not the spirit of the average motorist, French or American, it is the spirit of the jerry-builder, American or European; of the maker and seller of the abominations of cheap furniture; of the correspondence course that sells short cuts to literary culture at so much an installment. It is the spirit of Quick Lunch. It is, in a word, the spirit of getting there anyhow, of achieving any result as quickly and as cheaply as possible. It is the spirit that denies slow growth, the value of craftsmanship, and the amenities of civilized existence.

The subject which occupies the same place in the hierarchy of French everyday life as is occupied in America by the automobile, is food. There is a good deal of æsthetic, romantic, and quasi-religious exaltation over food in France; it is fully shared by French intellectuals, and approved by Mr. Nock, when he comes to France, as a sign of culture. Now let us transcribe Mr. Nock's anti-automobile tirade in terms of a French man of letters visiting America.

"There is," he would write, "no æsthetic, romantic, or quasi-religious exaltation over food anywhere in the United States; as far as I can see, food is bought pretty strictly as a means of holding body and soul together, by those who need it for that purpose. Nothing more poetic than that."

So far our imaginary Monsieur Nocques would walk arm-in-arm with our Mr. Nock. But at this point he would politely extricate himself, and branch off into a little comment of his own. "The truth is," he would say, "that when it comes to food the Americans are barbarians. In regard to food, as in regard to other values of life, they are only interested in results, and ignore or despise the processes. This emphasis on mere results is one of the most desolate aspects of a purely utilitarian civilization, such as the American."

I do not say that I should agree with this hypothetical Frenchman. I should oppose his statement precisely by pointing to the craftsmanship of American automobile engineers, and of the humble and nameless American mechanic and tool-maker. But the reason why I introduced him (and he has, under different names, published fifty books on American civilization in the last five years) is that he serves to illustrate a crucial difference between French culture and ours. In matters of everyday routine, such as food, the French *littérateur* does not revolt against, but identifies himself with, the standards of his people. He conforms where his American brother denounces. And the reason for this is not that French standards are intrinsically higher than American, but that the French man of letters has more guts than the American. He conforms out of strength. The French man of letters has a recognized and safe status within French life; whereas the American man of letters suffers from an inferiority-complex, is never at his ease, and clutches at artificial status-raising devices such as the Archaic Fallacy, whereby he can show himself and his friends that he is really a far finer fellow than George F. Babbitt.

VI

In her review of that celebrated machine-age symposium, Professor Beard's *Whither Mankind?* (it appeared in the "Books" section of the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune* on November 4, 1928) Miss Rebecca West suggested that the influence of the machine on contemporary life is greatly overrated, since a large number of people within our civilization have no real psychological contact with machinery at all. To prove this she stated her own case.

"I myself," she wrote, "never ride in an automobile if I can conveniently walk; I write in long hand with a pen; when I sew it is by hand; I have an apartment in a London house . . . which contains no elevator; I use a telephone, but I loathe it. . . . If I differ in certain respects from any woman of my sort who lived in the eighteenth, or seventeenth, or sixteenth centuries it is because of changes in the clothing women wear, the lives they lead, the social and religious and philosophic ideas. It has nothing to do with machinery."

Now the second half of this passage is just a whale of an instance of question-begging. Having proposed to prove that people's lives are not affected by machinery, Miss West calmly announces that the changes in people's lives have nothing to do with machinery. Whereas it is evident that if Miss West differed from her sisters of bygone ages in nothing except the clothes she wears and the life she leads, she would already differ a good deal, and most of this difference would be due to the part that machinery plays

in Miss West's life when she looks the other way; as, for instance, when the materials of her clothing are being made. It would be also easy to show that while machinery itself may not change social and religious ideas, the change which these ideas have undergone in the last hundred years springs from the same source as machinery, *i.e.* from the final victory of the so-called scientific spirit over the authoritarian beliefs and hierarchic practices of the pre-machine era. If machinery is not the mother, she is at any rate the sister of Miss West's social and philosophic and religious ideas.

A *petitio principii*, however, is a slip which any of us may make when we are very anxious to prove a point in a hurry. And evidently Miss West, who elsewhere in the same article complains of a prodigious amount of overwork, was in a hurry when she wrote that passage—all the more as she wrote it with a pen in long hand and had to compete with American journalists who use typewriters and even dictagraphs. On the other hand, the first sentence of the above quotation contains a lovely full-grown example of the Archaic Fallacy.

In that sentence Miss West avers, not without a certain simple pride, that she refuses to avail herself of the commonly available tools and processes of up-to-date routine. By this refusal, or shall we say by this willed aloofness, Miss West proves herself to be fundamentally different from women of her sort who lived in the eighteenth, or seventeenth, or sixteenth century. It is impossible to imagine any woman, or any man, living in any of those centuries who would deliberately have preferred obsolete technics to perfected ones. The technics of everyday life, like the technics of the arts, were historically given, and taken for granted; one did not *choose* a style of home-furnishing or of music any more than one would choose one's nose. By her eclectic preference for old-fashioned ways Miss West stamps herself an authentic daughter of ultra-modernity.

But then, in those centuries life was organized on a hierarchic basis. One's paraphernalia were determined by the status into which one was born; whereas to-day one's status is determined by the paraphernalia which one acquires by hook or crook. The modern intellectual's revolt against the machinery of everyday is, at bottom, a revolt against the sham equality of a social order in which any fool can command universal recognition as a Superior Person if he can afford to ride in a sixteen-cylinder car. One might sympathize with that revolt were it not obvious that its true purpose is to replace, while you wait, one kind of superiority-fiction with another kind of superiority-fiction: one sham with another sham. It is not a revolt at all, but an offer of truce masquerading as revolt; it is the siege of the fortress of False Values opening with the capitulation of the attacking army.

Miss West, too, capitulates. She proclaims her aversion to up-to-date mechanical devices in a magazine printed on super-rotary presses in a New York skyscraper and distributed by motor trucks, railway trains, and, for aught I know, by airplanes.

VII

Babbitt's machine-worship is disguised self-worship; for with the aid of the machine he bestows upon himself a sense of power and distinction. But the intellectual who harangues against machinolatry has no better case; for his contempt of the machine is the indirect ritual of *his* brand of self-worship. The intellectual is right when he, paraphrasing Matthew Arnold, inquires, What is the use of an airplane if it serves only to transport

you from a dull life in Pittsburgh to a dull life in Denver, or from a futile life in Mayfair to a futile life in Cannes? But the intellectual is wrong when he believes that by turning his back on the machine he has replaced a non-value with a value. Press him hard, and you will find that his anti-machine attitude ultimately rests on his claim that *his* point of view is more valuable than Babbitt's. It may be; but the intellectual—at any rate the American intellectual—is usually also a liberal; and he negates his claim to a superior set of values by his faith in democracy, or the system which establishes *all* values by majority vote.

If the world of to-day had a true hierarchy of values machinery would find its place in it. But if the world of to-day has no such hierarchy, it is the fault, not of poor much-maligned George F. Babbitt, but of the intellectual; for it was the intellectuals who, banded together under the banner of Enlightenment, dethroned hierarchy and set up in its stead the democratic ideal: one man's values are as good as those of the next. Once more the anti-machine revolt of the intellectual reveals itself as a revolt against Equality. But it is a stillborn revolt; for the contemporary rebel does not want to fight; he wants to compromise. He does not want to set up a true hierarchy of values, for he does not believe in one; all he wants is to raise his own status. And for that phantom purpose a phantom weapon will serve him: he combats the Democratic Fallacy with the Archaic Fallacy. But we know that two fallacies do not make a Truth.

TIME'S ABSOLUTE

BY MARY LAPSLEY

THIS is eternity, this long sweet pause
When summer trees are muted, and no flaws
Of air stir, bending grass and flower.
This slight, clear hour
Caught from time's restless flow,
Not snow
In carven stillness, but this idle breath
Holds immortality which is not death.

The Lion's Mouth

OBSERVATIONS ON CANINE BLUE BLOOD

BY STELLA BENSON

IT ISN'T fashionable now to be obviously well-bred. But dogs (always several million years behind the times, poor darlings) haven't noticed that yet. Not that, theoretically, Good Connections matter at all in the dog world. Anyone who has wrestled with a canine Lady Clara Vere de Vere whose heart is set on a mésalliance knows that nothing is farther from her mind than the duty of selecting an aristocratic father for her puppies. But this contrariness is due, I am sure, to a strange ignorance of cause and effect (shared, if I am rightly informed, with certain human Australian tribes). As a lifelong student of canine psychology, I am sorry to say that, in my considered opinion, dogs do not know How Puppies Come. A mother-dog's expression at the supreme moment of motherhood never in my experience conveys anything more sophisticated than, "Well—I'll be jiggered! Look what's happened!"

All this makes it seem the more odd to me that a sense of aristocracy does appear to affect the canine outlook. In other words, there really seems to be a blueness inherent in patrician blood, if one may judge from canine behavior.

Of our two dogs in this Chinese compound, Penko, a gentleman of reasonably pure Airedale descent, spontaneously conducts his social life on noblesse oblige lines. Chippie, a half-bred Chinese dog, obviously labels himself as belonging to the servant class, contentedly wears the cast-off collars of his betters, and re-gnaws their twice-gnawed bones, and no doubt calls Penko, Master Penko. Outside the compound, among the base-born village wonk-dogs, Penko shows that patronizing British side of his nature that is so typical of the English Gentleman Abroad. He does his best not to put on side; he walks on stiff, self-conscious legs round and round rude yapping vulgarians, trying to pretend a courteous but haughty interest in their gross, bucolic smells. I do not know how he acquires this aristocratic manner—apparently simply from the fact that he is so obviously different—in shape, color, texture, size, smell, and culture—from every dog he meets. Chinese village children run away from him under the impression that he is a tiger, and even the dogs, never having seen any dog but one another, are not really sure that Penko is canine at all. (There is indeed, I sometimes think, an equivalent uncertainty of a common bond between the human Chinese peasant and the human British gentleman—and this makes a gulf that can only be bridged by good manners, which, happily, are fairly frequent in both races.) Outside the compound, Penko, with the best intentions, is never able—or never allowed—to forget his breeding, but at home inside the compound, though he remains, first and

last, an Airedale of good family, he unbends most affably. In the presence of Chippie he does not mind being roguish; a humble, faithful family retainer like poor dear old Chippie will never take advantage of a superior's lapse into roguishness. A walker on the tips of stiff toes abroad, Penko, at home, becomes a bouncer. His response to almost all the events of daily life is a bouncing; he bounces with amusement when a joke is made, he bounces with pleasure when dinner is announced, he bounces when a friend enters or when a stranger departs; every evening at nine o'clock, he announces to his master by bouncings his readiness for the nightly facetious romp. His manner of bouncing is peculiar to himself; it is done with his front half only, and, if snapshotted in mid-bounce, he would be found to defy the laws of gravity in exactly the same way as do the racehorses in sporting pictures of the 1840's, the war-chargers in seventeenth-century portraits of kings, and the hunting dogs in ancient Egyptian carvings—that is to say, both hind feet remain demurely on the ground while the front half sprawls stretched horizontally along the air—a Penko Rampant.

Penko's bouncingness is his chief charm in the eyes of his admirers. This fact is realized by Chippie. A dog of his lowly heart would not, of course, presume to bounce at first hand, so to speak; bouncing is for Gentlemen Among Gentlemen, in Chippie's feudal view. With an expression of pop-eyed wistfulness, Chippie watches the free, assured bouncings of Master Penko, and presently, when Penko's nightly romp with his master is at its height, Chippie can be seen tentatively bouncing alone in a corner—practicing how it feels to bounce—imagining how it would feel to belong to the bouncing classes. Sometimes Penko in the delirium of the romp bounces over and knocks Chippie head over heels; Chippie then writhes with a modest subdued roguishness, anxious not to be a wet blanket, yet at the same time determined to show that he knows his place. At other times, Chippie, desirous of sharing in the fun as far as is possible without presumption, will enter the radius of the romp, and sit shaking hands tirelessly with the unheeding feet of the human participants. In the garden, when Penko plays with his ball, Chippie, hovering near, plays with a fir-cone—throws it—catches it—rolls it—nuzzles it—pats it—loves it—in exact imitation of Master Penko. Even when Penko tires of his ball, takes away Chippie's one ewe fir-cone and begins to play with that, Chippie, urged to seize the sacred ball, cannot bring himself to set tooth to it or to bestow on it more than a shy, light, reverent lick.

In one respect Penko depends upon Chippie for something more definite than admiration, imitation, and second-fiddlehood. Chippie has a great gift for nibbling—that canine form of massage. Chippie knows how to nibble the neck, skull, and spine of a friend with delicately wielded front teeth, in such a manner as to tauten every muscle of the delighted nibbled one, cramp his head askew with rapture, and stretch his mouth to a stiff, toothy smile of ecstasy. This talent of Chippie's is of course a slavish one, but in his unassuming way, Chippie is proud of it; he is always ready to put his skill at the disposal of Master Penko. But if his purpose is to ingratiate himself—to better himself socially—by these ministrations, it is not achieved. Penko's growing rapture is oddly accompanied by a growing irritation as the nibbling goes on; different surfaces of the head and neck are presented more and more pressingly to the nibbler's tooth, the nibbled one's smile of sensuous ecstasy grows wider and wider—

and yet at the same time his temper becomes unexpectedly worse and worse. Growls rumble louder and louder in the nibbled skull. It is as if the blood of a hundred Airedales were revolting against incurring such an obligation to a base-born foreign mongrel. Chippie never learns wisdom; happy in the consciousness of being useful, he nibbles ardently on. And sooner or later—*bang*—Penko turns on the nibbler in patrician fury, knocks him spinning, and dismisses him with a display of teeth emphatically *not* formed for the gentle art of nibbling. Chippie hurries from the room, scarlet with embarrassment, cursing himself for his presumption, and sits for a long time in his kennel with his tail to the world, making good resolutions never to indulge in sinful pride again.

Watching Chippie and Penko, then, one might deduce that class-modesty is an instinct innate in the low-born, and that our modern explosion of human liberty, equality, and fraternity is a defiant, paradoxical manifestation of that modesty. I'm-as-good-as-you-are is a motto peculiar to the human groundling, and, like almost all family mottoes, a challenge rather than a claim. Dogs know better; they remain frankly feudal and class-conscious. There is no such thing as a canine parvenu; a dog has too much sense of the essential and too little sense of dignity to make social claims in which his pedigree does not justify him.

Watching Penko and Chippie and the village wonks, one might argue on such an assumption, but I do not think the deduction would be safe—at any rate in China. For (and this is a thing I have not dared to tell Penko) pedigree goes for nothing in Chinese canine circles. Even humanly speaking, though in one sense China may be the country of ancestors par excellence, in another sense she is the most ancient democracy of all. It is said that in Imperial China every boy had as good a chance of becoming Prime Minister as any given American boy has of becoming President. Where dogs are concerned, I cannot say that every Chinese mongrel under the Imperial regime had a chance of becoming a Pekingese Mandarin's sleeve-dog—that, after all, is a question of avoirdupois—but I know by experience that every wonk has to-day a chance of taking rank as a Perfect Chow. I once bought—for the equivalent of one and two pence—two infant wonks as foster-puppies for a bereaved pointer mother. Their names were Woolworth and Whiteley. Woolworth grew up a goodhearted, intensely vulgar dog, never ashamed to lick the boots of a friend or to turn tail before an enemy. But Whiteley developed that aristocratic characteristic, a black tongue. His mouth when he yawned looked as if he had been eating blueberries. His nature, from the first, was disdainful and arrogant. "That dog," said Chinese friends, "is a Perfect Chow. You could sell it for good money in Shanghai." "But he is a wonk by birth," I said. "I know Whiteley's family well; he is our garbage coolie's uncle's wonk's son. Look at his brother Woolworth. Obviously there is no breeding in the family at all." The Chinese friends looked at me patiently as though I were babbling irrelevancies. "It is not the family that matters, in a dog, but the black tongue. That dog is a Perfect Chow."

I repeat, I have not dared to tell Penko this story, but it made a great impression on me, for I began to think then that, though an aristocracy *does* exist in human and canine affairs, with all its attendant traditional manifestations of arrogance, courage, patronage, confidence, chivalry, lack of imagination, and physical fineness, it is a matter of the black tongue rather than of breeding. Penko, though his physical tongue is nordically pink, is, I think,

spiritually, black-tongue all over, so to speak. From top to toe he is (in Kwangtung province at least) distinguished by that something special which is aristocracy, perhaps, and of which the black tongue is a symbol. Countless wonks must go through life without knowing that they have black tongues—without reaping the advantages of their special something—just as Chippie goes through life without knowing that he has a white spot on the back of his neck. Chippie is an all-yellow dog, and the lonely white spot on the back of his neck is the feature that first catches the eye of anyone on being introduced to Chippie. Yet, if one spoke with the tongues of men and angels, one never could give Chippie the faintest suspicion of the existence of that white spot. So he remains merely Chippie—a servant dog.

Sometimes I feel quite dizzy when I look at that white spot. Have I one? Have you one? If we could realize our white spots should we at once step from the ranks of nibblers into the glorious position of the nibbled?

OUR GENERATION WAS DIFFERENT

BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

A YEAR ago David was interested exclusively in jazz, cars, and girls. He gangled alarmingly from clothes which might just as well not have been bought at the expensive shops his mother, with the desperation of despair, patronized for him. His skin was something better left unnoticed. His entire vocabulary, as far as we could find out, consisted of the word "Horsefeathers" delivered with varied inflections.

This year, his eighteenth, he is different. His skin is definitely one we should love to touch, but have auntly sense enough not to. His clothes fit him—more or less. To jazz, cars, and girls he has added psychiatry. This complex science colors his other three interests in a startling way. He admits it is kind of awful knowing so much psychology—knowing what's wrong with your friends and all your family. What's wrong with Sis, he says, is—she's jealous of the kids. She's jealous of Peg and Jim. Only last Tuesday he told us exactly what was wrong with his mother and father. "Mother's awful faithful," he said. "She's the damn faithfullest woman I ever saw, but she sure takes it out on the butcher and the ice-man."

I said, "*What?*" and he said, Yeh, hadn't I heard her rip up the butcher on the telephone? Well, that was direct sex repression—

We are learning to brace ourselves when David walks in. Yesterday, for instance, he followed me into the library, shut the door, and stood against it, frowning down at his sneakers. This time the frown was greatly heightened by the layers of automobile grease on his face. I inquired, a trifle obviously, if he had been fixing his motorcycle? "Yeh," he said. He ran his hands through his hair and sat down on the sofa, knees apart, staring down at the rug. "I got it bad," he said. "I'm hit. I can't eat, can't study, can't anything. And I got to study. Just this week I've got, to get ready for that history exam, and I can't see the words on the page. I'm hit, all right."

There was a gloomy pause. I inquired if it was the one he had brought home to tea? The tea incident had been an entirely new departure and caused great talk in the flustered bosom of the family. Hitherto David's girls —cohorts of them—had appeared briefly in automobiles, honked raucously for

David, and disappeared into the night. But the tea party had been different. David's sister had reported it to me. "Mother's been begging him for years to bring his girls home. And he did. On Sunday. It was awful. Gosh! This girl sat there, and we all sat round. The kids too, and the dogs, falling over everybody. And mother made conversation. Gosh!"—

"Yeh," David said. "That's the one. This girl. . . . Aunt Helen, she's the first decent girl I've had that was interested in psychology. I mean the first good-looking one. There was one at Christmas. My God, she hung on me the whole vacation and she sure was intelligent. She sure knew psychology. But she wasn't good-looking."

Life, I said, was like that.

"She's an awful sensible girl, this one I've got now. I mean she's not hot-cha. Didn't Sis tell you she wasn't hot-cha? . . . Well, we've talked a lot about psychology. She's interested in it too. At least, she wasn't at first, but she is now. That, and jazz, and baseball, just like me. That's funny, isn't it, Aunt Helen?"

She must, I murmured, be a sensible girl indeed. Delilah, I reflected, had probably shown a sensible interest in hair.

"But the thing is—" it burst from him in agony—"I can't trust her! Listen. . . . You know Gordon Hale, the fellow that was in the garage helping me fix my motorcycle when you got your car out this morning? Well, he's after her, too. . . . Aunt Helen, what do you think of Gordon? I mean, what kind of fellow you think he is?"

I said I'd noticed a bold black eye.

"Yeh. He's been my best friend for five years. . . . Well, he doesn't really care for this girl. He doesn't care *that* for her. All he cares for is competition. That's what his life is based on, just competition. For instance, when we're out in his car, if there's a car ahead of us he'd wreck anything to pass it. That's what his life is. What he likes is a good fight, just one good fight after another. That's what his life is. Well, he got home from Exeter last Monday and we were fixing my motorcycle and he said, 'Well, who you got?' and I told him about Edith. So I took him along, and there was another girl at her house, but he made a date with Edith. He's been my best friend five years. So he told me next day she kissed him—"

Pause. Awful pause, hideous. David had choked.

Hurriedly, vivaciously, I said I thought they all kissed. I thought kissing was just how-do-you-do.

"Yeh," David said. "Well, your generation wouldn't understand, but all my generation wants from women is a good neck." He raised his head and looked at me bitterly. "That's all Gordon wants, a good neck."

In my most skilfully casual voice I said I supposed she had kissed David too?

She had, it seemed. Saturday night and Sunday night, in the car and on her steps after they got out of the car. Gordon came Monday. "So last night," said David, "I had a date with her and I took her somewhere to supper and then we went to a movie. I didn't say anything about Gordon, right out, but I kept at it. I kept making subtle remarks—*you* know, sort of subtle cracks. Like this. The picture was called, 'She Done Him Wrong.' So I said, 'How do you like the title?' Like that. She got it, all right. I could see her getting it. Well, it went on like that all evening, and then driving home she—took hold of my hand, sort of, on the wheel. She said she was sorry she'd necked with Gordon."

"Well?"

"She has a date with him to-night. *To-night.*" He raised his eyes and looked at me. Easily, easily, with a

hammer, with a length of picture wire, I could have murdered this Gordon. My eyes decently averted, I inquired whether Gordon knew about psychology too?

"That guy?" David said. "He's an extrovert. He isn't interested in anything, I tell you, but fights. I try to talk to him about his competition complex and he just waves his hand. 'Path-*et*ic,' he says, like that."

I could see him saying it. David murmured that of course he wouldn't expect my generation to understand. My generation didn't know psychoanalysis.

I admitted that we didn't.

David got up, slowly. "I called Edith up," he said, and sat down again, "this morning. 'Well,' I told her, 'I'm not going to say anything more. You know Gordon doesn't really care for you and you know what I told you.' I called her again this afternoon. You think it'd be a good idea for me to call her again, at supper, before she goes out with Gordon? Just to remind her? Or," his brow was knotted, "you think I'd better lay off?"

I said I thought he'd better lay off, and then I asked him the rather obvious question why, if it was really serious, he didn't tell her straight out, it had to be him or Gordon. "Tell Gordon, too," I said.

David shook his head. "She'd take *me*. I'm about sure of it."

My bewilderment was complete. The fog closed down all round. I heard myself saying, Well-for-crying-out-loud—the usual outmoded aunty slang. I stared up at David, and found him staring back at me in the wildest surprise.

"Hey!" he said. "Hey! You don't seem to get the idea at all. I'm not looking for . . . Gosh, I don't want this one-woman business yet awhile. Not for a couple of years anyway. Not till I'm twenty. This one-woman business. Gosh, that'd be awful. This thing I'm talking about—it's just for this vacation, see?" His voice rose; there was an edge to it. "Five days, I've got. If I can beat Gordon to it before Thursday. He goes back to school Thursday and she goes back Friday."

Feebly I suggested he try leaving her alone for a day. Over Sunday anyway. A little indifference, I said, is very attractive to females.

"Yeh," David said. He got up. "Listen. She didn't really enjoy kissing Gordon. She told me so. I asked what did she do it for, then, and she said she didn't know. So I put it right to her. I said, 'Can't you tell infatuation from real love?'"

He stopped talking and stood looking down, screwing the toes of his sneakers into the rug. I said, "How old is Edith?" and David said, "Sixteen," and shook his head. "It's pretty bad. I sure am hit. It sure has got me this time. I don't know how I'm going to get through tonight." His face, I couldn't help noticing, was actually white. "I couldn't expect you to understand, Aunt Helen. Your generation was different. Things were different in your generation."

He moved to the door. He paused. "I told her," he said fiercely. "I told Edith. 'Don't you know what it'll do to you,' I said, 'necking with one fellow one night and another the next? Don't you know what it'll *do?*'"

Horrid qualms assailed me, unmentionable qualms. Things they tell you about the wild young generation . . . movie things . . . parked cars . . . unwed mothers.

"David," I said. "Tell me. What *will* it do to her?"

"Why," he said, "anybody knows, that's read psychology. Women aren't like men. Women are monogamous. Kissing one man one night and another

the next. It'll give her a split personality. That's what it'll do. I told her. I said, 'You keep on the way you're going, and you'll get a split personality.'"

"Mercy," I murmured. David's hand was on the door. He turned. "She *said* she wouldn't neck to-night. She practically promised." His hand went through his hair.

"If only I could trust her," he said.

TO APHRODITE IN MARBLE

BY MILDRED WESTON

You,
Venus out of Melos,
Who profess
To have attained the height
Of loveliness,
Wonder, no doubt,
How such as I would dare
To run the gantlet
Of your haughty stare.

Disparage my proportions.
I agree
They do not warrant
Immortality.
Condemn my features.
Damn them one by one—
You will have done no more
Than I have done.

Only remember
While you scorn its girth
This meager torso
Draws the breath of earth!
Know, Aphrodite,
That I turn away
Exulting
In my warm, if homely, clay.

So,
By my edict,
It becomes the fashion
To view you
Not with envy
But compassion.
Poor, bleak perfection!
If the truth be told,
Beauty is strangely pitiable,
Stone cold.

Editor's Easy Chair

A GROWTH IN CANDOR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IN THE Great War, when all the censors were working overtime, a good deal of news was kept out of general circulation and a good deal was published that was not true. Lying was held to be warrantable in war; but after peace came limping home again and the censor's smudge disappeared, and in letters people wrote what they liked, there followed the publication of "now-it-can-be-told" books, and they are still coming out. That sentiment has penetrated beyond the war books into literature in general.

Mr. Joseph Choate once said: "You can say almost anything if you know how." That has always been true: the way you say what you say makes the difference between what gives offense and what does not. But nowadays we are getting almost back to Old Testament standards about what details of life are proper to be disclosed. In the Bible stories there is great candor about them. In the 19th century this quality was not much emulated especially in periodical literature. One of the duties of a magazine was to print nothing that would be objectionable to family reading. That was true when Mr. Alden edited HARPER'S and had to discuss with Thomas Hardy the decency of *Jude, the Obscure*. It could not have been altogether agreeable to Mr. Alden, whose mind had room in it for everything that concerned human life; but it was part of the job of editing the magazine. The same sort of thing went on in the *Century* when Mr. Gilder had to discuss what was proper with Mark Twain; but that was about language more than anything else. Mark's adored wife was careful for her husband's language, and when Mark's exuberance burst out very much there was always Mr. Howells to consult with, and Mr. Howells was a proper man. So it was when Hawthorne's wife edited his diary and eliminated all naughty words. But nowadays the pendulum has swung far the other way. Life is going bare. The Nudists are quite popular, at least to read about; and though it does not yet seem likely that more than a small fraction of the Europeans or the Americans will wish to go naked, yet it is true that garb even now has to make quite a determined effort to keep on the body. At the bathing beaches where twenty years ago women not thoroughly draped were liable to arrest, the amount of covering which the rules require seems now to have come pretty close to a minimum.

A great deal of this change is improvement. Women are better dressed than they used to be, their bodies are more free and better developed, and as for morals, clothes seem not to have much to do with them, not nearly as much at least as appeared to our grand-

parents who went in for pantalets and to whom the very thought of a naked body seemed to be shocking.

As to what may be put in books, that varies by localities. Magistrates in New York refuse to suppress books which may not be sold in Boston, nor, in some cases, in Brooklyn, and probably not in Philadelphia. As a rule they are not very edifying books, but censorship at the best is seldom very intelligent, and the opinion has basis at least that it is better to let loose some things that are unfit than to take away from readers too much responsibility as to what they shall read. Smut is bad, but prohibitions may easily be worse.

THERE was a gentleman in Rochester in the last generation but one, of whom someone said it should be written on his tombstone "He left nothing unexplained." There has been going on at this writing a very interesting show in Washington put on by persons whose ambition has seemed to be to leave nothing unexposed. The show has been interesting. It is incomplete at this writing and it is too soon anyhow to try to measure its significance or its consequences. Some things about Morgan's Bank have been brought out in that inquiry, a good deal more will be found in the story of Henry P. Davison, just issued, by his friend and partner Thomas W. Lamont.

Davison was extraordinarily interesting, an adventurer from the time of his boyhood in Troy, Pa., through processes of education, such as they were, and particularly in banking carried on in Troy, in Bridgeport where he was the young friend of P. T. Barnum, and presently in New York, where the game was bigger if one could find one's way into it; and Davison could find his way. He had all the necessary talent, intelligence, and energy to find his way about in this life and especially to succeed as a banker. He thought of profitable things to do and he could persuade people to do them. Nearly all story readers prefer to read about success. Davison, like Eliza on the ice floes, stepped from one success to another. He seldom had a setback. When he got into a bank in New York there was always a better job ahead, and he was always on the way to get it. He started several banks which are now powerful institutions. He never forgot his friends for he was not only a progressive go-getting person but he liked human beings and never tired of helping them.

As we all know, he became a partner in Morgan's Bank, and what he did there Mr. Lamont has recounted. Mr. Paul Y. Anderson, a Washington newspaper correspondent who contributes to Mr. Villard's *Nation*, observed in his comments in that paper on the investigation of Morgan's, "Doesn't everyone realize by now that we entered the World War mainly because Morgan & Company had bet on the Allies and were in danger of losing?" That Morgan's had so much influence with Von Tirpitz as to induce him to advise the action that got us into the War may be doubted; but that Morgan's had bet on the Allies was true, and if that is a fault, as Mr. Villard's paper and perhaps Mr. Hearst's papers, seem to feel, of that Morgan's was guilty.

Much of what Morgan's did for the Allies, and especially Mr. Davison's remarkable services are set forth in this book of Mr. Lamont's, including in detail Davison's extraordinary and successful efforts for the Red Cross, to organize its work and keep it supplied with the money to do it—about four hundred millions in all. The cause of the Allies at one time was not unpopular. Fifty thousand Americans died for it, a great many others got hurt in it. It was a big job that we are still trying to pay for, and War is objection-

able anyhow. But if it is charged that Morgan's helped the Allies in the Great War, that is true, and anyone who likes can make the most of it.

The activity which seems to excite the most resentment in persons against whom it is directed is the invasion of a racket. Whose racket does Morgan's seem to have invaded—that of the Senate? Well, we shall see in the Lord's good time. Why has that combination of men at 23 Wall Street become so powerful? They are able men, and as characters go, are far better than ordinary. One would say that they would be useful in the direct administration of government affairs just as Mr. Davison and others of that firm were useful during the War. It is a defect of our system of government that the way is not open enough for able men of good character to get into it. Mr. Morrow, a Morgan partner, got into the Senate; but what did it cost him in money—half a million dollars? Wasn't it something like that? He did not live long enough to do much in the Senate, but he was extremely valuable in Mexico and valuable in everything he did or tried to do. In England such men can get into Parliament without much trouble. For anyone of obvious, special ability a seat in Parliament can be provided. But here it is not so easy. Huey Long could go to the Senate and send there Mrs. Caraway, from Arkansas, but most Senators have to have the price.

One of the specialties of Morgan's Bank, which was not brought out by Mr. Pecora's questions and was not offered by Mr. Morgan or any of the partners, has been the rescue of concerns in trouble. The extent to which that has gone on is not likely to become a matter of public record. The late Mr. J. P. Morgan did not like to see a concern of honorable traditions and reputable character go down. He had a sentiment about it, and on that, rather than on expectations of profit, his ministrations were often based. That this still belongs to the tradition of Morgan's Bank is well and widely known, but is one of the things, as said, that did not come out at the inquiry.

Personal and Otherwise

THE DEPRESSION has spread before us a story of rascality, rapacity, and blind stupidity in the race for profit. In the leading article of this issue ("The Crisis in Character") ***James Truslow Adams,*** with his accustomed vigor, draws the inevitable lesson from the events of recent years. Mr. Adams's latest article in HARPER'S was "The Tempo of American Life" which appeared in September, 1931. Mr. Adams can hardly be accused of lack of historical perspective in his strictures on our conduct, for he is the author of a number of excellent volumes dealing with American history, of which the latest are *The Epic of America* and *The March of Democracy*.

Along about the turn of the century—the old brown HARPER cover with the soap-bubble-blowing cupids was abandoned at Christmas, 1900—a trend toward lightening the contents of the hot-weather numbers led to designation of the August issue of this Magazine as the Midsummer Fiction Number. So labeled, the August number for 1900 contained stories by Mary E. Wilkins, W. W. Jacobs, Stephen Crane, Brander Matthews, and others, including chapters from three serials by Israel Zangwill, Frank R. Stockton, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. For a decade or more the Midsummer Fiction Number was a HARPER institution, recognized by its white and gold cover and the opulent colored plates of Howard Pyle and Edwin Abbey. Chance finds the current issue in a position somewhat similar to the August numbers of other days, for in addition to the three short stories formally designated as such, there are three other contributions which might almost be put in this classification. These are "The Ford in the Jungle," "The Great Man," and "Fox Hunt at Clonrue."

America first became aware of Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, otherwise 18th Baron Dunsany, when during the war Stuart Walker of Indianapolis began producing in his Portmanteau Theater "The Glittering Gate," "The Gods of the Mountain," and other Dunsany plays. For a time these plays were talked of everywhere and were staple entertainment until amateurs throughout the country wore them out. More recently ***Lord Dunsany*** has been known to HARPER readers through his stories of Mr. Jorkens, the traveler with a tall imagination. One of the best of these was "The Electric King," published in August, 1930. "Fox Hunt at Clonrue," which appears in the present number, is a chapter from a forthcoming novel of Dunsany's. It will be noticed that the narrator of this episode is not Dunsany himself, but a character in the novel. The scene, however, is laid in the neighborhood of the author's home in County Meath.

Oppression and injustice flourish in all climates and in the most civilized of countries; during the late war the United States in the midst of a patriotic debauch disgraced itself repeatedly, approaching even the high standards of its allies. The present Hitler carnival finds most of the world in a state of nominal peace and able to look on, as at a theatre, at the spectacle of a government gone completely berserk. The anti-Semitic aspect of Hitlerism is of course the most showy and most lurid. Behind the return to Thor and Wotan, the thunderous conclaves at the Sports Palast, and the burning of Jewish books are economic factors yet only dimly seen, but they are at work. The obliteration of the various state governments has brought about a complete governmental unification of the Reich at last. Somewhere behind the smoke and uproar the great industrial and banking cartels are lining up. Meantime, what is to be the effect of all this on the German people and the rest of the world? This question is discussed in ***Ludwig Lewisohn's*** indictment, "The German Revolt Against Civilization." Mr. Lewisohn, who was born in Germany and knows the country

well, is the author of *Upstream, The Island Within, Expression in America,* etc.; he is now editing an anthology of American prose and verse to be entitled *Creative America.*

Regional literature has its ups and downs; a sudden cropping out of authors, as in the case of Mark Twain and Bret Harte in the Far West, will be followed by a long stretch of complete silence. It's quite a jump from Joel Harris and George W. Cable to William Faulkner. The Kentucky mountaineer people have escaped these hiatuses and over a period of many years have held a secure place through the efforts of a succession of native authors. A backward glance through HARPER pages finds these names all represented. Mary N. Murfree, better known as Charles Egbert Craddock, author of *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains,* wrote "Way Down in Lonesome Cove," which appeared in the Christmas HARPER'S for 1885. Next came James Lane Allen, best known for *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *The Choir Invisible.* "Too Much Momentum" and "The Violet," his first short story and his last, the two spanning a lifetime of writing, appeared in HARPER'S. After him came John Fox, Jr., who went to the Spanish War as a correspondent for *Harper's Weekly* and who, early in the present century, wrote *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* and *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.* Last of all is ***Elizabeth Madox Roberts,*** author of "The Betrothed," whose *The Time of Man* was published in 1926 and whose stories have frequently appeared in these pages. Miss Roberts lives in Springfield, Kentucky.

Step by step, and with increasing speed, the political and economic world moves toward the concentration of authority and power. Russia and Italy are full fledged examples of it, Germany is turning in the same direction. Federal legislation since the 4th of March has put our own government in the common path. It ought not to be surprising to discover that religion also has felt the urge, and the ***Reverend T. L. Harris's*** "Religion for a Scanty Band" gives plain evidence of it. The curious reader may look back at Stanley High's "The Revolt Against God" and wonder if indeed while Mr. High's church was dying another one was coming into life, its eyes fixed upon Thomas Aquinas and its heart warming toward the one true Church. It is interesting to speculate on the possible outcome of a Romanist revival in this country keeping pace with the present concentration of power at Washington. For the past three years Mr. Harris has been Religious Adviser at Harvard University. His experiences there and those gained while a student at Michigan and at Cambridge, England, have furnished a basis for the present discussion.

"The Ford in the Jungle" is a true story. The author, ***Wilson Follett,*** was educated at Harvard, taught at Dartmouth and Brown, and then came to New York to engage in the publishing business. Since that time he has written a biography of Conrad, a critical volume entitled *Some Modern Novelists,* and a novel, *No More Sea,* which is to appear this coming fall. Mr. Follett's home is in Maine.

Last month we published "Doing Business Without Money," an examination of the barter and exchange movement in Dayton, Ohio. This month, with "They Call It Barter," the examination is continued; this time it concerns the towns of Yellow Springs, Ohio, and Waterloo, Iowa. The section on Waterloo may be compared with Remley J. Glass's "Gentlemen, the Corn Belt!" (which appeared in the July number), for the parts of Iowa treated in the two articles lie very close together. The self-help movement—which includes barter, exchange, production and a number of other manifestations—has lately been given a fresh impetus through the La-Follette-Wagner-Costigan bill, now law, which provides that such organizations may apply to the Federal Government for money. The great interest shown on the part of the self-help organizations in gaining access to government funds should constitute adequate proof that doing business without money is not so easy as some of us at first were led to believe. Both "They Call It Barter" and "Doing Business Without Money" are the work of ***George R. Leighton,*** a member of the HARPER staff.

Harold Nicolson, author of "The Man Who Knew Everybody," was almost unknown in America until the publication, a

(Continued on second page following)

A Very Close Call

HAVE you ever escaped death by the fraction of a second when you thoughtlessly stepped almost directly into the path of a fast moving automobile? Or when you thought you were careful in crossing a street, has a car ever whirled around a corner, missing you by inches? That time you were lucky.

In this country, forty pedestrians are killed every day by moving cars and eight hundred are injured—some of them maimed for life. Thirty-five pedestrian accidents occur every hour—that is the present daily average.

Reckless drivers are directly responsible for part of this daily tragedy, but the majority of such accidents are the result of carelessness or thoughtlessness of pedestrians.

Although the safety training of children by some schools has helped to prevent many accidents, about ten children are still being killed every day. Even effective signals and alert traffic officers at crowded street corners are powerless to help the persons who step out from behind a parked car.

Your safety and the safety of every member of your family, when crossing a street or walking on a highway, depends on the development of a fixed habit which must become second nature: Make certain that the road is clear before you take a step.

Will you uphold the teachers who are training the children to watch for the "Go" and "Stop" signals—and will you obey traffic regulations provided for your own safety?

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet "The Safe Walker's Memo Book." It tells of the constant dangers which threaten those on foot—how you and yours can be safe walkers. Address Booklet Department 833-H.

ARE YOU A SAFE WALKER?

To how many of these questions can you answer NO?

Do you:	NO	YES
1. *Step out carelessly from behind parked cars or obstructions?*	____	____
2. *Try to weave through traffic?*	____	____
3. *Cross streets diagonally?*	____	____
4. *Get off and on vehicles in moving traffic?*	____	____
5. *Cross streets without observing traffic?*	____	____
6. *Cross at intersections against the light?*	____	____
7. *Stand in the street?*	____	____
8. *Allow your child to play in the streets?*	____	____
9. *Walk with instead of against traffic on the road or highway?*	____	____
10. *Fail to use particular care at night?*	____	____

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few years since, of *Some People*. This book, half fact and half fiction, was based upon the author's experiences in the diplomatic service and revealed a skill in adroit malice rarely come by. The same skill may be seen in Nicolson's biography of his father, in which the technique of the old diplomacy with all its placid preparation for wars and nameless horrors is mercilessly exposed. His most recently published work was a novel, *Public Faces*, which appeared last spring. Nicolson was born in Tehran in 1886 and has served at Madrid, Constantinople, Tehran, and Berlin. In 1929 he resigned from the service to devote himself to writing. His wife, Victoria Sackville-West, is well known as a novelist both in England and this country.

In the March Lion's Mouth we published a short piece by Stephen Leacock called "Finding a Formula." The sketch was a jeer at the League of Nations-International Conference habit of falling into convulsions when someone inadvertently says out loud what everybody else knows, along with the resulting frantic search to find a face-saving phrase. Though written in a different vein, "The Great Man," by ***Julian Rutledge***, covers the same ground. Here are the same notables, the same delegates, the same newspaper people breathlessly working at their treadmills, while a less sophisticated but perhaps wiser world of commoners looks on with disillusioned eyes. Mr. Rutledge, a pseudonymous writer who has hung around Geneva enough to know whereof he speaks, is appearing in these pages for the first time.

Vehement protest over social injustice is a commonplace in American history. The abolitionist period was full of it, the industrial era following the Civil War and down to our own day no less so. Faint echoes are still heard of the uproar following the arrest of the Chicago anarchists and the adoration given Altgeld by large numbers of our people when he pardoned those of the anarchists who escaped the hangman. That adoration was well matched by the howls of rage set up by those who saw the foundations of the republic tottering. In "Makers of Martyrs" ***Elmer Davis*** levels a derisive finger at those who, generation after generation, flock to the standards of protest. Mr. Davis's "On the Gentility of Gentiles" appeared in these pages last month.

George Milburn's "Catalogues" is based on first hand knowledge, for as a child he saw the mail sacks coming in through the back door of the Oklahoma post office where his father served as postmaster. It was in this same post office that Mr. Milburn first came to know the characters that people his *Oklahoma Town*, a volume of short stories published some time ago. Mr. Milburn's latest story, "A Student in Economics," was published in the February number, provoking much acidulous comment in the Oklahoma newspapers; he has also written for us a portrait of John N. Garner. Mr. Milburn is now living near Lake George, N. Y., where he is at work upon a novel. Another volume of stories, *No More Trumpets and Other Stories*, is to appear this coming fall.

We are so accustomed to jeer at the Pre-Raphaelites for their wholesale adoption of Florentine garments and lilies by the armful and other "fragrantly precious" gear, that we are apt to overlook some of the ludicrous attitudes assumed by some of our friends who have fallen for period furniture and Gothic plumbing. Why anyone should contend that a whale-oil lamp is more satisfying than an electric lamp is difficult to see, but there are such people. If there is money enough you may carry your passions back to Cœur-de-Lion as the people in ***Eugene Bagger's*** "Expatriates in Time" have done. Mr. Bagger, who lives in France, has written for HARPER'S "Middletown in the Midi," a dissection of life in a French provincial city, and "Uprooted Americans." A Hungarian by birth, Mr. Bagger became a naturalized American and was an editorial writer on the old New York *Tribune*. He is the author of a biography of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria.

This month the Lion roars three times. "Observations on Canine Blood" is by Stella Benson, whose stories are regular HARPER fare. She is also the author of the novel, *Pull Devil, Pull Baker*, the July selection of the Literary Guild. "To Aphrodite in Marble" is by ***Mildred Weston***, a New Yorker living not far from the frontiers of Greenwich Village. "Our Generation Was Different" shows that

Seventeen has altered his conversation quite a good deal since Booth Tarkington published his portrait in 1916. The author, ***Catherine Drinker Bowen***, published her first story, "South Cliff," in HARPER'S for February, 1931. Mrs. Bowen's husband teaches economics at Lafayette College.

There are six poets represented in this issue. ***Mary Lapsley*** of Cincinnati (author of a novel, *The Parable of the Virgins*) and ***Lysbeth Borie*** of Rydal, Pennsylvania, are newcomers. ***John A. Holmes*** of Somerville, Massachusetts, has made one previous appearance in the Magazine. ***Frederic Prokosch***, ***Lieutenant C. T. Lanham***, and ***Dorothy Seager*** are more familiar contributors. Mr. Prokosch's strange lyric fantasies come to us from New Haven. Lieutenant Lanham, who graduated from West Point in 1924, is a member of the faculty of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia. Miss Seager is on the staff of Harper & Brothers.

The sharp-eyed have probably detected already that this is the 999th issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. When one reflects that at the time the first number appeared —in June, 1850—Abraham Lincoln was still a circuit lawyer in Illinois, that on the auction blocks of New Orleans human beings were sold into bondage, that the empire of Louis Napoleon was yet unborn and the doctrines of papal infallibility and the immaculate conception were still to be promulgated by the Vatican, one vaguely realizes how much of history has swept by since the wood-cut cupids blew their first soap bubbles on the cover of HARPER'S. The Editors would like to know who among our subscribers has been reading HARPER'S the longest time. It is difficult to tell from the subscription files, and so all old subscribers are invited to write the Editors and give their individual subscription tenure. It does not matter if there have been lapses of a few years between subscriptions; we are only anxious to discover who of our readers it may be who goes back the farthest through the eighty-three years of the Magazine's existence. His name, if we can find it, will be printed in this column in a forthcoming issue—if possible in the September number, the 1000th number of HARPER'S.

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Dividends, Interest, and Rising Prices

By PAUL TOMLINSON

WHEN one listens to arguments in favor of inflation it is the beneficial effect of higher prices which is the point stressed most frequently and most emphatically. Higher prices will bring the farmer more for his wheat, corn, hogs, and cattle than formerly; prices of oil, cotton, copper, rubber, wool, coal, and other commodities will advance; inventories will increase in value, industry will receive more money for its products, and business generally will be stimulated. All of which is desirable.

The other side of the picture is, of course, that if the seller gets more dollars than formerly for his goods, the purchaser will get less goods for his dollars. To say that prices are going up is merely another way of stating that the purchasing power of money is going down. This is the situation with which we are faced today, and its bearing on the desirability of owning stocks or bonds is something to be carefully considered by investors. What effect will higher commodity prices have on fixed-interest-bearing securities, like bonds? What effect will they have on the equity class of investments, like stocks?

A man who buys a thousand dollar 5% bond is entitled to interest payments of $50 a year, no more, no less. If prices generally should decline 20% this $50 would buy 20% more goods than formerly; if, on the other hand, prices should advance 20% the $50 would buy 20% less than before. In other words, while the owner of interest-bearing investments always receives a fixed number of dollars, what he can buy with those dollars varies according to whether prices are high or low.

Most people know that corporations are obligated under pain of drastic penalties to pay interest on their bonds. Interest payments are not left to the discretion of directors as is the case with dividend distributions. Income from bonds is surer than from shares of stock, and in a period of deflation and business depression the security owner depending upon interest fares better than the man whose income is derived from dividends. In a period of rising prices the situation is somewhat reversed.

When prices go up a corporation dealing, let us say, in food products is pretty certain to increase its revenue, in dollars. Its earnings, in dollars, will increase. This means, from the bondholder's standpoint, that there will be a greater margin of safety over and above the amount of money required for the payment of interest charges, and his investment will be safer than it was. From the standpoint of the stockholder the increased number of dollars earned by the corporation means a larger number of dollars available for distribution among the owners of the shares, and the probability of increased dividend payments.

Higher prices for goods and lower value for money mean added safety for bond investments, but lessened purchasing power for the money received as interest. For the stockholder they mean larger dividend payments which will compensate him for the decreased purchasing value of the money received. In a period of rising prices, therefore, it would seem as if the stockholder, with a chance of a larger share in the increased earnings, should fare better than the bondholder who gets the same number of dollars he always got, but who can buy less and less with them as prices advance.

Now, of course, general statements are always subject to exception.

Prices of many bonds are low these days; with the probability of increased earnings for the issuing corporations, bonds will be safer investments all the time, and their income return should remain satisfactory even if there is lowered purchasing power for money; and as bonds approach maturity their selling price tends to approach their face value.

Not all stocks are going to reap handsome benefits just because prices generally are advancing. Certain classes of corporations can sell their products and services only at levels fixed by governmental authority and must exercise patience in awaiting the return of prosperity. Certain industries are faced with the probability of governmental investigation, a situation not likely to cause any particular demand for their shares. There are, however, many industries which are certain to benefit quickly and substantially from any appreciable rise in prices. As a matter of fact, at this writing many stocks have already advanced anywhere from twenty-five to more than one hundred per cent from their year's lows, not only as a result of price increases which have already taken place, but in anticipation of more to come.

There are many conservative people who prior to March could see no bright prospect in any direction but who now are full of optimism and brimming with confidence. The practice of putting prices up deliberately has many ramifications, and no one can say where all of them will lead. Everyone, however, has been agreed that the cure for the depression was higher prices; we are getting higher prices now and at present business almost everywhere is improving definitely. If that is the way inflation is going to work, opportunity once again is knocking at the investor's door.

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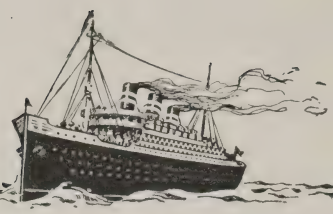

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SAILINGS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

American Mail Line
Seattle and Victoria, B. C., to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Round the World. Fortnightly Sailings from Seattle and Victoria, B. C., on Saturdays

PRES. JACKSON	July 29
PRES. JEFFERSON	Aug. 12

American Merchant Lines **1 Broadway, N. Y.**
New York to London

AMERICAN FARMER	July 28	Aug. 25
AMERICAN TRADER	Aug. 4	Sept. 1
AMERICAN MERCHANT	Aug. 11	Sept. 8
AMERICAN BANKER	Aug. 18	Sept. 15

American-So. African Line **26 Beaver St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cape Town, Algoa Bay, East London, Port Natal, Lourenco Marques, Beira

WEST CAWTHON	Aug. 1	
WEST ISLETA	Aug. 31	
CITY OF NEW YORK	Sept. 30	

Anchor Line **25 Broadway, N. Y.**
New York to Glasgow

TUSCANIA	July 29	Aug. 19
CAMERONIA	Aug. 5	*Aug. 26
CALEDONIA	Sept. 5	Sept. 30

*Via Boston

Baltimore Mail S. S. Co. **Baltimore, Md.**
Baltimore and Norfolk to Havre and Hamburg

CITY OF HAVRE	Aug. 2	Sept. 6
CITY OF HAMBURG	Aug. 9	Sept. 13
CITY OF BALTIMORE	Aug. 16	Sept. 20
CITY OF NEWPORT NEWS	Aug. 23	Sept. 27
CITY OF NORFOLK	Aug. 30	Oct. 4

Canadian Pacific **Mad. Ave. & 44th St., N. Y.**
Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast, Havre, Southampton, Cherbourg and Hamburg

MONTROSE	July 28	Aug. 25
DUCHESS OF YORK	Aug. 4	Aug. 29
EMPRESS OF BRITAIN	Aug. 5	Aug. 19
DUCHESS OF RICHMOND	Aug. 11	Sept. 8
DUCHESS OF ATHOLL	Aug. 18	Sept. 15
EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA	Aug. 26	
DUCHESS OF BEDFORD	Sept. 1	Sept. 29
MONTCLARE	Sept. 9	Oct. 21

Vancouver to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong, and Manila

EMPRESS OF ASIA	July 29	Sept. 23
EMPRESS OF CANADA	Aug. 12	Oct. 7
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	Aug. 26	Oct. 21
EMPRESS OF JAPAN	Sept. 9	Nov. 4

Vancouver to Honolulu, Suva, Auckland and Sydney

AORANGI	Aug. 16	Oct. 11
NIAGARA	Sept. 13	Nov. 8

Clyde-Mallory Lines
New York to Charleston, Jacksonville

ALGONQUIN	July 27	Aug. 3
CHEROKEE	July 29	Aug. 5
H. R. MALLORY	Aug. 1	Aug. 8

New York to Miami, Galveston

SEMINOLE	July 29	Aug. 12
MOHAWK	Aug. 5	Aug. 19

Colombian Line
N. Y. to Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Puerto Colombia, Cartagena, and Cristobal

PASTORES	July 27	Aug. 17
COLOMBIA	Aug. 3	Aug. 24
HAITI	Aug. 10	Aug. 31

Cunard Line **25 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

BERENGARIA	Aug. 5	Aug. 26
AQUITANIA	Aug. 12	

N. Y. to Plymouth, Havre, and London

SAMARIA	Aug. 21	
FRANCONIA	Sept. 9	Oct. 6
CARINTHIA	Sept. 22	

N. Y. via Boston to Galway, Cobh and Liverpool

LACONIA	Aug. 4	Sept. 1
SCYTHIA	Aug. 18	Sept. 15

Dollar Steamship Line **604 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**
Los Angeles and San Francisco, to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Around the World. Weekly Sailings from Los Angeles on Mondays; San Francisco on Fridays

PRES. McKINLEY	July 28	
PRES. GARFIELD	Aug. 4	

N. Y. to California via Panama. Around the World. Fortnightly Service from New York sailing Thursdays

PRES. POLK	July 27	
PRES. LINCOLN	Aug. 3	

French Line **19 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth and Havre

ILE DE FRANCE	July 28	Aug. 19
CHAMPLAIN	Aug. 5	Aug. 24
PARIS	Aug. 11	Sept. 9
DE GRASSE	Aug. 30	
LAFAYETTE	Sept. 13	

N. Y. to Vigo and Havre

ROCHAMBEAU	Aug. 29	Oct. 3

Furness Bermuda Line **Whitehall St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Bermuda
Regular Sailings ..... Wednesdays and Saturdays

Furness Prince Line
New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires

EASTERN PRINCE	July 29	
WESTERN PRINCE	Aug. 12	
SOUTHERN PRINCE	Aug. 26	

Grace Line **10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.**
2 Pine St., San Francisco
N. Y. to San Francisco and return via Panama Canal and Spanish Americas

Sailings from New York	July 27	Aug. 4
Sailings from San Francisco	July 27	Aug. 4

N. Y. to Panama Canal, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Chile (Havana)
Cruise leaving fortnightly

Hamburg-American Line **39 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton-Hamburg

HAMBURG	July 27	Aug. 24
DEUTSCHLAND	Aug. 3	Aug. 31
NEW YORK	Aug. 10	Sept. 7
ALBERT BALLIN	Aug. 17	Sept. 14
RELIANCE	Aug. 22	Sept. 19
RESOLUTE	Sept. 5	Oct. 3

N. Y. to Cobh, Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg

ST. LOUIS	*Aug. 12	*Sept. 16
MILWAUKEE	†Sept. 9	‡Oct. 7

*Calls at Galway, Ireland
†Calls at Boston; and Galway instead of Cobh
‡Calls at both Galway and Cobh

Holland-America Line **29 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth-Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam

VEENDAM	July 29	Aug. 26
ROTTERDAM	Aug. 12	Sept. 16
STATENDAM	Aug. 16	Sept. 6
VOLENDAM	Sept. 2	Oct. 7

Italian Line (Italia-Cosulich)
New York to Mediterranean Ports

CONTE DI SAVOIA (New)	Aug. 5	
SATURNIA	Aug. 12	
REX (New)	Aug. 19	
ROMA	Aug. 29	
AUGUSTUS	Oct. 7	

New York to Mediterranean and Adriatic Ports

VULCANIA	July 29	

Los Angeles S.S. Co.
Los Angeles to Honolulu, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand and Australia

LURLINE	July 28	Aug. 11
MALOLO	Aug. 5	Aug. 19
MONTEREY	Aug. 23	Oct. 18
MARIPOSA	Sept. 19	Nov. 14

Matson Line
San Francisco to Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, San Francisco to Honolulu Service

LURLINE	July 29	Aug. 12
MALOLO	Aug. 6	Aug. 20
MONTEREY	Aug. 22	Oct. 17
MARIPOSA	Sept. 20	Nov. 15

* One class cabin steamer

CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING

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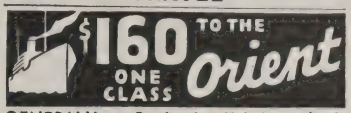

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School Information Bureau

Harper's Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., N.Y.C.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Cont.)

Morgan Line
Southern Pacific Steamship Lines
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Munson S.S. Lines — **67 Wall St., N. Y.**
New York to Bermuda, Rio de Janeiro-Santos-Montevideo, Buenos Aires
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Saturdays
New York to Nassau, Havana, Miami
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Saturdays
New York to Bermuda
Regular sailings from N. Y. and from Bermuda

New York and Porto Rico Line
N. Y. to San Juan and Santo Domingo City

BORINQUEN	July 27	Aug. 10
COAMO	Aug. 3	Aug. 17

N. Y. to San Juan and other Island Ports

PORTO RICO	July 29	Aug. 19
SAN JUAN	Aug. 5	Aug. 26
PONCE	Aug. 12	Sept. 2

Nippon Yusen Kaisha — (N. Y. K. Line)
Seattle and Vancouver to Yokohama, Kobe

HIKAWA MARU	Aug. 11
HIYE MARU	Aug. 25

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and Hongkong

ASAMA MARU	July 31
TAIYO MARU	Aug. 15

North German Lloyd — **57 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cobh, Galway, Plymouth, Southampton, Cherbourg, Boulogne, Bremen

*DRESDEN	July 27	Aug. 24
BREMEN	July 28	Aug. 16
EUROPA	Aug. 9	Aug. 25
*STUTTGART	Aug. 10	Sept. 7
*BERLIN	Aug. 17	Sept. 14
COLUMBUS	Aug. 19	Sept. 8
*GEN. VON STEUBEN	Aug. 31	Sept. 28

Norwegian-America Line, 22 Whitehall St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Norway-Sweden-Denmark-Finland and the Continent

BERGENSFJORD	Aug. 5
STAVANGERFJORD	Aug. 26

Pacific Steam Nav. Co. — **26 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Havana-Panama-Callao-Valparaiso
Regular Sailings ..... Every Four Weeks

Panama-Pacific — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to California and return via Havana and Panama Canal

From New York		From San Francisco	
Virginia	Aug. 5	Virginia	Aug. 26
Pennsylvania	Aug. 19	Pennsylvania	July 29
California	Sept. 2	California	Aug. 12

Red Star Line — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Southampton, Havre, Antwerp

WESTERNLAND	July 28	Aug. 25
MINNEWASKA	Aug. 4	Sept. 1
PENNLAND	Aug. 11	†Sept. 8
MINNETONKA	Aug. 18	Sept. 15

†Via Halifax

Scandinavian-Amer. Line, 27 Whitehall St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Germany, Soviet Russia, and Baltic States

UNITED STATES	Aug. 5	Sept. 16
FREDERIK VIII	Sept. 2	Oct. 7

States Steamship Lines — **Portland, Ore.**
Portland, Oregon, to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

GEN. SHERMAN	July 26	Sept. 27
GEN. LEE	Aug. 16	Oct. 18
GEN. PERSHING		Sept. 6

Swedish-American Line
N. Y. to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Baltic States

GRIPSHOLM	July 28	Aug. 30
KUNGSHOLM	Aug. 19	Sept. 13
*DROTTNINGHOLM	Aug. 24	Sept. 20

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Cont.)

United Fruit Line — **Pier 3, North River**

N. Y. to Havana, Cuba, Kingston, Jamaica; Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone and Port Limon, Costa Rica

PETEN	July 27	Aug. 17
VERAGUA	Aug. 3	Aug. 24
QUIRIGUA	Aug. 10	Aug. 31

N. Y. to Kingston, Jamaica; Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone; Cartagena, Puerto Colombia and Santa Marta, Colombia

METAPAN	July 29	Aug. 19
SANTA MARTA	Aug. 5	Aug. 26
SIXAOLA	Aug. 12	Sept. 2

N. Y. to Honduras

MUSA	July 29	Aug. 12
PLATANO	Aug. 5	Aug. 19

United States Lines — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y. to Plymouth, Havre, Hamburg

WASHINGTON (New)	†Aug. 2	†Aug. 30
PRES. HARDING	†Aug. 9	†Sept. 6
MANHATTAN	†Aug. 16	†Sept. 13
PRES. ROOSEVELT	†Aug. 23	†Sept. 20

†Also calls at Cobh

Ward Line

N. Y. to Havana

MORRO CASTLE	July 29	Aug. 5

N. Y. to Havana and Vera Cruz

ORIZABA	Aug. 2	Aug. 16
ORIENTE	Aug. 9	Aug. 23

White Star Line — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton

OLYMPIC	Aug. 4	Aug. 23
MAJESTIC	Aug. 11	Aug. 30

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown), Liverpool

BRITANNIC	July 29	Aug. 26
GEORGIC	*Aug. 12	*Sept. 9
ADRIATIC	*Aug. 19	*Sept. 16

*Calls at Galway

TOURS and CRUISES

Havana, Nassau and Bermuda

French Line
Paris ..... Sept. 1

White Star Line
S.S. Georgic ..... Sept. 1

Bermuda-Halifax Cruises

Swedish-American Line
M.S. Kungsholm ..... Aug. 12
M.S. Gripsholm ..... Aug. 30

Bermuda, Havana and Nassau

Cunard Line
S.S. Franconia ..... July 29

Round the World

Hamburg American Line
S.S. Resolute ..... Jan. 14, 1934

West Indies

Cunard Line
S.S. Mauretania ..... Aug. 15

Furness Bermuda Line
S.S. Dominica ..... Aug. 2
S.S. Silvia ..... Aug. 16

Munson Steamship Line
S.S. Munargo ..... July 29

Mediterranean

Italian Line
S.S. Roma ..... Aug. 29

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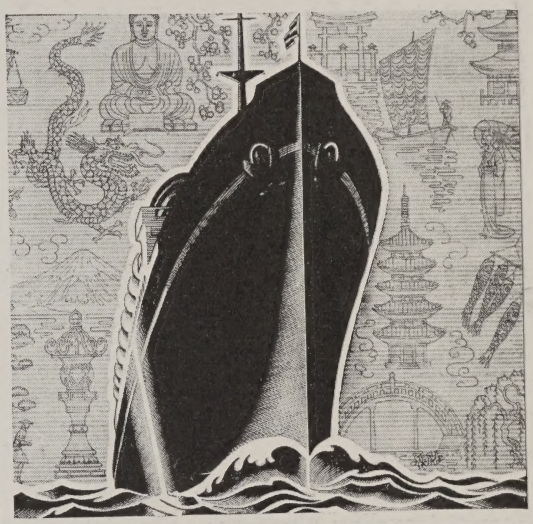

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